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THOMASON CIVIL ENGINEERING COLLEGE

ROORKEE

BY

MAJOR J. G. MEDLEY, R.E.

AND

CAPTAIN T. G. GLOVER, R.E.

ROORKEE:

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P R E F A C E .

IN the hot seasons of 1863, 1864, and 1865, sundry entertainments were held, twice a month, at the Thomason College, for the benefit of the Students of the College, the European Sappers, the Soldiers of the 54th, 20th, and 98th Regiments, and the inhabitants of the Station generally. These Soirées consisted of Concerts, Lectures and Readings; and as similar entertainments are being tried elsewhere, and ours were very successful, I give below a list of the three Series. The Six Lectures here published, form part of these delivered. Of the others, two of the Lecturers were too modest to allow me to put them into print. The others, delivered by Professor Murray Thomson, depended so much for their success on the interesting experiments by which they were illustrated, that they are not adapted for publication.

While hoping that all such endeavours to amuse and instruct the Soldier may be as successful as our own, it may be as well not to rate such efforts too highly, and to bear in mind that it is *occupation* rather than *amusement*, of which the want is so often felt in this country, to break the monotony of an Indian barrack life.

Roorkee, October 1865.

J. G. M.

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THE SOLDIERS AND ARMIES OF ANCIENT TIMES.

Delivered on Tuesday, April 28th, 1863. BY MAJOR MEDLEY, R.E.

It has occurred to me that to an audience composed so largely of soldiers, it will be interesting to give some account of the Soldiers and Armies of Ancient Times, and of the progress of the art of War, from the time when men fought with the rude weapons of savages, to the period when invention and experience combined, have placed the formidable implements of modern warfare at our disposal.

We are told of a time to come when wars and tumults shall cease, but at present it appears far distant; and until a great change shall take place in human nature, I am not sure that it is very desirable. In spite of all the evils of war, the same Providence that ever works good out of evil, brings good out of these evils also; and nowhere do the nobler qualities of man—such as courage, generosity, humanity and self-denial—find a grander field for their exercise than the field of battle. It is quite possible, therefore, that the military art may still be in its infancy, and that Armstrong guns and Enfield rifles may hereafter be looked upon as quite as barbarous and clumsy weapons of war, as we now fancy ancient spears and arrows must have been; and that a few centuries hence, regiments may

be armed with portable galvanic batteries, while battalions of balloons shall contend in the air, or steam guns pour in hot shot at a range of a dozen miles or so. One comfort there is for the man of peace, that the more destructive are the weapons, the less is the total loss of life. Our modern battles are undoubtedly less bloody than those of ancient times, and it is evident that if weapons were invented so terrible, that an army could be destroyed without seeing its enemy, or, having a chance of resistance, men would cease to fight at all: not to mention that you certainly do not feel the same *personal* animosity against a man whom you have shot with a rifle at 600 yards range, as you do against one with whom you have been tugging and wrestling and rolling on the ground, before you could get at your short dagger to rip him up scientifically, as the ancient soldier probably did.

The first mention on record of warlike weapons is in the 21st chapter of Genesis, where it is said of Ishmael, "and God was with the lad; and he grew, and dwelt in the wilderness, and became an archer." That was nearly 4000 years ago. It is certain, however, that weapons were in use before this, as mention is made of regular war in the 14th chapter of Genesis. Probably the *Mace* or *Club* would be the earliest weapon used, as being the simplest; *spears* were perhaps invented next, and sharp points given to them, as with savages at the present day, by hardening the wood in the fire, or by tipping them with the horns of animals.

The *Sword* which has lasted down to our own time is undoubtedly very ancient, but could hardly have been used until a knowledge of the properties of metals was obtained. The first mention I can find of it, is in the 34th chapter of Genesis, the time of Jacob. It has always been

reckoned the most honorable of weapons ; why, is not very clear.

Swords and spear heads were first made of copper, perhaps hardened with tin ; iron, being more difficult to work, was not used until long after.

Bows and Arrows, Slings and Javelins, were the first projectile weapons, and the arms already named may be said to have lasted for 3,500 years, *i. e.*, until the invention of gunpowder, though they were variously modified and improved.

The use of defensive armour was somewhat less ancient, and I am not aware of its being distinctly mentioned before the time of Saul, although no doubt it had been employed in previous wars. Its use continued until long after the invention of gunpowder, but as fire-arms improved, it was gradually abandoned ; and the Dragoon's helmet and Life-guard's cuirass, are the only vestiges left in our time.

It is very difficult to ascertain when soldiers were first regularly employed as a distinct class. Amongst the earliest nations every able-bodied man was expected to fight when occasion required, and this custom appears to have continued down to the time of the Roman empire, when the wealthy and luxurious citizens found it pleasanter to pay the warlike nations, whom they had subdued, to fight for them ; until at last the celebrated Roman army contained very few genuine Romans in its ranks, and the foreign garrison of Rome put the Emperors on the throne or removed them pretty much as they pleased. Mercenaries, or hired soldiers, were however employed by the Greeks long before that, but they were simply foreign auxiliaries, and by no means took the place of the native troops.

Amongst the Israelites, there is no doubt, from the incessant wars in which they were engaged, and from vari-

ous passages in the books of Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles, that a regular organisation by companies and tribes existed.

That a regular army was also maintained by the Assyrians and Babylonians, and the Egyptians, also appears from many passages in the Bible, from the descriptions of Herodotus and from the numerous sculptured ruins, that have within the last few years been discovered, and which throw so much light upon those ancient empires. Indeed the earliest military establishment, of which history has preserved any record, is that of Egypt, under the reign of Sesostris, the greatest of the Egyptian kings after the mythical Osiris, and who is supposed to have lived about 17 centuries before Christ, or 200 years before the Israelites came out of Egypt. The peace establishment, according to Herodotus, amounted to 410,000 men, distributed through the different provinces as a sort of military colonists, each man being allowed a portion of land.

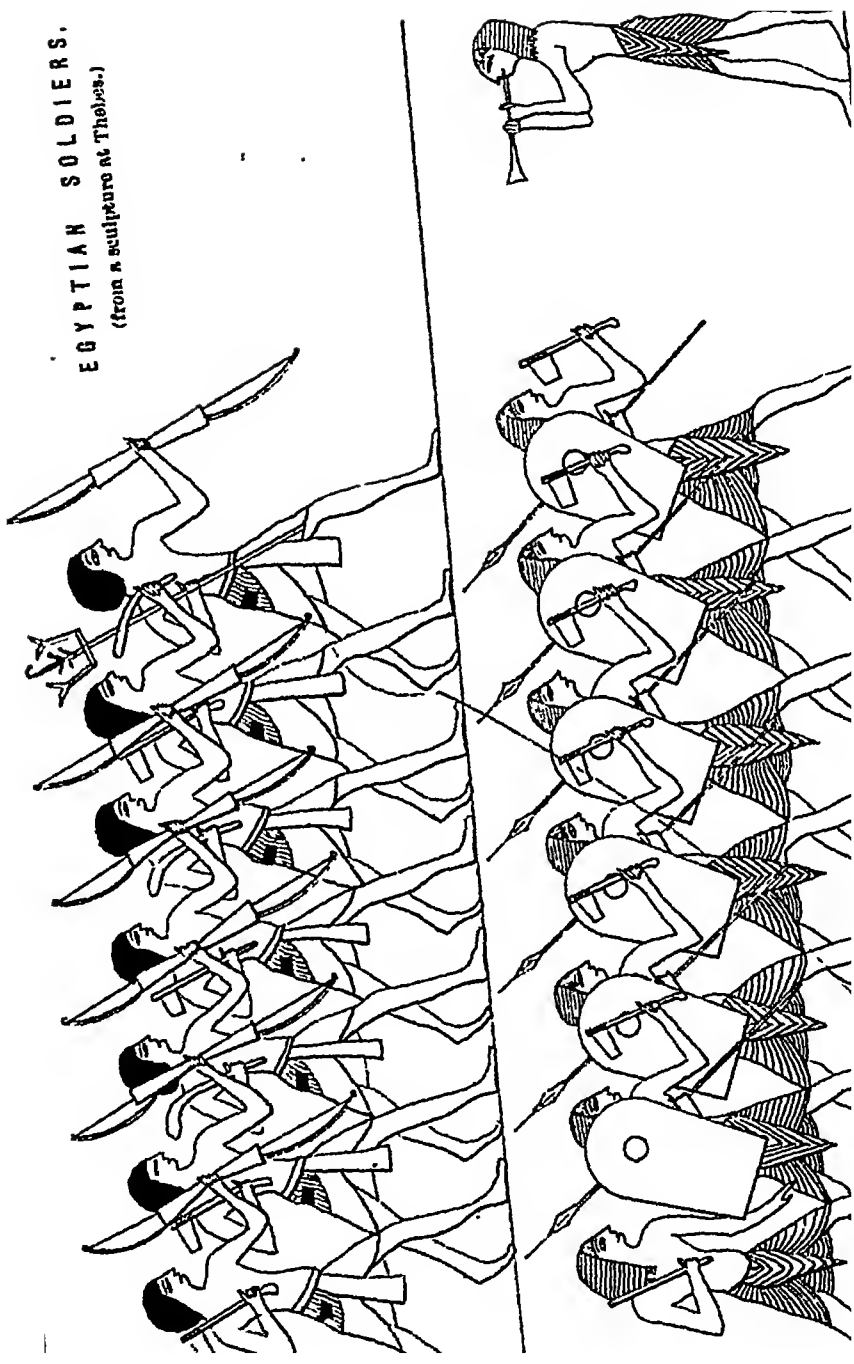
The Persians also possessed a formidable force, and the Great King made much use of the famous Scythian horse-archers. It used to be said that a Persian youth was taught three things—to ride, draw the bow, and speak the truth—not a bad education for any man I think.

We derive, however, most of our knowledge of the Persian soldiers from the Greeks, with whom they were always fighting, and have little record of the Persian army in its palmy days, when Cyrus besieged and took Babylon. When Alexander the Great overthrew the empire, the army seems to have been simply an unweildy host of undisciplined men.

We now come to the two great nations of antiquity, of whom (especially the Romans) we have very full records.

To begin with the Greeks.—Ancient Greece was, as most

EGYPTIAN SOLDIERS.
(from a sculpture at Thebes.)



of you perhaps know, split up into a great many small separate states ; which were always fighting with each other. Of these the most important for a long time were the Athenians and Spartans. The former were the more polished, but they were also a very brave race, more especially excelling (like the English) in their navy. The latter were a ruder race and a purely military people, who looked upon war as the only honorable occupation that a man could follow, and who had a perfect contempt for all the luxuries of a civilized life. After many struggles the Spartans obtained the pre-eminence, but were afterwards overthrown by the Thebans, and finally the Macedonians under Philip and his son Alexander the Great, subjugated the whole of Greece, and with his army overthrew the Persian monarchy and over-ran Asia; but the Macedonian empire was broken up into many kingdoms after Alexander's death, and Greece itself finally became a province of the Great Roman empire.

To us who are indebted to Greece for the noblest remains in literature and the arts, which, we are still proud to copy, and who have only lately paid us the highest compliment that one nation can offer to another, all that concerns her former greatness must be ever interesting.

The Grecian armies were generally recruited as the French army is at present, by a general levy; all being bound to serve between the ages of 20 and 40, and the required number being taken by lot. The younger soldiers were usually left to garrison the cities, the others had to serve abroad if required. All soldiers at first had to serve free, but from the time of Pericles they were paid the foot soldiers ten drachms, or 7s. 8d., a month; the cavalry received three times that sum; not very high pay you will say, but it was enough for their subsistence.

The infantry were divided into *Oplitai*, or those heavily armed, and *Psiloi*, or light armed, who were in fact skirmishers, being armed with arrows, darts, and slings, and intended to cover the advance of the heavy columns.

The *Oplitai* carried broad shields, and long spears, and engaged at close quarters. They were regularly organised into bodies of various names and strength, but the Spartan organisation seems to have been the most complete. They had *Morai* regiments from 4 to 900 strong, of which the commanding officer or Lieutenant-Colonel was called a *Polemarch*, and who had officers of various names under him corresponding to our own grades, *Pempadarkos* was the corporal, and *Lokagos* the sergeant. There was also the *Stratokerux* or crier who conveyed by voice the words of command, and was always chosen by the power of his lungs. Homer's *Stentor*, he says, could shout as loud as 50 men, and hence comes our expression a stentorean voice.

The order of battle varied very much, but the favorite formation was that of a massive column which advanced covered by skirmishers and penetrated the enemy's weak point. This was the *phalanx*, and the celebrated Macedonian phalanx with which Alexander the Great obtained all his victories consisted of a solid body 8,000 strong. It was formed 16 deep, and must, therefore, have had a front equal to that of a full modern regiment when in line; the men were locked so closely together that the spears of the fifth rank extended three feet in front of the first rank. The rest whose pikes were not serviceable by reason of their distance from the front, rested them on the shoulders of those before them. Against such troops as the Persians then were, the shock of such an attack must have been irresistible, but it afterwards proved unavailing against the perfectly disciplined Romans who broken

up into small manageable bodies attacked the phalanx at once in front, on the rear, and on both flanks.

The Grecian infantry, did not in general, use swords; daggers, however, were worn for close combat, and occasionally battle-axes.

As to defensive armour, the large oblong shields have already been noticed; the light infantry carried a small round shield. Both were generally made of basket work, covered with hides, and sometimes strengthened with brass.

Greaves of brass to defend the legs, a coat of mail, with or without a back and breast-plate, and a brass or leathern helmet, completed the equipment of the Grecian infantry soldier.

The Greek cavalry like that of the middle ages consisted of men in the upper classes who could afford to maintain their horses, and the service was a very honorable one. It is uncertain when the art of horsemanship was first acquired, the oldest mention of the war-horse, being the famous one in the book of Job. The Greeks ascribed the introduction of the art to Neptune, the God of the Sea, about the last person we should have thought of, the horse-marines not being a very famous corps in the British service. The early horsemen used no bridles or saddles, but managed their horses by the sound of their voice. Bridles and bits were afterwards introduced, but saddles and stirrups were never used. They leaped up with the help of their spears. There were heavy and light cavalry, the former like the knights of the middle ages being loaded with armour, and the horses also. The light cavalry used javelins and arrows, but the Grecian cavalry seem never to have been numerous or to have done much service, until the time of Alexander, who made great use of his Thessalonian horsemen in his Asiatic campaigns.

Indeed the battle of Arbela, at which he not only defeated but destroyed the Persian army, was won principally by the cavalry.

Horses were also used for another purpose; viz., to draw the chariots, which seem to have been an earlier invention than cavalry, as the latter are never mentioned by Homer, though the former are constantly spoken of. Their employment, however, belongs to the early days of Greece, as they gradually fell into disuse, being probably found unmanageable. They had two, three, or four wheels, and the same number of horses, and were also occasionally armed with scythes like those of the ancient Britons.

Elephants were not used until Alexander introduced them from Asia. They carried towers on their backs for archers, and sometimes engaged in battle themselves, but were often as dangerous to their friends as their foes.

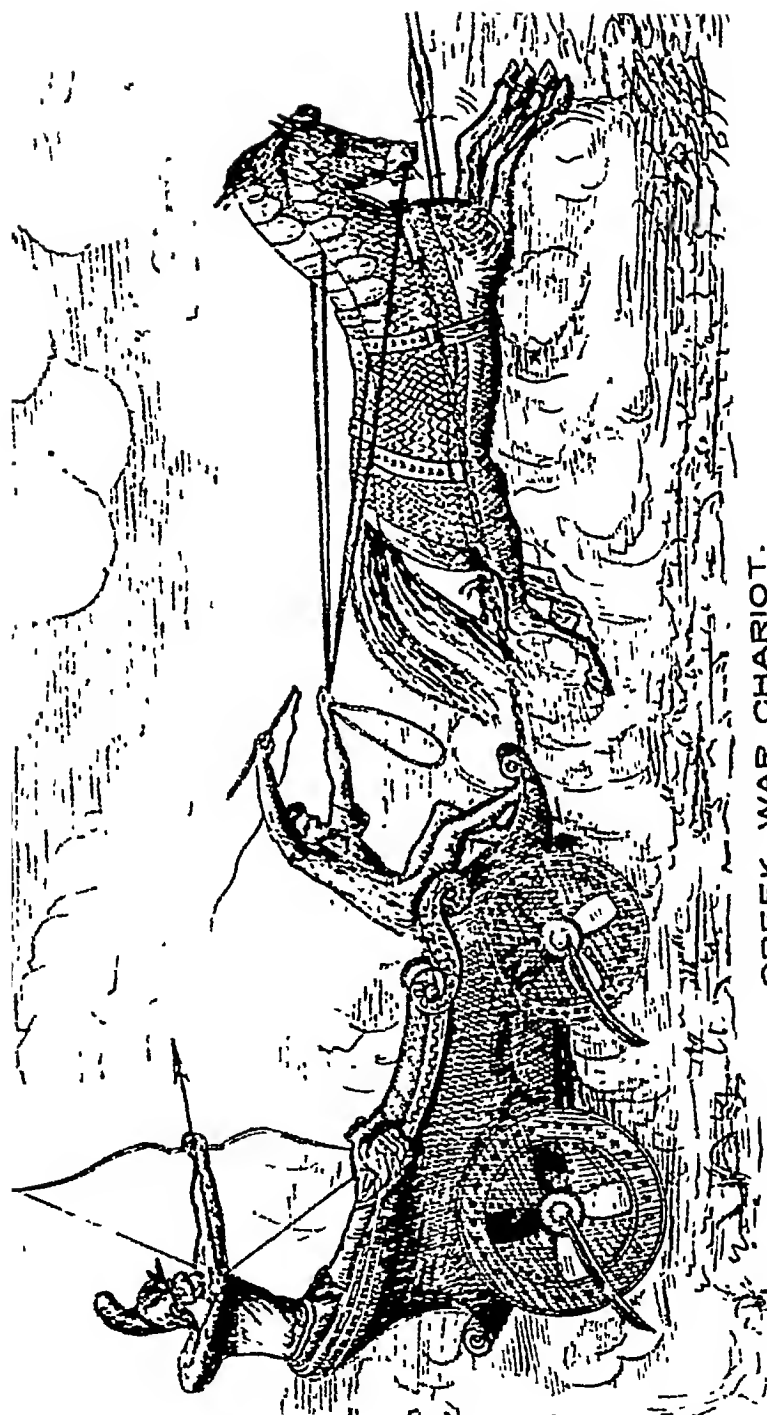
Soldiers usually carried their own provisions, which consisted in general of salt meat, cheese, olives, onions, &c., which were carried in a wicker basket.

The Catapults and other siege Artillery used by the Greeks, I shall tell you about when we come to the Romans, as the machines were much about the same though greatly improved by the latter.

The discipline of the Greek armies was by no means so exact as among the Romans, punishments being in general left to the discretion of the commanders. Deserters, however, suffered death by law, and those who refused to serve in the army, were obliged to sit for three days in the market place, clad in women's apparel.

Rewards consisted chiefly in the booty collected, and especially the arms of the slain; pensions were also allotted to those disabled in battle.

Of the celebrated Greek campaigns, the Trojan War,



GREEK WAR CHARIOT.

immortalized by Homer, is the earliest in point of date, being supposed to have taken place about 1150 years, B.C. An extract or two from Pope's translation of the Iliad, will give you some idea of an ancient combat, so different from a modern battle-field.

Here is an account of the fight between Ajax and Hector in the 7th book. After some wordy warfare, Hector begins :—

He said, and rising, high above the field.
Whirl'd the long lance against the sevenfold shield.
Full on the brass descending from above
Through six bull-hides the furious weapon drove,
Till in the seventh it fix'd. Then Ajax threw ;
Through Hector's shield the forceful javelin flew,
His corselet enters, and his garment rends,
And glancing downwards near his flank descends.
The wary Trojan shrinks, and bending low
Beneath his buckler, disappoints the blow.
From their bor'd shields the chiefs their javelins drew
Then close impetuous, and the charge renew :
At Ajax, Hector his long lance extends ;
The blunted point against the buckler bends :
But Ajax, watchful as his foe drew near,
Drove through the Trojan targe his knotty spear ;
It reach'd his neck, with matchless strength impell'd ;
Spouts the black gore, and dims his shining shield.
Yet ceas'd not Hector thus ; but stooping down,
In his strong hand up-heav'd a flinty stone,
Black, craggy, vast : to this his force he bends ;
Full on the brazen boss the stone descends ;
The hollow brass resounded with the shock ;
Then Ajax seiz'd the fragment of a rock,
Applied each nerve, and, swinging round on high,
With force tempestuous let the ruin fly ;
The huge stone thundering through his buckler broke :
His slackn'd knees receiv'd the numbing stroke ;
Great Hector falls extended on the field,
His bulk supporting on the shatter'd shield.

Here is a description of the order of battle of those days as recommended by their greatest authority, Old Nestor. -

There reverend Nestor ranks his Pylian bands,
And with inspiring eloquence commands ;
With strictest order sets his train in arms,
The chief advises, and the soldiers warms.
The horse and chariots to the front assign'd,
The foot (the strength of war) he rang'd behind ;
The middle space suspected troops supply,
Inclos'd by both, nor left the power to fly ;
He gives command to " curb the fiery steed ;
Nor cause confusion, nor the ranks exceed ;
Before the rest let none too rashly ride ;
No strength nor skill, but just in time, be tried
The charge once made, no warrior turn the rein,
But fight, or fall ; a firm embodied train.
He whom the fortune of the field shall cast
From forth his chariot, mount the next in haste ;
Nor seek unpractis'd to direct the car,
Content with javelins to provoke the war.
Our great forefathers held this prudent course,
Thus rul'd their ardour, thus preserved their force ;
By laws like these immortal conquests made,
And earth's proud tyrants low in ashes laid."

Although the Greek States fought so much amongst themselves, they readily joined together to resist foreign invasion, and in many famous campaigns repelled the invading Persians. It was in one of them that the 300 Spartans, whom history and poetry will never forget, defended the pass of Thermopylæ against a large army, and died to the last man, rather than abandon their position. To the demand to surrender their arms, they replied " Come and take them," and when told that the Persians were so numerous that their very darts would darken the sun, they answered, " Well then we shall fight in the shade."

The most famous of these battles was that of Marathon.

in which Miltiades over-threw the great army of Xerxes,
and so beautifully described by Byron as—

The battle-field, where Persia's victim hor'd
First bow'd beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,
As on the morn to distant Glory dear,
When Marathon became a magic word;
Which utter'd, to the hearer's eye appear
The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's career.

The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow;
The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear;
Mountains above, Earth's, Ocean's plain below;
Death in the front, Destruction in the rear;
Such was the scene—what now remaineth here?
What sacred trophy marks the hollow'd ground,
Recording Persia's smile and Asia's tear?
The dust, thy conquer's hoof, rude stranger! spurns around.

Another celebrated campaign was the retreat of the
10,000 Greeks under Xenophon the Athenian, who has left
us a history of it. They went to Persia to assist one of
the rival kings and had to fall back to their own country
through the whole of Persia fighting all the way.

We must also dwell for a moment on those famous cam-
paigns of Alexander the Great, fought by a young man
under 30 years of age, and of which memorials are con-
stantly found in this country up to this very day.

His extraordinary march from Greece through Asia to
India, fighting and conquering all the way, should be read
carefully by every student of military history. The above
mentioned battle of Arbela is still regarded as a model of
skillful tactics, while the siege of Tyre conducted under
extraordinary difficulties, shows that wonderful fertility of
resource, so characteristic of true genius.

It does not appear that he penetrated to the East of the

Sutlej, but the whole of the Punjab was completely conquered, and formed part of the Græco-Bactrian kingdom for many years. Greek coins of this dynasty are plentiful all over India. Wherever he passed, Greek colonies were planted, and within thirty years from the time he crossed the Hellespont, the Greek language was spoken in every country from the Archipelago to the Indus, and remained in full vigour to the time of the Mahomedan conquest. The effect of this in the subsequent diffusion of Christianity was incalculably great, and shows the wonderful way in which Providence turns the ambition of one man into a means of effecting good to the human race.

Let us now pass on to the greatest people of antiquity, and certainly the greatest military nation that the world has ever seen, who not only conquered but civilized, and have left the stamp of their greatness so strongly impressed, that its traces are still extant in our own time.

In military matters while we have more formidable weapons, we still find it impossible to improve on their tactics, while their marching and campaigning arrangements were certainly superior to our own. Cæsar's Commentaries is still the best military history extant, and has been studied by the greatest commanders of modern times.

The Romans were a nation of warriors. Every citizen between the ages of 17 and 46 was obliged to enlist when the public service required. Nor at first could any one enjoy an office in the city, who had not served ten campaigns. It is thus easy to see how such armies were raised and maintained, and such wars carried on by the population of a single city. The extent of their fighting may be understood by the law, which enjoined that every foot soldier had to serve 20 campaigns, and every horseman 10, before he could claim his discharge. Like the Greeks the

regular army was raised by lot; sometimes the greatest alacrity was exhibited in recruiting, especially if the war and the commander were popular. At other times compulsion was necessary.

The cavalry were at first chosen from the body of the *equites* or knights, and each had a horse and money to support him, given them by the public. The infantry were also at first raised from the higher classes alone; no slaves nor even *freed-men*, *i. e.*, men who had been slaves, being allowed to enlist, but from the time of Marius, who very much altered the old constitution of the Roman army, the cavalry were chosen all over Italy, and the poorer citizens and hired mercenaries composed the bulk of the infantry.

After the levy was made, one soldier was chosen amongst a number, who repeated the words of the military oath and the others swore after him, each one as he passed along saying, *Idem in me*, the same for me.

The unit of the army answering to our regiment was the *legion*; though its strength rather corresponded to that of a French regiment, which consists of several battalions, like our rifle brigade. The strength of the legion was at first about 3000, but in latter years was double that strength. A certain proportion of cavalry, about one-tenth was usually joined to it.

Each legion was divided into ten *cohorts* or battalions. Each cohort into three *maniples*, and each manipule into two *centuries*, or companies, which like our own nominally consisted of 100 men, as their name denotes.

The cavalry were divided into ten *turmæ* or troops.

There were three kinds of infantry in a legion, which accordingly was usually formed into three lines of battle.

The *Hastati* formed the first line, and were the young soldiers.

The *Principes* formed the second line, and were the older soldiers.

The *Triarii* were in the third line, and formed the reserve, being veterans of approved valour.

Besides these, who were all heavy infantry, were the *Velites* or light infantry, who did not belong to the legion, but skirmished in front and on the flanks, answering to the *Tirailleurs* of the old French army. They were armed with slings, arrows, and javelins, or swords and light shields.

The arms and armour of the *hastati*, *principes*, and *triarii* were in a great measure the same. An oblong shield, the *scutum*, four feet long and two and a half feet broad, made of wood, joined together with little plates of iron and covered with a bull's hide, (though sometimes a large round shield was substituted,) with a helmet, coat of mail, and greaves similar to those used by the Greeks, formed the defensive armour.

The offensive arms were the *pilum* or heavy spear, which appears at first to have been used indifferently as a spear or a javelin, and of which, each soldier carried two. In later years, however, the *pilum* was used only as a javelin by the *hastati* and *principes*, while the *triarii* used a longer spear, which was not thrown like the *pilum*, but held like a pike. The sword was straight, two-edged and sharp pointed, and equally adapted for cutting or thrusting. It was worn on the *right* side so as not to interfere with the shield which hung on the left arm.

The cavalry at first were all light horsemen, but afterwards heavy cavalry were copied from the Greeks. A javelin and long broad-sword were their weapons, and a helmet and light shield, a coat of mail, and boots completed their equipment. The horses were bred for the most part in Spain or Cappadocia.

The commander of the legion was properly the Consul, but as he was also the Civil magistrato, his authority was usually delegated to the *Legatus* who answered to our Colonel, or rather from the number of men under him to a General of brigade or division. But the working commander or Lieutenant-Colonel, was the *Tribune*, of whom there were six, who commanded the legion in turn, month and month about. The tribunes chose the *Centurions* who answered to our Captains, from among the common soldiers, and the centurions probably had the inferior promotions in their own hands.

The discipline of the Romans was chiefly conspicuous in their marches and encampments. They never passed a night even in the longest marches, without pitching a regular camp and fortifying it with a rampart and ditch. When they went into winter quarters the camp became like a city, and many of our old towns are supposed to have derived their names from the Roman armies having encamped there. Such are the towns whose names end in *chester*, as Manchester, Chichester, &c., the Latin word for a camp being *castra*.

The tents were of leather stretched with ropes, each held ten men with the *decanus*, or Non-Commissioned Officer in charge.

The form of the camp was square and divided into two parts. The upper portion was occupied by the General's and superior officers' tents, and by the *forum* or market place.

The lower part by the troops and regimental officers, and the camp followers, all pitched in very exact order. Between the upper and lower parts of the camp was a broad open space called the *principia*, which was the general parade ground.

The *prefect* of the camp or Quarter-Master General, marked it out and the work was all executed by the soldiers, who were taught that it was as honorable and useful to dig as to fight. Every Roman soldier was a pioneer, and this is one of their customs that we might imitate with advantage. Besides which, the necessary services of the camp, such as procuring water, forage, wood, &c., were all executed by soldiers told off for those purposes, so that the number of camp followers was the smallest possible.

Guards were established as with us, and a regular watchword or parole, which was changed every day. Signals were given by the trumpet.

Every Roman soldier was regularly and constantly trained in martial exercises, such as walking and running in heavy marching order, leaping, swimming, &c., besides the use of their weapons. The importance of these exercises was so strongly felt that the common word for the army was *Exercitus*. They were also trained to observe an exact pace, and when encamped were regularly taken out three times a month to march 10 or 20 miles.

The effect of this incessant training was, that under a weight which to us seems almost incredible, their usual rate of marching was 20 miles in 5 hours, *daily*; and it was undoubtedly to this that their great victories were so often owing. A Roman soldier's load consisted of provisions for fifteen days, (usually corn, sometimes dressed food,) a saw, a basket, a spade, an axe, a hook and leathern thong, a chain, and three or four wooden stakes, the whole amounting to 60 lbs. weight, besides his arms, for these were considered not as a burden, but as a necessary part of himself.

The French soldiers are trained very much in this way, and they are the best marching and campaigning troops in Europe, without doubt. When it comes to a fair stand up

fight, I would sooner have English soldiers, in which probably my audience will agree with me. But I wish more attention was paid to this training in our army, as a campaign consists of a great many marches and very few battles.

Each company had its own standard, but the common standard of the legion was, a silver eagle with out-stretched wings, holding in its claws a thunderbolt. Napoleon who always had a great admiration of the Roman army and perpetually studied Cæsar, adopted the Roman standard and the Roman legion into the French service.

A legion drawn up in order of battle, was as I said before in three lines of 2000 men each, and as each line was generally three or four files deep, the front was not too extensive. The three lines of *hastati*, *principes*, and *triarii* had a considerable interval between each, so that the formation was in open column of battalions. When the skirmishers were driven in, they retired round the flanks and formed in the rear, and the *hastati* advanced. As soon as they were within reach of the enemy, the pilums were hurled with terrible force against him, and while confused with such a volley, the soldiers drew their swords and rushed upon the enemy. If, however, the *hastati* were defeated, they either retired slowly into the interval of the ranks of the *principes*, or if greatly fatigued, passed through them and formed in rear. This alone shows how steady the soldiers must have been. If the *principes* were beaten, the enemy had still to fight the best soldiers of all, the *triarii*, who had hitherto been kneeling on their right knees with their shields before them as a protection against missiles, and who now advanced with their pikes extended in front.

Though this was the general order of each legion, of course the disposition of the different legions varied with

the circumstances of the case, and the genius of the general.

The pay of the soldiers in the time of Cæsar was 5*d.* a day to an infantry private. The centurion received double. Besides which, each man was provided with uniform and rations, though some deduction was made from the pay on these accounts. The soldiers cooked their own food; their ordinary drink was vinegar and water; I prefer beer myself, but that is a matter of taste.

The discipline was strict and the punishments various. The lighter ones were stoppage of pay, forfeiture of their spears, getting coarser food than the rest, degradation of rank, or dismissal with disgrace. Sometimes a whole legion was deprived of its name, as that called *Augusta*.

The severer punishments were, flogging, stoning to death, or crucifixion.

Punishments were usually inflicted by order of Courts-martial; sometimes of the General alone.

The highest reward of a private soldier was the Civic crown, given to him who had saved the life of his comrade in battle. The crown was made of oak-leaves, and the soldier wore it in public, as at the theatres, when the whole audience rose in respect.

The Mural crown given to him who first scaled the wall of the besieged town was of gold, but it was held in less esteem than the simple oaken chaplet, and this shows the chivalrous spirit of the people.

There were smaller rewards of various kinds, such as a spear without any iron in it, bracelets or horse trappings, the spoils of the enemy, &c., also double pay and extra food or clothes.

The highest military honor that could be gained by a General was a *Triumph*. It was decreed by the senate to

him who in a just war with foreigners, and in one battle had slain above 5000 enemies of the republic, and by that victory had enlarged the limits of the commonwealth.

The triumph consisted in a grand procession through all the chief streets of the capital.

First went musicians, singing triumphal songs ; next, the oxen that were to be sacrificed to the gods.

Then in carriages came the spoils taken from the enemy.

Then the prisoners of war followed.

Then the victorious general dressed in purple and gold, with a laurel crown on his head, carried in a chariot drawn by four white horses, and attended by his friends.

After the general came the civil magistrates of the republic, and lastly the victorious army.

After sacrificing the oxen and offering up a thanksgiving to Jupiter, and the other gods for his success, the general gave a splendid entertainment to his friends and the chief men of the city, and after supper was escorted home by the people with music and singing.

Such was the organisation of the great Roman army, undoubtedly the most famous that the world has ever seen. Hear the testimony of an enemy, Josephus, the Jewish historian, who wrote of them at the time of the last Jewish war. He says—

“ If any one does but attend to their military discipline, he will be forced to confess that their obtaining so large a dominion has been the acquisition of their valor, and not the gift of fortune. For as if their weapons did always cling to them, they have never any truce from war-like exercises. Nor do they stay till times of war admonish them to use them ; for their military exercises differ not at all from the real use of their arms ; but every soldier is every day exercised, and that with great diligence as if it were in time of war, which is the reason why they bear the fatigues of battle so easily. For neither can any disorder disturb their usual equanimity, nor can danger affright them out of it, nor can labor weary them. Which firmness of conduct makes them

always to overcome those that have not the same firmness. Nor would he be mistaken that should call their exercises bloodless battles, and their battles bloody exercises."

He then describes the order and regularity of their encampments, and says—

"When they are to fight, they do nothing without forethought, nor leave anything to chance. So that they seldom commit any errors, or if at any time they have been mistaken, they easily correct those mistakes. They also esteem any errors they commit from mistaken forethought, to be better than rash success owing to fortune alone, because this tempts men to be inconsiderate, while the other only makes men more careful for the future."

He says too—

"In battle the whole army is but one body, so close are their ranks, so rapid their movements and so strict their attention to orders. Nor can we find any examples where they have been conquered in battle when they came to a close fight, either by the multitude of their enemies, or by their stratagems, or by the difficulties of their situation,—no, nor by fortune neither. For their victories have been surer to them than fortune could have granted them."

As to the total strength of the army; in the time of the Emperor Hadrian it appears that a legion consisted of 6800 Romans, and with its attendant auxiliaries might amount to 12,500 men. The peace establishment amounted to 80 of these formidable brigades, forming a standing force of 375,000 men. Instead of being shut up in forts which the Romans regarded as a sign of pusillanimity, the legions were encamped on the banks of the great rivers, and along the frontiers of the empire, and those wonderful Roman roads which have lasted down to our time, and which were made by the soldiers, connected together the great military stations. Three legions occupied Britain; sixteen were encamped on the Rhine and Danube and held Germany, Hungary and the Danubian provinces; eight legions were



ROMAN SOLDIER.

Herminius is killed, but his horse black Auster, is rescued from the enemy by the other Consul Aulus who was also Dictator:—

And Aulus the Dictator
 Stroked Auster's raven name,
 With heed he looked unto the girths,
 With heed unto the rein.
 "Now bear me well black Auster,
 Into yon thick array ;
 And thou and I will have revenge
 For thy good lord this day."
 So spake he ; and was buckling
 Tighter black Auster's band,
 When he was aware of a princely pair
 That rode at his right hand.
 So like they were no mortal
 Might one from other know :
 White as snow their armour was :
 Their steeds were white as snow.
 Never on earthly anvil
 Did such rare armour gleam ;
 And never did such gallant steeds
 Drink of an earthly stream.

The dictator asks who they are, and they turn out to be the twin sons of Jupiter, Castor and Pollux:—

So answered those *strange* horsemen,
 And each couched low his spear ;
 And forthwith all the ranks of Rome
 Were bold, and of good cheer :
 And on the thirty armies
 Come wonder and affright
 And Ardea wavered on the left,
 And Cora on the right.
 "Rome to the charge !" cried Aulus ;
 "The foe begins to yield !
 Charge for the hearth of Vesta !
 Charge for the Golden Shield !

And under foot was trampled,
 Amidst the mud and gore,
 The banner of proud Tusculum,
 That never stooped before :
 And fliers and pursuers
 Were mingled in a mass ;
 And far away the battle
 Went roaring through the pass.

But the great campaigns in which the Roman army was really formed were the Carthaginian wars. The struggle with their great rival lasted for 117 years and terminated at last in the ruin of the African city. It was in the second of these wars that their continual defeat by the celebrated Hannibal, taught the Romans the defects in their organization and discipline. From each defeat they learnt something, and as Napoleon at last taught his adversaries how to beat him, so the victories of Hannibal at Trebia, Thrasymene and Cannæ only paved the way for his own final overthrow at Zama.

The importance of this great battle which decided the supremacy of Rome, will justify my giving some particulars of it, especially as it will serve to give you an idea of ancient battles in general.

Hannibal after defeating the Romans in four pitched battles, and threatening the capital itself, had occupied Italy for nineteen years, when he was recalled to Africa by the successes of the Consul Scipio, who had resolved to carry the war into the enemy's own country, while their great general was absent.

Hannibal landed at Leptis and encountered Scipio's army at Zama. The numbers on both sides were about equal, but of the Numidian horse which had hitherto done such excellent service to the Carthaginians, Hannibal had this day only 2000. There had been a revolution amongst

them, and their chief Masinissa with 4000 cavalry and 6000 infantry had joined the Romans.

The Roman legions were drawn up in their usual order, except that the Maniples of every alternate line did not cover the intervals in the line before them [in the ordinary *quīncunæ* formation] but were placed one behind the other, thus leaving avenues in several places through the whole depth of the army from front to rear. These avenues were loosely filled by the light armed troops who had orders to meet the charge of the elephants and draw them down the intervals to the rear of the army.

The Numidian cavalry were on the right wing. The Italian cavalry on the left.

On the Carthaginian side Hannibal stationed all his elephants, eighty in number in front of his whole line. With these animals he had in his earlier battles terrified and defeated the Romans, who had never seen such creatures, at least in war. But they were now used to them and knew how to meet their charge.

Behind the elephants were the foreign troops in the service of Carthage, principally Gauls, 12,000 strong.

The Africans and Carthaginians formed the second line, while Hannibal held his own veterans whom he had brought from Italy, as a reserve in a third line, at some distance behind. His Numidian cavalry opposed their countrymen on the left, the Carthaginian horse faced the Italians on the other wing.

After some skirmishing, the elephants charged, but frightened by the Roman trumpets and galled by the light troops, most of them broke away amongst their own horse, and the Roman cavalry observing the confusion, charged and routed the enemy's horse. The rest of the elephants charged fairly and did much mischief, but they were drawn

down the open spaces left for them and were disposed of in the rear. Meantime the Carthaginian first line advanced, but not being properly supported by the second were forced to retreat, and furious at this they fell upon the second line and cut them down as enemies, so that the second line attacked by friends and foes were also routed. But the Carthaginian reserve hastened up and the battle became desperate. The soldiers on both sides were perfect in courage and discipline and neither would give ground.

At last the Roman cavalry returned from the pursuit of the enemy's horse and at the critical moment fell upon the enemy's rear. Hannibal's veterans surrounded and overpowered still maintained their high reputation, and fell almost to the last man. 20,000 Carthaginians were slain and as many made prisoners. The victory was complete and left Rome the mistress of the world.

From these wars also sprang the Roman navy, copied from the Carthaginians who had derived theirs from the Greeks, and it was with the help of this navy that so many of the subsequent Roman victories were achieved.

After the Carthaginian wars, came the great Servile war in Italy, and then the wars in Asia, Africa and Europe under Marius, Sylla, Pompey, and finally Cæsar.

Of the seven greatest Captains whom history records, the highest place must I think be given to Cæsar. Three of the seven were ancients, Alexander, Hannibal, and Cæsar. Four are moderns, Frederic the Great, Marlborough, Napoleon, and Wellington.

Alexander, Frederic, and Napoleon were alike formidable, from the rapidity of their movements and their fierce attacks, and this was not a little owing to their being all three despotic sovereigns, with the resources of a whole nation at their command, and responsible to no one for their actions.

There is the same similarity in the position and character of Hannibal and our own two Englishmen; all three were subjects, with limited resources, and obliged to regulate their tactics accordingly. The embarrassments caused to Hannibal by the Carthaginian Senate, were exactly similar to the restrictions imposed on Marlborough by the Dutch deputies, and on Wellington by the Spanish Junta and the English ministry. It was difficult for these generals to obtain any great successes as they were seldom allowed to run any great risks, but Marlborough, at Blenheim, when for once he was allowed his own way, went far to justify Napoleon's opinion of him, as the greatest general of modern times.

Cæsar at once a despotic commander and yet not a king, alone combined that patient waiting for his opportunity, with the irresistible vigour of attack when the opportunity came, that continuous energy which never gave his enemy time to recover his blows, and an extraordinary fertility of resource that never failed him at a critical moment. Great also as a writer, statesman, and orator, his era marks at once the highest pitch of Roman glory and the greatest perfection of the Roman army; as under the Emperors, it began to lose its nationality and steadily declined until the disciplined levies of Rome were overcome by the barbarous hordes from Asia and Northern Europe.

Cæsar's conquest of Spain, France, and Britain, was so complete that the fierce tribes whom he subdued, never shook off the Roman grasp, and for 430 years England was as completely a colony of Rome, as Canada is at this day, of England. Then the conquerors departed of their own accord, amidst the tears and regrets of their English subjects, leaving the iron stamp of their language, laws, and even their public works impressed so deeply among us, that their

traces have lasted down to our own times, and in fact, have become parts of our own national property.

Some of our most familiar customs, nay even our religious ceremonies, are derived from our old heathen conquerors. Our marriage ceremonies are all Roman, the ring, the veil, the wedding gifts, the groomsmen and bridesmaids, the bride cake. Our funeral images and customs are Roman, the cypress and yew, the flowers strewn on the graves, the black for mourning. When we say, "God bless you," to the sneezer, we do as the Romans did; it is the same with our superstition about the ears tingling when people are talking of us, with our faith in the luck of odd numbers, and with many other popular ideas of a similar kind. It has been well said that indications such as these are quite as valuable to history as doubtful records or half obliterated inscriptions.

It may interest some of you to hear Cæsar's account of his first invasion of Britain, and his description of our ancestors, 1900 years ago.

He says :—

"The island is triangular in form and one of its sides is opposite Gaul. One angle of this side is in Kent (Canti it was then called) whither almost all ships from Gaul are directed. The inhabitants of Kent are the most civilized among the people. It is a maritime district, and they do not differ much from Gallic customs. Most of the inland people do not sow corn, but live on milk and flesh and are clad in skins. All the Britains dye themselves with wood, which gives them a bluish color, and thus a more terrible appearance in fight. They wear long hair both on the head and upper lip. Ten and even twelve have wives common to them. The population is numerous, also their houses and cattle. They use brass or iron rings for money. Tin and iron are produced, but brass is imported. There is timber of every description except beech and fir. They do not regard it lawful to eat the hare, and the cock, and the goose, though they breed them for amusement. The climate is more temperate than in Gaul, the colds being less severe." (I fear our climate has deteriorated.)

Cæsar twice invaded England, he first approached the coast near Dover, sailing from France or Gaul from Boulogne or Portus Itius. There he saw the enemy drawn up on the hills, and moved his fleet along until he found a level shore at Romney marsh, near Hythe. The researches of antiquarians have decided that he landed on Sunday evening 27th August, B.C. 55, with which date may be said to commence the history of England. He thus describes his first landing: —

“ The barbarians, on perceiving our design sent forward their cavalry and charioteers, of which they make great use in battle, and following with the rest of their forces endeavoured to prevent our men from landing. In this was our great difficulty, as our ships on account of their size could only be stationed in deep water and our soldiers embarrassed with their armour, had to leap from their ships and contend at the same time with the water and the enemy. Whereas the enemy either on dry ground or by wading a little way into the water, in places thoroughly known to them, confidently spurred in their horses which were accustomed to this kind of service. Dismayed by these circumstances and unused to this method of battle, our men did not exert the same vigour which they usually did on dry ground.

“ When Cæsar observed this, he ordered the ships of war, the appearance of which was strange to the barbarians to approach as nearly as possible and attack the open flank of the enemy, with their engines throwing stones and darts, which made the barbarians retreat a little, and while our men were hesitating chiefly on account of the depth of water, the eagle-bearer of the 10th legion, cried out. ‘ Leap, comrades, unless you wish to betray your eagle to the enemy. I for my part will do my duty to my General and the commonwealth.’ So saying, he sprang into the water, and bore the eagle towards the enemy. Then our men exhorting one another to prevent disgrace to the eagle, all leaped from the ship, and followed him to the shore.”

[After a short but severe struggle in the water the Romans made good their landing, and forming into battle array, soon routed the Britons.]

The only war under the Emperors that is interesting to

us at the present time, is the siege and destruction of Jerusalem under Titus, who afterwards become Emperor.

The Jews who had always been very troublesome subjects, broke out into open rebellion and vainly tried to match their courage and national enthusiasm against the discipline of the Roman battalions. The Jewish historian, Josephus, has left us a deeply interesting record of the whole campaign, in which he played a prominent part as commander at the siege of Jotapata. When that place fell he became prisoner, and so escaped the calamities of the siege of Jerusalem.

I have abbreviated his account of the siege of Jotapata as it gives a good idea of an ancient siege, but must first tell you something as to how they were generally conducted.

You are, of course, aware that since the invention of gunpowder, a great change has necessarily been made by Engineers in the kind of fortifications used, round a town or fortress. We now build low ramparts of great thickness and well covered by the glacis from the fire of distant guns. But anciently, high walls of masonry were used, as there were no cannon balls to be feared, and the chief danger was from escalade. Round towers were erected at intervals, whence stones and other missiles were showered upon the besiegers.

To attack such fortifications the Romans tried either a sudden assault or a regular seige. They first surrounded the town with their troops and then by their missive weapons strove to clear the wall of defenders; then joining their shields together over head like the shell of a tortoise, to secure them from the missiles of the enemy, they endeavoured to force the gates or to scale the walls, either by ladders or by mounting on each other's shoulders.

When a place could not be taken by storm, it was invested, and two lines of entrenchment thrown right round the city, one to check sallies of the besieged and prevent their escape, the other to preclude them from receiving succour from their friends outside. These lines of *circumvallation* and *contravallation*, as they were termed, were used down to a very late period, even by modern generals.

Palisades, abattis, and trous de loups, which modern Engineers still use for defending such earth-works, were all employed by the Romans.

From this inner line of entrenchment, was raised a mound of earth, wood, &c., which grew higher and higher till it over-topped the walls. On this mound was erected various engines from which stones, darts and missiles of every description were hurled, so that the wall was cleared of its defenders; and bridges were then made from the mound on to the walls by which the assailants poured into the town. Sometimes, when the mound was too distant for bridges to be thrown across, the wall itself was undermined and wooden props inserted under the masonry, which were then set fire to and the wall at that point tumbled down.

Or a breach was formed by the Battering Ram, presently to be described.

Instead of, or in addition to, the mound, wooden towers were often employed which were moved forward on wheels.

Some idea of the prodigious labor employed on these works may be gained from Cæsar's account of the sieges of Avaricum and Alesia. The mound erected by the Romans against the former place was 330 feet broad and 80 feet high, while at the latter siege not less than 1560 towers were employed.

It may be said that this method of besieging lasted with a few modifications down to the 16th century, when the

complete introduction of gunpowder everywhere, necessitated a change.

The besieged on the other hand erected other Engines on their walls from which they annoyed the workmen with showers of missiles, and by frequent and fierce sallies, impeded the progress of the works. They endeavoured to burn the towers by various combustibles, and the invention called Greek fire which was discharged from arrows, and which nothing could extinguish, was said in later years to have several times saved the empire from the assaults of the Eastern barbarians.

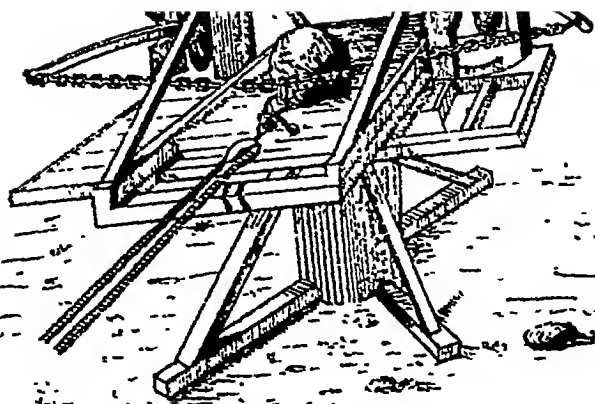
Also when the besiegers attempted to escalate, the besieged rained down stones, boiling water or oil, and molten lead, which penetrated between the shields and the joints of the armour and killed or disabled great numbers.

I may now tell you something of the engines, above alluded to, and which were their artillery. The earliest precise mention of such artillery is in the 26th Chapter of the 2nd book of Chronicles, where we are told that "king Uzziah made in Jerusalem, engines invented by cunning men, to be upon towers, and upon the bulwarks to shoot arrows and great stones withal."

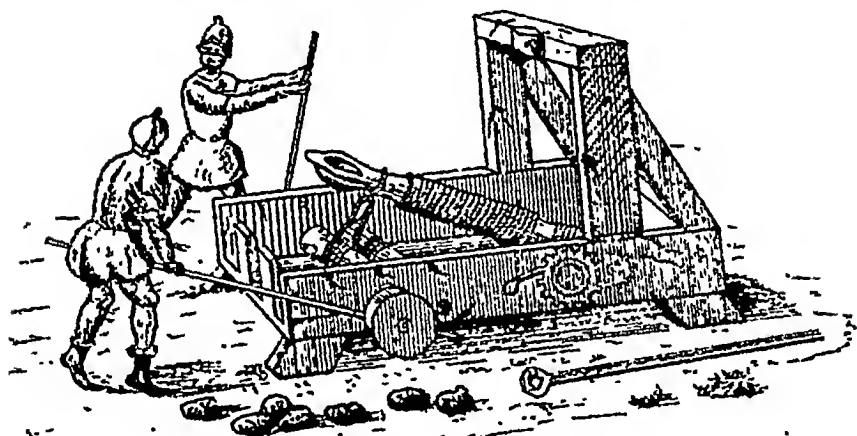
The *Balista* was a gigantic cross-bow from which huge stones, weighty javelins or large beams of wood, headed with iron, were hurled with prodigious force. The *scorpions* were smaller cross-bows managed by one or two men.

The *Catapult* was used for the same purpose as the *Balista* but made on a different principle, consisting of a long lever worked on a fulcrum either by means of a counterpoise or by elastic cords.

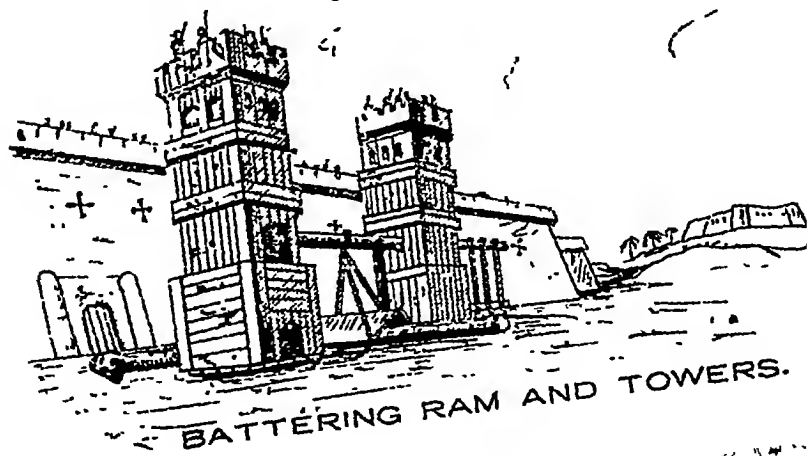
The *Aries* or *Battering Ram* was a long and heavy beam with an iron head, which was slung between two posts and moved backwards and forwards by the sheer force of several



BALISTA



CATAPULT



BATTERING RAM AND TOWERS.

hundred men, until by repeated strokes a breach had been made in the wall. The Ram was covered with sheds or mantlets constructed of wood and hurdles to protect the men working it from the enemy. These sheds were covered with earth or raw hides to prevent them from being fired.

Sometimes the Ram was suspended between two of the moveable towers and the combination of both must have been very formidable. One of Vespasian's rams, mentioned by Josephus was worked by 1,500 men, and when moved from one place to another took 150 yoke of oxen to draw it.

Altogether there is little doubt that an ancient siege must have been quite as laborious, and called for as much invention and skill as any modern siege, and the loss of life was nearly always far greater.

To return to Josephus:—

Jotapata was built on a precipice, which made it inaccessible, except on the north side, where it was defended by a strong and high wall.

Vespasian, who commanded the Roman army (and was afterwards Emperor) fixed his head quarters about a mile from the city, and completely invested it with his battalions. In the first four days desperate sallies were made by the Jews and repulsed after a good deal of fighting. On the fifth day, the Romans began to raise their mound against the north wall. They cut down trees, collected stones, and made hurdles to protect the workmen from the missiles thrown from the city, under cover of which the earthen mound was begun; 160 engines were then erected round the place to clear the wall of its defenders, and harass the inhabitants. Josephus says, "lances were thrown with a great noise, and stones of the weight of a talent (114 lbs.) together with fire and a vast number of arrows, which made the wall

but before the evening the machine was at work again ; the terrible engines worked all night and by morning the breach was practicable. Josephus says, that he saw a man's head struck by one of the stones and flung as far as three furlongs, but I doubt whether he measured it. The noise of the engines he says, was very terrible ; the sound of the darts and stones thrown by them, and of the dead bodies dashed against the walls. And dreadful was the clamour of the women, and the cries of the wounded, while the ground ran with blood, and the wall might have been ascended by piling up the corpses of the dead.

In the morning the assault was delivered and a terrible struggle took place in the breach. Josephus ordered the women to stop screaming, and when they would not, locked them up in their houses. The Romans joined their shields together and firmly pushed their way in, but Josephus was not at the end of his resources, for he had had boiling oil prepared, and poured it down from the battlements on those below ; and this penetrating through the armour caused such horrible pain and fear, that the Romans retreated leaving many men killed behind them.

Vespasian then raised his mound and erected three towers fifty feet high of wood, plated with iron, so as to be safe from fire, and such showers of missiles were sent from these that the walls were again cleared of their defenders. At the same time a deserter coming in recommended Vespasian to make a night attack, as the besieged were thoroughly exhausted. This was done, and the city was at length taken after a siege of forty-seven days. Josephus was made prisoner and afterwards wrote an account of the whole war.

The Roman empire gradually became so great, that as most of you know, it was at length divided into two empires, of which Rome and Constantinople were the

capitals, this was about 300 years A.D. The Roman, or Western Empire, scarcely lasted a century after this, but was conquered by the Goths, and finally a new empire sprang up of which the present emperor of Austria is the legitimate successor, the word Kaiser or emperor, being merely a corruption of Cæsar (as all the emperors of Rome were indiscriminately called after the great original). The Eastern Roman Empire lasted for another 1000 years, until Constantinople was besieged and taken by the Turks, and the Turkish empire founded, which has lasted for the past 400 years. But the emperors of Russia call themselves Czar, which is another corruption of Cæsar, and are looking forward to a time when they shall inherit the fallen Roman mantle. Scarcely half a dozen years ago, the descendants of the two barbarous nations whom Cæsar had conquered and civilized, were fighting side by side at Sebastopol to protect the last remnant of his beloved empire, from the same Huns and Vandals who had before overthrown it.

The discipline and organization of the Roman Army were copied by the Goths and Franks, who succeeded to the empire, and the only distinctly marked change that can be noted until the invention of gunpowder was in the extra importance of Cavalry. This appears to have been closely connected with the feudal manners and laws of Western Europe, from which it resulted that the chief of a tribe or family went to battle horsed and equipped, while his servants or retainers accompanied him on foot. Owing to this, and to the fact that standing Armies had disappeared when the strong Roman Empire fell to pieces, the battles of the dark and middle ages were very unscientific affairs altogether. A few knights clad in armour of proof, rushed against each other and fought a series of single combats. An undisciplined mob of men, badly arm-

ed and fresh from the plough's tail, hammered away at each other until their masters ran away, when they followed and were duly slaughtered by the opposition knights. But gradually the powerful and wealthy nobles trained and properly armed their retainers, and so the English men-at-arms and archers who gained the victories of Cressy, Poitiers and Agincourt, were no unworthy successors of the famous Roman legionaries. Let us, however, turn back for a moment to look at the soldiers of the East, who exercised a great influence in their day, and at one time seemed likely to make Europe an Asiatic colony.

The Assyrians, Babylonians, and Egyptians, had long ago disappeared as empires. The Persians crushed by Alexander and his Macedonians, had ceased to be a great nation, and though more than once reviving and waging a not unequal conflict with the Roman veterans, no longer exercised any great influence on the destinies of the world. The Huns and Vandals coming in swarms from the wilds of Tartary, still, however, preserved the reputation of the Eastern warriors, and tempted by the rich corn fields of the West, and the decay in valour and military spirit of the once formidable Roman army, at length effected a permanent settlement in Europe and gave their name to Hungary. The fierce and warlike Goths had already established themselves in Rome, and the East having poured forth its hordes seemed again quiescent, when the genius and fanaticism of Mahomet combined in one irresistible form, the military instincts of one-half of Asia.

The Mahomedan armies conquered Persia, over-ran Asia Minor, occupied Tartary, and while one army pouring into India, founded the empire of the Moguls, another seized upon northern Africa, and thence penetrated and conquered nearly all Spain. It seemed as if Christianity was on the

point of being extinguished by Islamism, but Charles Martel of France, at length arrested the inundation, and the decisive battle of Tours defined the boundaries of the Crescent and the Cross for 700 years.

Three centuries later, the chivalry of the East and the West, again met to do battle in the Crusades, and for 300 years the struggle lasted with varying fortune, but terminated at last in favor of the Crescent.

Yet another two centuries and Mahomedanism gained Constantinople, but lost Spain, and from the time when John Sobieski saved Europe once more from the Turks under the walls of Vienna, the spirit of the East has been broken, and has been unable to make a stand against the chivalry of Europe.

During all the above wars, the organisation and tactics of the European and Asiatic soldier were as different as they have always continued to be. The former large of limb, strong in body, earnest of purpose, and governed by a stern discipline, conquered generally in battle, but sank under the fatigues of the march and the difficulty of feeding himself as was his wont. The Asiatic supplied the defect of strength, by activity; of high souled courage, by a fierce fanaticism which despised death; of organisation and discipline, by numbers; and beaten again and again in battle, tired out his foes by incessant attacks, marching two miles for his adversary's one, and feeding himself abundantly on what would have starved the other. To this day the British soldier is the best of fighters and the worst of campaigners, as our military annals from Vineira to Delhi, will testify.

I have already adverted to the English soldiers of those times, under the names of Archers and Men-at-Arms. The latter appear to have resembled the Roman Soldiers, being

armed with pikes and swords or bill-hooks, but the pride and strength of our country was for a long time in the Archers.

The English long bow was different from the short semi-circular bow used in the East or by the Roman light infantry. It was altogether a more formidable affair, and its size and use were regulated by law. Under Edward IV., every Englishman and Irishman dwelling in England was required by royal ordinance, to have a bow of his own height made of yew, hazel, or ash, according to his strength, and the inhabitants of every town-ship were required to practice archery under certain penalties. The arrows were directed to be the length of a man's arm or half the length of the bow.

Long after gunpowder was invented and even up to the time of Charles I., numerous statutes were passed to encourage archery. The royal company of Scottish Archers, founded in the reign of James I., is still in existence, and claims the privilege of forming the body-guard of the sovereign when he or she visits Scotland.

The extreme range of an English bow was said to be 600 yards, but the greatest distances achieved in modern times are from 3 to 500 yards. The late Turkish ambassador sent an arrow 480 yards in the presence of the Toxophilite Society in London, who now possess his bow, which was made of horn.

The Cross-bow was a more modern weapon, and was employed principally on the continent, the English preferring their long bow. Our ancestors confined its use chiefly to the defence of forts and in sea fights. Bullets or *quarrels* were discharged from it as well as arrows.

I have already given you an account of a Roman battle and siege. I cannot conclude my lecture better than by

giving you a short description of the most famous battle that was ever won by English archers, the battle of Agincourt.

King Henry V. had landed in France, with 6,000 horse and 24,000 foot, a totally inadequate force for the invasion of such a country, and which was still further diminished by sickness and heavy casualties at the siege of Harfleur. A council of war proposed they should re-embark, but the king over-ruled them, and the army prepared to march for Calais. So heavy had been the losses that after leaving a garrison at Harfleur, the English army was barely 9,000 strong.

On the 24th October, 1415, he encountered the French army at Agincourt. The most moderate estimate reckons their force at 50,000 men. But there is no doubt that there was a great want of order and discipline amongst them.

The night was cold and rainy, and is said to have been passed by the English in prayer, and by the French in drinking and gambling, the stakes being the ransom of their expected prisoners.

At dawn the English were in battle array, formed into three divisions and two wings, but the divisions were so close together that they appeared as one. The archers were in advance of the men-at arms in form of a wedge. In addition to his bow and arrows, his bill-hook or hatchet, every archer carried a long stake sharpened at both ends which he was to fix obliquely before him in the ground, thus making an excellent *chevaux de frise* against the enemy's cavalry. The baggage was sent to the rear under a small guard.

The king, mounted on a grey horse, rode along the line, and spoke cheerfully and confidently to all. That speech has been immortalised by Shakspeare, and most of you I

dare say remember the noble words. When the Earl of Westmorland says—

“O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to day !”

The king replies—

“What’s he that wishes so ?
My cousin Westmorland ?—No, my fair cousin:
If we are marked to die, we are enough
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honor.”

On the other side, the French badly commanded, had crowded their large army into fields between two woods where it was impossible for them to deploy or manœuvre properly, while the ground saturated with rain was unfit for their numerous cavalry.

At noon, king Henry having waited in vain for the French to attack, gave the word “ Banners, advance ! ” and Sir Thomas Erpingham, an old knight and the commandant of the archers, threw his truncheon into the air, exclaiming “ Now Strike ! ” As soon as the archers came within range they planted their stakes in the ground in front, and assailed the French horse with volleys of arrows. In vain the cavalry charged, the ground was slippery, the flight of arrows terrific, and the archers safe behind their barrier of stakes. The cavalry became disorganised, got mixed up with their own infantry, who, pent up in a narrow field could not extricate themselves, and the English with loud shouts took up their stakes and advanced still nearer.

The 2nd French division advanced, and for a short time the contest was severe but they were unsupported and defeated. The Duke d’Alençon attacked king Henry, but was slain, and at his fall, the French army went to the right

about, carrying with it the 3rd division in rear, which had never drawn sword, and was alone more than double the strength of the English army. The flight became a rout, and the booty taken was enormous, while it is said that 8,000 men were slain, the loss of the English being 1,600 men.

The battle is a warning if any were needed, that a host of armed men does not necessarily constitute an army.

I have now brought you down to the period when the general use of gunpowder, necessitated a great change in arms, armour and tactics, and the time warns me to conclude. Some day, perhaps, I may continue the subject by tracing the progress of fire-arms from the rude cannon used at the battle of Cressy, and the hand-guns used in the 15th century, to the formidable Armstrong gun and Enfield rifle of our own days. But whatever be the weapons or tactics employed, the qualities that make a good soldier are ever the same. Courage, obedience, fortitude, and physical strength are the essentials of *every* soldier. Temperance, Humanity, and the fear of God, instead of man, are the distinguishing attributes of the Christian Soldier *alone!*

HINDOOISM; ITS MYTHOLOGY AND CUSTOMS.

Delivered on Tuesday, May 26th, 1863. BY CAPTAIN GLOVER, R.E.

It has appeared to me as many of us are obliged to pass a great portion of the best part of our lives in this country, that a slight consideration of the manners, habits, literature, and religion of the millions who surround us would be likely to prove an interesting topic; and I have, therefore, selected for this evening's lecture, the subject of the Hindoo Religion, showing its general outline, its mythology, and the influence it exerts on the manners and customs of the people. Time will not admit of more than a cursory glance at a subject of such magnitude, but it will, I hope, enable us to learn somewhat of the habits of those with whom we are brought so much in contact.

The philosophy and religion of Hindooism prevails over the greater portion of the globe, and regulates the forms of worship, and the modes of thinking, feeling, and acting throughout China, Japan, Tartary, Hindustan, the Burman Empire, Siam, Ceylon, &c., that is, among more than 400,000,000 of the human race. It is true that we know but little of the operations of the mind among the great mass of beings who compose the Chinese Empire, but we are pretty sure that the principal deity there worshipped is

the Indian "Boodh," and the popular superstition is substantially the same as that established in Burmah.

The living incarnation of the Grand Lama, worshipped in Tartary, is another striking feature of the Hindoo system, considered, no doubt, an improvement upon the occasional incarnations of the Hindoos, who recognise in every extraordinary being an incarnation. The Boodh worshipped in Burmah and Siam is universally known to be one of the Hindoo incarnations, and some persons imagine that Buddhism was the ancient religion of the Hindoos.

Here then we have the extraordinary fact that the greater part of the human family are still Hindoos, and that their conceptions of divine Nature, the moral government of the Almighty, the way of access to him, the nature of divine worship, and of acceptable obedience, and the condition of men in the present and future state, are all regulated by systems invented by the Indian Brahmin.

And what those systems are we will now proceed to investigate.

Nothing authentic is known of the origin of the Hindoo religion, but its mythology is supposed to date from the deluge, from the fact of mention being made of a flood in one of their sacred books, supposed to be identical with that of Noah; however, be that so or not, many undeniable facts remain, which leave no doubt of the very great antiquity of Hindooism.

Their sacred books are arranged by the Hindoos themselves under eighteen heads, embracing eighteen different kinds of knowledge. They are as follows:—

First. The four Vedas, so called from the Sanscrit word "Vēd," signifying "knowledge;" their names are:—

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|-------------------------|---|--------------------|
| 1st, the Rik Vedas. | } | 3rd, the Samū, |
| 2nd, the Yūjoosh Vedas. | | 4th, the Ut'hūrvū. |

Second. The four Oopū Vedas, from Oopū, a preposition importing resemblance in an inferior degree, and Ved, as above given. They are—

1st, the Ayoo, or Science of Medicine ; drawn from the Rik Veda.

2nd. The Gandhūrvū, or Science of Music ; from the Samū Vedū.

3rd, The Dhūnoo, or Military Tactics ; from the Yūjoosh Veda.

4th, The Silpū, or Mechanics ; from the Ut'hūrvū Veda.

Third. The six Ungū or Vedangas ; from “ Ungū,” members or body, which comprise—

1st, Shikshyū,—on Pronunciation.

2nd, Kūlpū,—on Ceremonies.

3rd, Vyākūrunū,—on Grammar.

4th, Chūndū,—on Prosody and Verse.

5th, Jyotishū,—on Astronomy.

6th, Nirooktū,—on Explanations of difficult words, &c., in the Vedas.

And lastly, the four Oopangūs ; or—

1st, The Pooranas,—or Poetical Histories.

2nd, The Nayū,—on Ethics.

3rd, The Mēemangsa,—on Divine Wisdom, and on Ceremonies ; and

4th, The Dhūrmā Shastrū,—on the Civil and Canon Law, better known as the Institutes of Menū.

From the style of the Vedas, the deep veneration in which they are held, and other concurring circumstances, it seems probable that the most ancient portions were written about the time of David, or from 1100 to 1000 B. C. ; which allows a sufficient time, after the confusion of tongues, for the Hindoos to have made good their settlement in India, and to have attained that degree of civilization, requisite to

form the rudiments of that civil and religious policy, which has descended down to the present time.

From the fact of the Veda containing the names of many of the most celebrated of the Hindoo philosophers, it is supposed, that the establishment of the six great schools of philosophy must have succeeded them at no great distance of time ; and these are supposed to have been followed at no great interval by the famous Institutes of Menū, the great Epic poem of Ramayṇā, and the first astronomical books so worthy of the best days of the Hindoo nation, which carries us down to about 300 years before the Christian era, or to about the time of Aristotle, when Greek learning had attained all its glory ; we shall therefore have allowed about 700 years, in which period the Hindoos may be supposed to have carried their literature to the highest perfection.

The era of Krishnū may be placed about 300 years before the Incarnation ; in whose time some of the best minor poets lived. The Muhabaratū, or the great poem in which this hero is so greatly distinguished, must also have been written about this time, as well as the most ancient of the Pooranas.

We are now arrived at the present or fourth age, called the Kūlee Yoogū of the Hindoos.

Having thus traced the chronology of the principal Hindoo sacred writings, I will now proceed to an examination of them.

The Vedas, which, as has been before stated, are four in number, may be looked on as the Hindoo Bible ; each Veda is composed of two parts or (mantra) prayers and hymns, and (Brahmana) precepts, which inculcate religious duties and arguments relating to theology ; they are not single works, but each is the production of various authors, whose names (in the case of the prayers and hymns at least) are attached to their compositions, and to whom, according to

the Hindoos, these passages were separately revealed; they were probably written at different periods, but were compiled in their present form, as before stated, about the time of David. They are written in an ancient form of Sanscrit, so different from that now in use, that none but the more learned of the Bramins themselves can understand. They are recited in various superstitious ways, either word by word, simply disjoining them, or backwards and forwards, once or oftener; some are chanted. In their perusal, the principal points to be noticed are, the author, the metre, and the purpose of such incantation, the meaning of the passage itself being entirely unimportant.

The primary doctrine of the Vedas is the Unity of God. "There is in truth," say repeated texts, "but one Deity, the Supreme Spirit, the Lord of the Universe, whose work is the universe."

The doctrine of Monotheism prevails throughout the Institutes of Menu, and it is declared towards their close, that of all duties, "the principal is to obtain from them true knowledge of one Supreme God;" but although the idea of the unity of God is thus preserved by Menu, his opinions of the nature and operations of the Divinity have fallen off from the purity of their original. This is chiefly apparent in his account of the creation, where, "the self-existing Power, having willed to produce various beings from his own Divine substance, first, with a thought created the waters and placed in them a productive seed." From this seed sprang the Mundane egg, in which the Supreme Being was himself born in the form of Brahma. By similar mythological processes, he, under the form of Brahma, produced the heavens and earth and the human soul; and to all creatures he gave distinct names and distinct occupations. He likewise created the deities "with divine attributes and

pure souls," and "inferior genii exquisitely delicate." The whole creation only endures for a certain period; when that expires, the Divine energy is withdrawn, Brahma is absorbed in the Supreme essence, and the whole system fades away. These extinctions of creation, with corresponding revivals, occur periodically at terms of prodigious length.

Man is endowed with two internal spirits, the vital soul, which gives motion to the body, and the rational, which is the seat of passions, and good and bad qualities; and both these souls though independent existences, are connected with the Divine essence which pervades all beings.

It is the vital soul which expiates the sins of the man. It is subjected to torments for periods proportioned to its offences and is then sent to transmigrate, through men and animals and even plants, according to the nature of its guilt, until having been purified by offering and humiliation, it again enters purer bodies and commences a career which may lead to eternal bliss.

I might be able to give a few examples :

He who destroys a sacrifice will be punished in hell; he will afterwards be born again and remain a fish for three years, and then ascend to human birth, but will be afflicted with incurable disease. He who eats excellent food without giving any to others, will be punished in hell 80,000 years, and then be born a musk rat; then a deer; then a man, whose body emits an offensive smell, and who prefers bad food to good. The stealer of a water pan will be born an alligator, and then a man of monstrous size. A beautiful woman who despises her husband will suffer in hell a variety of torments, she will then be born a female, and losing her husband very soon after marriage, will long suffer the miseries of widowhood. If a man steal grain in the husk, he shall be born a rat; if a yellow mixed metal, a gander; if

water, a diver ; if honey, a great stinging gnat ; if milk, a crow ; if expressed juice, a dog ; if exquisite perfumes, a musk rat ; if pot-herbs, a peacock ; if roots or fruit, an ape ; if a horse, a tiger ; if a woman, a bear ; if carriages, a camel ; if small cattle, a goat. Women who have committed similar thefts, incur a similar taint, and shall be paired with those male beasts, in the form of their females.

The effect of this doctrine is most pernicious to the present race of Hindoos. All their sins are considered as necessary consequences of actions done in former life, on which account they seldom charge their consciences with guilt for committing them. If a Hindoo be attacked with disease, or fall into misfortune, he immediately traces the cause of the sins of a former birth, and instead of using measures to extricate himself, he sits down in despair, believing that he can only get rid of them with life itself.

When Hindoos see any animals used cruelly, especially cows, they exclaim, " Ah ! how many sins must that creature have committed in a former birth ! " But if they see a dog riding with his master in a palanqueen, they say, " True thou art born a dog but some good works have made thy fate tolerable."

At his creation God endowed man with " consciousness, the internal monitor," and " made a total difference between right and wrong," as well as between pleasure and pain, and other opposite pairs.

He then produced the Vedas for the due performance of the sacrifices ordained from the beginning.

The practical part of the Hindoo religion may be divided into the ritual and moral.

The ritual occupies the greater portion of their code, but not to the total exclusion of the moral.

The religious ceremonies commence even before the birth

of the child, and occur on various subsequent occasions ; the principal of which is the shaving of his head, all but one lock at the first or third year. But by far the most important ceremonial is the investiture with the sacred thread (poitū) which must not be delayed beyond sixteen for a Brahmin, or twenty-four for a merchant. This great ceremony is called the second birth and procures for the three classes who are admitted to it the title of " twice-born men." It is on this occasion that the persons invested are taught the mysterious word *óm*, and the *gáyatri*, which is the most sacred verse of the Vedas, and enjoined in innumerable parts to be repeated either as devotion or expiation ; and which indeed joined to universal benevolence may raise a man to beatitude without the aid of any other religious exercise ; it has been thus translated, " Let us meditate on the adorable light of the Divine Ruler ; may it guide our intellects."

Every Brahmin, and perhaps every twice-born, must bathe every day, and he must moreover pray at morning and evening in some unfrequented place near pure water, and must daily perform five sacrifices ; viz., studying the Vedas ; making oblations to the manes ; and to fire, in honor of the deities ; giving rice to living creatures ; and receiving guests with honor.

In reading the Vedas, it must be done distinctly and aloud, with a calm mind and in a respectful posture. It is liable to be interrupted by many omens, and must be suspended likewise on the occurrence of various contingencies, which, by disturbing the mind, render it unfit for such occupation. Wind, rain, thunder, earthquakes, meteors, eclipses, the howling of jackalls, and many other incidents are of the first description ; the prohibition against reading when lutea sound, or when arrows whistle, when a town is beset by

robbers, or when terrors have been excited by strange phenomena, clearly refer to the latter, and are calculated to interfere with respectful positions.

Besides the daily oblations, there are monthly obsequies to the names of each man's ancestors. These are to be performed in empty glades, naturally clean, or on the banks of rivers and in solitary spots. The sacrificer is there to burn certain offerings, and with many ceremonies to set down cakes of rice and ghee, (*clarified butter*) invoking the manes to come and partake of them. No obsequies are to be performed for persons of disreputable or criminal life, or for those who illegally killed themselves; but on the other hand there is a striking ceremony by which a great offender is renounced by his family, his obsequies being solemnly performed by them while he is yet alive. In the event of repentance and expiation, however, he can by another ceremony be restored to his family and to civil life.

The practice of voluntary suicide is countenanced by a number of expressions in several of the Shastrus, such as "a mansion infested by age or sorrow, let its occupier always cheerfully quit."

It is, however, declared a crime in a Bramin, though meritorious in a Shoodru. The person is directed first to make atonement for all his sins, by making a present of gold to the Bramins, and honouring them with a feast; afterwards putting on new apparel, and adorning himself with garlands of flowers, he is accompanied to the river by a band of music. If he has any property he gives it to whom he pleases, then sitting down by the river side, he repeats the name of his idol, and proclaims that he is now about to renounce his life in this place in order to obtain such and such a benefit. After this, he and his friends proceed on a boat, and fastening pans of water to his body, he

plunges into the stream, his friends crying out, Hüree hol!—hüree hol!

Sometimes a person of property kindly interferes, and offers to relieve the wants of the victim if he will abstain from drowning himself; but, he replies, that he wants nothing as he is going to heaven,

When a person is afflicted with a supposed incurable disease, or is in distress, it is common for him to form the resolution of parting with life in the Ganges, or probably it is in consequence of a vow, at the time of making which, the person prayed for some favour in the next birth, as riches, freedom from sorrow, &c. Sick persons sometimes abstain from food for several days while sitting near the river, that life may thus depart from them in sight of the holy stream; but the greater number drown themselves in the presence of relations, and instances are mentioned in which persons in the act of self-murder have been forcibly pushed back into the stream by their own offspring.

There are different places of the Ganges where it is considered as most desirable for persons thus to murder themselves, and in some cases, auspicious days are chosen on which to perform this work of religious merit, but a person drowning himself in any part of the river is supposed to be followed by immediate happiness. At Sagur Island, it is accounted an auspicious sign if the person is speedily seized by a shark or an alligator, but his future happiness is supposed to be very doubtful if he remains long in the water before he is drowned.

Another way, which is also recommended to persons wishing to renounce life, is by throwing themselves from a mountain or other eminence. Amongst the immense multitude assembled at the drawing of the Car of Jügünnath, are numbers afflicted with diseases, and others involved in

worldly troubles, or worn out with age and neglect who, offering up prayers to the idol for happiness or riches in the next birth, cast themselves under the wheels of the car, and are instantly crushed to death.

Very stringent rules are laid down for the diet of a "twice born," and innumerable articles are prohibited; some for plain reasons, as carnivorous birds, tame hogs and other animals, whose appearance or way of living is not becoming; but others are fixed very arbitrarily, such as a fowl, a mushroom, a leek, or an onion, which occasion immediate loss of caste; while hedgehogs, porcupines, lizards, and tortoises are expressly declared to be lawful food. A Bramin is forbidden under severe penalties, to eat the food of a hunter or a dishonest man, a worker in gold, or in cane, or a washer of clothes, or a dyer. The cruelty of a hunter's trade may join him, in the eyes of a Bramin, to a dishonest man; but why a physician should be proscribed, or why this learned and beneficent profession should always be classed with the most impure, is difficult to understand. But the most surprising of all is to find that most sorts of flesh are permitted to Bramins, and even that of oxen particularly enjoined on solemn festivals. It is true that Bramins are not allowed to eat flesh except at a sacrifice, but sacrifices were, as before shown, enjoined among the daily sacraments.

Humanity to animals is everywhere strongly inculcated; and abstinence from animal food is declared very meritorious on account of its tendency to diminish their sufferings; but though its use is dissuaded on these grounds, it is nowhere forbidden or hinted at as impure, and it is in many places positively declared lawful. The permission to eat beef is the more remarkable, as the cow seems to have been as holy in those days as she is now. To save the life of a cow was

considered sufficient to atone for the murder of a Bramin ; while killing one required to be expiated by three months austerities and servile attendance on a herd of cattle. The laws of atonement are very numerous, and in many cases very severe and unjust, they are however fallen very much into disuse, but as they are curious, I would propose to notice a few. If a person kill a Brahmin, he must renounce life or offer an atonement (*prajaputyu*,) for twenty-four years, which lasts for nine days ; on the first three he is to eat only twenty-six mouthful of rice, ghee, (*clarified butter*,) milk, &c., boiled together ; on the second three he must eat in the evening twenty-two mouthfuls ; and on the last three he is to ask for nothing, and unless spontaneously offered, to eat nothing. It may however in case of inability to undergo it, be commuted by the payment of a certain number of cows or rupees. For killing a female Bramin, or men or women of inferior castes, proportionate amounts of the above atonement are laid down. If a man kill a horse he must make an offering of cloth to a Brahmin ; if an elephant, he must give to the Bramins five blue bulls ; if a parrot, a calf, one year old ; if a snake, an axe for cutting wood ; if a cat, an *ichnuemon* ; or a frog, he must for three days partake of nothing but milk ; and so for a great number of animals, a regular scale is laid down ; for killing a few small insects, a person must repeat an incantation while squeezing his nose with his fingers. Other atonements are laid down in cases of marriage with other castes, or within certain limits of consanguinity, and also for eating cows flesh unknowingly, drinking spirits, eating onions, being in contact with a dog while food is in a persons hand, and in many other cases too numerous to mention.

A person having finished the ceremonies of atonement, must lay a handful of grass before a cow, which if she eat, it

is a proof that the sin of the offender is removed ; but, if she refuse, the atonement must be offered again. If sins be not expiated by the necessary atonement, the offender will descend into hell ; whence, he will after expiation, again arise perhaps to human birth, in consequence of some fragment of merit which they possessed in the former birth, but they will bear marks of the sin in which they died ; for instance, a stealer of gold from a Bramin has whitlows on his nails ; a drinker of spirits, black teeth ; a slayer of Bramins, general wasting away of the body ; for sinful acts mostly corporeal, a man shall assume after death a vegetable or mineral form ; for acts mostly verbal, the form of a bird or a beast ; for acts mostly mental, the lowest of human conditions. If a person weep for the death of a self-murderer, or for a person killed by a cow, or by a Bramin, he or she must offer an atonement. If a woman repent after ascending the funeral pile, or after resolving to renounce life in any way allowed by the Shāstrus, she must perform a particular form of atonement. To expiate the sin of falsehood, a person must repeat the name of Vishnoo *once*. To preserve the life of a Bramin, or to appease an angry wife, falsehood may be spoken innocently.

A Hindoo becomes unclean after the death of persons related to him by birth. If a child die before it has teeth, the family bathe immediately and become clean ; or if a child die before its ears are bored, the family remain unclean one night. After a birth all the members of a family in a direct line become unclean. Every person is considered in some measure unclean while in a state of sickness, and from some religious exercises a sick person is wholly excluded. A Bramin becomes unclean from the touch of a low caste person, a Mussulman, a dog, &c., and all castes by touching a dead person. During sickness, the person is interdicted

almost every religious ceremony, and forbidden to shave or cut his nails. For purification, the person shaves his head, bathes, and puts on clean apparel.

The first feature that strikes us in the state of society, as described by Menu, is the division into four classes or castes, viz. :—

The Sacerdotal, or Bramin.

The Military, or Cshastriyas.

The Industrious, or Veisyas.

The Servile, or Sudras.

In these we cannot fail to be struck with the prodigious elevation and sanctity given to the Bramins, and the studied degradation of the lowest class. The first three, though by no means equal, are yet admitted into one pale; they all partake in certain sacred rites to which peculiar importance is attached, and they appear to form the whole community for whose government the laws are framed. The fourth class or outcasts are no further considered than as they contribute to the advantage of the superior ones.

A Bramin is the chief of all created beings; the world and all in it are his; through him indeed other mortals enjoy life; by his imprecations he could destroy a king with his troops, elephants, horses, and cars, could frame other worlds and regents of worlds, and could give being to new gods and new mortals. A Bramin is to be treated with more respect than a king. His life and person are protected by the severest laws in this world, and the most tremendous denunciations in the next. He is exempt from capital punishment, even for the most enormous crimes. His offences against other classes are treated with remarkable lenity, while all offences against him are punished with tenfold severity. Yet it would seem at first sight as if Bramins content with gratifying their spiritual pride, had no design to profit by

worldly wealth or power. The life prescribed to them is one of laborious study as well as of austerity and retirement.

The first quarter of his life is spent by a Bramin as a student, during which he leads a life of abstinence and humiliation. His attention is uninterruptedly engaged on the Vedas, and is on no account to be wasted on worldly studies. He should treat his preceptor with implicit obedience and humble respect and attachment, which he should extend to his family, performing for him various servile offices. He must subsist during this period by begging from door to door.

During the second quarter, he lives with his wife and family, and discharges the ordinary duties of a Bramin which consist of reading and teaching the Vedas, sacrificing and assisting others in sacrifice, bestowing alms and accepting gifts. The most honorable employment is teaching. All Bramins are strongly and repeatedly prohibited from receiving gifts from low-born, wicked, or unworthy persons; and they may not even receive *many* gifts from unexceptionable givers. When regular sources fail, he may for mere subsistence, glean, beg, or cultivate, and even in extreme cases, trade, but he must on no account enter into service; he must likewise abstain from popular conversation, music, singing, dancing, gambling, and everything inconsistent with gravity and composure.

The third portion of his life he is to spend as an anchorite in the woods, clad in bark, or the skin of a black antelope, with his hair and nails uncut, sleeping on the bare earth; he must live, "without fire, without a mansion, wholly silent, feeding on roots and fruit." He must also submit to many and harsh mortifications, expose himself naked to the heaviest rain. wear humid garments in winter, and in summer stand in the midst of five fires under the burning sun. He

must carefully perform all sacrifices and oblations, and consider it his special duty to fulfil the prescribed forms and ceremonies of religion.

In the last period of his life the Bramin is nearly as solitary as in the third, but he is now relieved from all forms and external observances; his business is contemplation; his mortifications cease; he dresses as an ordinary Bramin, and though still abstemious, he is not so rigidly so as before. He is no longer to invite suffering, but to cultivate equanimity, and to enjoy delight in meditation on the Divinity, till at last he quits the body "as a bird leaves the branch of a tree at its pleasure."

From the above, it appears that during three-fourths of a Bramin's life, he is excluded from the world, and during the remainder he is excluded from the enjoyment of wealth, or pleasure, or the pursuit of ambition. But a little further acquaintance with the code teaches differently. A king must have a Bramin for his confidential adviser, and by him is to be instructed in policy, justice, and learning. The whole judicial authority (except that exercised by the king himself) is in the hands of Bramins, and although the perusal of the sacred writings is not withheld from the two nearest classes, yet the sense is only to be obtained through the exposition of a Bramin.

The Military (*Oshastriya*,) class, though far from being on an equality with Bramins, is still treated with honor. It is indeed acknowledged that the Bramins cannot prosper without the military, or the military without the Bramins, and that the prosperity of both in this world and the next depends on their cordial union.

The duties of this class are stated to be, to defend the people, to give alms, to sacrifice, to read the Vedas, and to shun the allurements of sensual gratification.

The rank of the industrious (Veisyas) is not high, for a Bramin when directed to shew hospitality to strangers, is told to show benevolence *even to a merchant*, and to give him food at the sametime with his domestics, Besides alms, sacrifices, and reading the Vedas, the duties of a Veisya are to keep cattle, to carry on trade, to lend at interest, and to cultivate land.

The duty of the Servile (Sudra) class is briefly stated to serve the other classes, especially the Bramins. If other employments, fail, he may subsist by handicrafts, especially joinery, masonry, painting, and writing. He is not allowed to amass wealth, lest he become proud and give pain to the Bramins. If he use abusive language to one of the superior classes, or if he advise him about his religious duties, his tongue is to be slit.

Men of the first three classes are allowed the choice of wives from any of the inferior classes, but marriage is not permitted with women of a higher class; from such marriages numerous other classes arise.

It may be interesting to notice the changes that have taken place in the present day.

The Bramins allege that the three other classes are extinct, a decision by no means acquiesced in by those immediately concerned. The Rajputs loudly assert the purity of their descent from the Cshastriyas, and some of the industrious classes claim the same relations to the Veisyas, and the Mahrattas belong to the Sudra class, The Bramins, however, have been almost universally successful in excluding the other classes from access to the Vedas, and in confining all learning, human and Divine, to themselves, but although they have preserved their own lineage undisputed, they have in a great measure departed from the rules and practices of their predecessors. In some particulars they

are more strict than formerly, being denied the use of animal food, and restrained from intermarriage with the lower classes, but in most respects their practice is greatly relaxed. The whole fourfold division of their lives, with all the restraints imposed on them, is now laid aside as regards the community, though individuals at their choice may still adopt some one of the modes of life which were formerly gone through by all in turn.

Bramins now enter service, and are found in all trades and professions. It is common to see them as husbandmen, and still more as soldiers. As might be expected from this worldly turn of their pursuits, the Bramins are deprived of the greater part of their religious influence ; and in the direction of the consciences of families and individuals, they have been supplanted by Gosayens, and other monastic orders.

The two lowest classes that existed in Menu's time are now replaced by a great number of castes of mixed, and sometimes obscure descent, who nevertheless maintain their divisions with greater strictness than the ancient classes were accustomed to do, neither eating together, nor intermarrying, nor partaking in common rites. These castes in many cases coincide with trades, the goldsmiths forming one, the carpenters another, and so on, which is conformable to the tenets of Menu, who assigns to each of the mixed classes an hereditary occupation.

The loss of caste is faintly described by saying that it is a civil death. A man not only cannot inherit, nor contract nor give evidence, but he is excluded from all intercourse of private life, as well as from the privileges of a citizen. He must not be admitted into his fathers house ; his nearest relations must not communicate with him ; and he is deprived of all the consolations of religion in this life, and all hope of happiness in that which is to follow. Unless, however, caste

be lost for an enormous offence, or for long continued breach of rules, it can always be regained by expiation ; and the means of recovery must be very easy, for the effects of it are now scarcely observable.

It is a strange fact that there is not a single Hindoo temple in the whole of Hindostan dedicated to the " One God," nor is any act of worship in any form addressed by this people to God. It is true, indeed, that the Hindoos believe in the unity of God, " One Brahmü without a second," being a very common phrase when conversing on subjects which relate to God. Yet they have no idea of any other being engaged in the work, either of creation or providence, except the Gods; in the whole of their reigning superstition the Gods alone are seen. No question occurs so frequently in the Hindoo Shastrus as this, What is God ?

The deities in the Hindoo partheon amount to 330,000,000. Yet all the Gods and Goddesses may be resolved into the three principal ones, Vishnoo, Shiva, and Brumba; into the elements; and the three females, Doorga, Lukshmee, and Sürüswuttee. I would propose to describe a few of the principal ones, and will commence with *Vishnoo*, who in all paintings is represented in the form of a black man with four arms, in one of which he holds a club, in another a shell, in the third an instrument of destruction like a wheel, and in the fourth a water-lily. He rides on an animal half bird and half man, and wears yellow garments. After which minute description I hope you may know him when you see him. The Hindoo Shastrus give accounts of ten appearances or incarnations of Vishnoo in the character of the Preserver, of which nine have taken place, and one is yet to come.

A slight account of one or two of these appearances will serve to shew the occasions on which this gentleman honored the earth. The first is called the Mutsyü incarnation,

and occurred after one of the periodical dissolutions of the universe, when the Vedas remained in the waters, and when Brahma being unable to proceed with the work of creation without them, Vishnoo was appointed to rescue them, and took the form of a fish and accomplished his task. On another occasion he assumed the form of a tortoise, and took the newly created earth on his back to render it stable. On another occasion, during one of the periodical destructions, the earth sank into the waters, and Vishnoo taking the form of a boar, descended into the water and drew up the earth with his tusks. The others are principally for the purpose of killing giants. No public festivals are held in honor of Vishnoo, he is principally revered as a household god, and is worshipped when a person enters a new house or to procure the removal of family misfortune.

He has a thousand names, among the principal of which are, he who dwells in the minds of the devout; the destroyer of sorrow; the husband of Lukshmee; he who has excellent hair; he whose eyes are like the white lotus; and many others, too numerous to mention.

He has two wives, Lukshmee, the goddess of prosperity, and Sürüswuttee, the goddess of learning. He, like many other gods, has a heaven of his own, but as it has no great peculiarity. I do not propose to notice it. One of the Hindoo poets when asked why Vishnoo assumed a wooden shape, replied. "The troubles of his family have turned Vishnoo into wood; in the first place he has two wives, one of whom (the goddess of learning,) is constantly talking; and the other (the goddess of prosperity,) never remains in one place; to increase his troubles, he sits on a snake, his dwelling is in the water, and he rides on a bird." All this I think you will allow is sufficient to turn a man into wood. The Hindoos consider it a great misfortune for a man to

have two wives, especially if both live in the same house, and I fancy we should do the same, so that at all events, in one point, there is something in common between us and the Hindoos.

The next God is *Shivu*; or, the Destroyer. He is represented in various ways, sometimes with five faces and four arms, and sometimes with the natural number, but with an additional eye. There are two or more annual festivals to him, but they are not worth describing, as they are principally conspicuous for the horrid nature of their rites, which consist in piercing the tongue, and putting pieces of wood into the wound, and other ceremonies of the like kind. He is married to Doorga and Kalee, has a thousand names and a heaven of his own, and it is to be hoped he is happy.

We now come to Bramha, who is represented as a man with four faces of a gold color, dressed in white, and riding on a goose. In one hand he holds a stick, and in the other a dish for alms. He is called the grandfather of Gods and men, but is not much regarded in the reigning superstition, nor is he adopted as a deity by any one.

There are numerous fables related of this God; one that he once boasted that he was greater than Shivu, which so exasperated the latter that he threatened to cut off his head, but was only prevented by the intercessions of other Gods; and on another occasion he stole a number of calves from the flock Krishna was feeding. He has, in common with the other gods, many names, and a heaven said to be eight hundred miles long by four hundred broad, and forty high, which one of the ancient sages declared his inability to describe, even in two hundred years; that it contained in a superior degree all that was excellent in other heavens, and that whatever existed in creation, from the smallest insect to the largest animal, was to be found there.

Indra, the God of heaven, is another deity who is worshipped, though most frequently by women. He is principally supplicated for the purpose of procuring riches, or a house, or son, or pleasure of different kinds, or a residence in his heaven. His reign, it is said, will only continue during one hundred years of the Gods' reckoning, when he will be replaced by another. He has been frequently overcome in war in spite of his divinity; and on one occasion his adversary, one of the giants, tied him to the feet of his horse. The following fable will serve to show this gentleman's character:—One of the sages once performed a great sacrifice, to which all the gods were invited; Indra, on his way to it, saw sixty thousand dwarf Bramins trying in vain to cross a cow's footstep which was filled with water, and had the misfortune to laugh at them, at which they were so incensed that they resolved to make a new Indra, who should conquer him and take away his kingdom. Indra was so frightened at these pigmies, that he entreated Bramha to interfere, who saved him from their wrath, and continued him on his throne.

The next god is Guneshū, whose name is very familiar to all Hindoos, and who receives a large share of their veneration. He is usually represented in the form of a short, fat man, with an elephant's head, having four hands, in one of which he holds a shell, in another a club, in the other a wheel, and in the fourth a water-lily, and is sitting on a rat. He is the son of the Goddess Doorga, and it is related that when he was born all the Gods went to see him; but Shūnee, who had the property of reducing to ashes all he looked on, kept his eyes on the ground, which much annoyed Doorga, who thought it an insult that he should refuse to look at her child. For some time he paid no attention to her reproofs, but, at last, getting angry, he looked at Guneshū, when im-

mediately his head was consumed. The mother, on seeing this was overwhelmed with grief, and would have destroyed Shūnee, but Bramha interfered, and told him to bring the head of the first animal he should find lying with its head towards the north; which happening to be an elephant, he cut its head off, and stuck it on Guneshū's shoulders, whence his present form. Doorga was but little pleased when she saw what a guy her son was, but Bramha pacified her, by saying that he should for ever bear the preference of all the other Gods. At the commencement of all religious ceremonies, Guneshū is in consequence invoked, and he is equally regarded in civil concerns. People, when about to undertake a journey, exclaim—"Oh! thou work-prefecting Guneshū, grant me success in my journey." At the commencement of a letter, and when beginning to read, salutation is often made to Guneshū; and shop-keepers and others paint his name or image over their doors to call down his protection. He is said to be famous in writing a beautiful hand, so that when any person writes well, people say—"Oh! he writes like Guneshū." Guneshū has many names, and is not behind the others in this respect. One of the most curious is the two-mothered, as, in addition to his own mother, Doorga, the mother of the elephant whose head he wears is also his mother.

The only other god whom I would purpose to notice is Jūmū, who is called the holy king, and who is the judge of the dead. He is represented as a green man with red garments; inflamed eyes; having a crown on his head, a flower stuck in his hair, sitting on a buffaloe with a club in his right hand. His dreadful teeth, grim aspect, and terrific shape, fill the inhabitants of the three worlds with terror.

He has an annual festival held in his honor, and is worshipped at the commencement of all other festivals. The

Hindoos, moreover, offer water to him daily in one of their ceremonies. Many of them, also, reject the other gods, and worship only Jūmū saying that their future state is to be determined only by him, and that, therefore, they have nothing to hope or fear from the others.

Jūmū, as judge of the dead, holds court, in which he presides, and is assisted by an officer who keeps an account of the actions of men. He has, also, a number of other assistants, who bring the dead to be judged. If the deceased persons have been wicked, he sends them to their particular hell, or, if good, to some place of happiness. He lives at a place called Jūmūlaya, on the south side of the earth, where all souls, no matter where the persons die, are supposed to go within four hours and forty minutes after death; until after which lapse of time a dead body cannot be burnt.

In consequence of the situation of Jūmūlaya it has become a sort of joke among Hindoos, though it is rather a grim one, to say to another—"Where are you going? You seem to be going southwards."

We will now describe this gentleman's country-seat, which is taken from one of the Hindoo books. After Bramha had created the three worlds, viz., heaven, earth, and patūlū, he recollected that a place for judgment, and for the punishment of the wicked was wanted, so he employed the architect of the gods to prepare a superb palace. Opposite the south door of the audience hall, he made four pits for the reception of the wicked; and the other three doors were reserved for the entrance of the good, that they might not see the place of punishment when they went to be judged. On its completion Bramha went to see this palace, taking with him the giants and some other spirits. These spirits asked him to give them this beautiful palace, when he asked them if they were willing to inflict the neces-

sary punishment on the dead but they declined. On this the giants attempted to seize the place by force; to prevent which, Bramha ordered the architect to dig a great trench round it, and fill it with water, which became a river (Voi-türünee), or the Indian Styx. In order to make this barrier more impassable, he ordered the god Ugnu to descend into it, when the water became hot. Having thus surrounded the hall of judgment with a river of boiling water, he ordered that after death every one should swim across it. As, however, this subjected the good as well as the wicked to punishment, it was ordained that the offering of a black cow to a Bramin should cool the river, and render the person's passage easy.

There are many stories related of Jümü, one or two of which I would propose to relate briefly.

The first is of a man named Balram, who lived near Nuddeea, who apparently died and was carried by his relatives to the Ganges to be burnt; before, however, they lighted the fire, the body began to move, when the dead man sat up, and told his friends he had been carried by mistake to Jümülaya, where he saw terrific sights of the punishment of the wicked. The man lived for fifteen years after this occurrence.

The following was invented probably to check excessive grief for deceased relatives :—A rich Bramin had an only son, of whom he was excessively fond, and who grew up to manhood, when he died, and was burnt and his wife with him. His father and mother were so overcome with distress that for years they refused all comfort. During this time, an old servant, who had served them for many years, died, and for his merit was made one of Jümü's officials. This man, going one day to fetch the soul of some one from the village where he had formerly lived, saw his old

master weeping by the side of the road for his son; assuming his earthly form, he raised up his master and endeavoured to comfort him, and told him that, in order to remove his sorrow, he would take him and show him his son. The man old got on his back, when he took him to Jūmū's palace, and showed him his son and daughter-in-law, surrounded with every delight, playing chess. The son, having lost all affection for his parent, would not look at him, although exhorted to do so by his wife, and merely remarked that in the numerous transmigrations it was only likely this old man might have been *his* son over and over again. The old man was so angry to find his daughter-in-law, had more affection for him than his son, that he desired to be taken back. When the old mother heard it, she could not believe

but insisted on going to see for herself, when she met the same treatment. The result was that they both immediately renounced their grief for a son who had lost all filial affection, and resolved to think of him no more.

Jūmū's heaven is eight hundred miles in circumference; from it is excluded all fear of enemies, and sorrow both of body and mind; the climate is mild and salubrious; and every one is rewarded in kind according to his works: thus, he who has given much away on earth, receives a far greater quantity of the same things in heaven; while he who has not been liberal, will have all other kinds of happiness, but will see food, houses, lands, &c., without receiving any of them. All kinds of excellent food are heaped up here into mountains; and a great number of Hindoo kings have been translated. The pleasures are said to be excessive, but are of a gross sensual kind, as might be expected.

Besides the foregoing gods, and many more I have omitted, the Hindoos worship the heavenly bodies—planets, sun, moon, stars, Mercury, Jupiter, Venus, Saturn, &c.

They also worship several goddesses, of whom the principal are Doerga and Kalee.

Doorga, when first born, was called Sütee, under which name she married Shivü, but renounced life on hearing her father reproach her husband. In consequence of this strong mark of attachment, a Hindoo widow burning with the dead body of her husband is called Suttee. On her second appearance she was called Parvuttee, when she again married Shivü, and had two sons, Kartikeryu and Gunesshü. Doorga has had many births for the purpose of destroying giants, but time will not allow of any lengthened description of her exploits. She is figured with ten arms; in one of her right hands is a spear, with which she is piercing the giant Makishu; with one of her left she holds the tail of a serpent and the hair of the giant, whose breast it is biting. Her other hands are all raised above her head and filled with different instruments of war. Against her right leg leans a lion, and against her left the giant above mentioned. The worship of this goddess is the most popular of all the festivals held in Bengal, and is called the Doorga Pooja. The ceremonies are very numerous, but not profitable to enumerate; they principally consist in animal sacrifice and other disgusting ceremonials—such as swinging from a hook passed through the back and fastened to a high pole, &c. I would purpose to pass on to the next lady, Kalee, who may be considered as another form of Doorga. Her origin is that she was so overjoyed at a victory she obtained over a certain giant, that she danced till the earth was shaken to its foundation, and Shivü, at the intercession of the gods, was obliged to go and ask her to desist; and seeing no other way of prevailing, he threw himself among the bodies of the slain. When the goddess saw that she was dancing on her husband, she was so shocked that she put out her tongue to

a great length, and remained motionless ; in which posture she is generally represented.

She is equal in ferocity with the other forms of Doorga, and it is said that the blood of a tiger pleases her for one hundred years ; of a lion or a man, for one thousand ; and of three men, for ten thousand. A person cutting off a piece of his own flesh, and presenting it as a burnt-offering ; or a person burning his body by applying the burning wick of a lamp to it, are very acceptable to Kalee. She is, as you may suppose, not a particularly amiable creature, and, I think, we may allow her to pass.

The next goddess is Lukshmee, the goddess of prosperity. She is usually painted yellow, and sits on the water-lily, holding in her right hand a rope, and in the left a necklace. She is the wife of Vishnoo, who obtained her at the churning of the sea, at which time all the gods was so pleased with her beauty, that they all wished to marry her, but Shivũ was entirely overcome with his passion ; Vishnoo, however, was the lucky man. Lukshmee has four or five festivals during the year, the ceremonies of which are not worth describing.

We now come Sũruswuttee, the goddess of learning, the daughter of Bramha and wife of Vishnoo. She is represented as a white woman standing on the water-lily, and playing on a lute.

Every Hindoo who can read and write endeavours to celebrate the worship of this goddess, and in every Hindoo college the students keep the festival with great joy ; they believe that from this goddess they derive the ability to read and write, as well as their learning and power of eloquence, and they speak of an eloquent man by saying, Sũruswuttee sits on his tongue.

Besides the above, they worship various other inferior

celestial beings, especially the *Usoorüs* or giants, the *Rakshus* or cannibals, and others, such as the celestial choristers, dancers, and other attendants of heaven. I would here relate the story of the churning of the sea, to which reference has been more than once made. It appears that the most rancorous hatred existed between the Gods and the *Usoürs* or giants, who were half-brothers, on account of the latter being excluded from succession to the throne of heaven by the former, and various conflicts were frequently carried on as each tried to become immortal. The giants performed most severe religious austerities, and addressed themselves by turn to *Vishnoo*, *Shivü*, and *Bramha*, but without success. At last the Gods obtained their wishes at the churning of the sea, which took place as follows :—They first took the mountain *Mundürü*, and placed it in the sea, and wrapping round it the serpent *Vasookee*, began to whirl it round in the sea as milkmen do the bamboo in the pan when making butter. The Gods took hold of the snake's head, and the giants of his tail, but the Gods being nearly killed by the poison from the reptile's mouth, privately entreated *Vishnoo* to prevail on the giants to change places which he accordingly did. The first result of the churning was an elephant, then a gem, a horse, a tree, many jewels, the Goddess *Lukshmee*, and then poison. On this the Gods were very frightened, and appealed to *Shivü*, who, to save the world, drank it all up, and received no greater injury than a blue mark on his throat. Next appeared the waters of immortality, when the giants took their stand on one side and the Gods on the other, each claiming the mighty boon. *Vishnoo* proposed to divide it with his own hands, but while the giants went to prepare themselves by bathing in the sacred stream, the Gods drank up the greater part of the water; and *Vishnoo*,

assuming the part of a most captivating female, so charmed the giants that they forgot all about the sacred water, and so the Gods finished it. One of the gaints, however, walked in surreptitiously and got a drink, when he became, of course, immortal; but Vishnoo being informed of it by the sun and moon, soon disposed of him by cutting of his head, which was immortalized among the heavenly bodies.

Besides the above, there are a number of terrestrial Gods and Goddesses, of whom the most famous is Krishna, an incarnation of Vishnoo. Many fables are told of this individual, of which the most proper are that he took up the sacred mountain Govurdhun, when only eight years old, and held it as an umbrella over the heads of the villagers and their cattle during a dreadful storm with which the angry king of heaven was destroying them. He next flirted with sixteen thousand milk-maids at one time, playing them various little practical jokes. He was engaged in numerous quarrels, and had to combat with many formidable enemies, which induced him to build a fort, where he resided with his two wives. He closed his life by an act worthy of his character, by destroying the whole of his progeny; and, finally, was killed himself accidentally by an arrow when sitting under a tree.

He is worshipped with great enthusiasm by the Hindoos, and is represented as a black man, holding a flute with both hands.

Another god, Bülüräm, is chiefly famous for having married the daughter of one of the kings, who was of such immense stature, that she was as high as sound ascends in clapping the hands seven times. To reduce her height, he fastened a ploughshare to her shoulders. She was an old maid at the time of her marriage, and, according to the oldest inhabitant, was 3,588,000 years old.

The next god is Ram, which signifies the happy, or he who makes happy; and it is from him that the Hindoo salutation Ram, Ram, is derived, and which means "happiness; may you be happy." His history is contained in the famous epic-loom, Ramyun; but it is too long even to give the most meagre sketch. He is connected in many of his adventures with Hungoman, the monkey-god, so called because in a fall from the sun's orbit, he broke his cheek-bone, for which the Sanserit word is Hunoo. He is worshipped by Hindoos on their birthday in order to obtain long life, which they suppose he can bestow, as he is immortal. Amongst men of sense the ceremonies of worship of Hunooman are attended with a degree of disgrace; and one Bramin is said to have reviled another who was worshipping Hunooman, by saying, "Thou refuse of Bramins! dost thou gain subsistence by worshipping a monkey?"

In addition to this, the Hindoos worship the cow, the dog, the elephant, lion, rat, &c., and many other animals, besides certain birds, both fabulous and natural, as well as trees and rivers, of which latter we all know the reverence in which the sacred Ganges is held. The Pooranas declare that the sight, the name, or the touch of Gunga, takes away sin however heinous; that thinking of Gunga when at a distance is sufficient to remove the taint of sin; but that bathing in her has blessings in it of which no imagination can conceive. Hindoos are extremely anxious to die within sight of the Ganges that their sins may be washed away at the last moment; and a person in his last agonies is frequently dragged from his bed by his friends, and carried in the coldest or hottest weather, from whatever distance, to the river side, where he lies, if a poor man, without covering day and night, till he dies; and, while the pains of death are on him, he is placed up to the middle in water, and drenched with it.

Dead bodies are brought by their relatives to be burnt near this river ; and when they cannot bring the whole body, it is not uncommon to bring a single-bone, in the hope that it will help the soul of the deceased.

Time will not admit of any further notice of many of the objects of worship and superstition, nor will it allow me to describe many ceremonies, manners, and customs of this strange race of people, which are curious and interesting ; and I would, therefore, propose to conclude with a slight sketch of some of their proverbial sayings.

When describing a beautiful woman, they say—"What a beautiful form ! In beauty and excellent qualities she resembles the goddess of prosperity. "What beautiful hair ! it hangs down like the tail of a cow of Tartary, like a skein of silk, like the thatch of a house ; it is black as darkness itself, black as the clouds, shining as oil." The eyes, according to their shape and color, are compared to those of a deer, or to a water-lily, or the appearance of the stone in an unripe mango ; the nose, to a billhook, the beak of a parrot, or a flute ; the face, to the moon or a water-lily ; the teeth, to the seeds of the pomegranite, to peppercorns, or to a row of pearls, and when made red with *pawn*, to a row of coral ; the eye-brows, to a bow ; the chin to a mango ; the nails, to the half moon ; the waist, to that of a lion or a wasp ; the feet, to a lotus ; and a fair complexion to split-pease or ochre.

The following account of a Bramin's daughter, translated from one of the Pooranas, will serve as a just description of a perfect Hindoo beauty. "This girl was of a yellow color, had a nose like the flower of the sesamum ; her legs were taper like the plantain tree ; her eyes large like the principal leaf of the lotus ; her eye-brows extended to her ears ; her lips were red like the young leaves of the mango tree ; her

face was like the full moon ; her voice like the note of the cuckoo ; her arms reached to her knees ; her throat was like that of a pigeon ; her loins narrow like those of a lion ; her hair hung in curls down to her feet ; her teeth were like the seeds of the pomegranate ; and her walk like that of a goose or a drunken elephant :” and, altogether, she was a regular beauty.

A beautiful child, sitting on its mother's knee, they say—
“Oh! see that water-lily bud.”

A beautiful child in the arms of a depraved and dirty woman, they say—“ See, gold in the ear of a monkey.”

Or an ugly child in the arms of a beautiful woman—
“ Behold the spots on the face of the moon.”

An infant of dark complexion is called a young crow.

A female of wicked disposition is compared to the edge of a razor ; or if she has a loud and cracked voice, to the braying of a donkey.

A widow who wanders from house to house, is compared to a Braminee bull, who has no master, and marches from street to street.

A stout woman is compared to a pumpkin : a scolding one to a shower of bullets or rain ; a loquacious person to a jay ; an old woman whose head shakes with age, to a lizard.

The head of an old man, with very few hairs on it, is likened to a pumpkin with its slender stalk, or to a coconut. A bent old man is said to hang his arms like a sarus spreading out its wings.

The departure of the soul from the body is compared to the snake casting its skin ; the body, after death, to the bed which a person waking from sleep has left. The world, for its vanity, is compared to a bubble or a dream. He who sets his heart on this world, is said to reject the waters of life and swallow poison. Religion is compared to a com-

panion in a dreary journey, or to a shady resting place amidst the toils of a journey.

When an ugly man marries a beautiful woman, they say—"Ah! they have given the ripe mango to the crow."

The face of a person marked with small-pox is compared to a comb of wax, or a piece of wood devoured by worms.

A hypocrite is compared to the sly paddy-bird watching its prey; a mischievous person to a saw, which cuts ascending and descending. When a person, full of faults, exposes those of another, they say it is like a sieve blaming a needle for having a hole in it. When a person wishes to exhibit a strong contrast, he says—"These things are no more alike than the sun and a fire-fly;" or, "than an elephant and a fly." It is as reasonable to expect that the tail of a dog will become straight by oiling it as that a stupid person will ever be learned.

A person in haste is compared to a Bramin invited to a feast of sweetmeats. A person who insinuates himself into another's confidence, and then injures him, is said to have entered like a needle, but come out like a ploughshare; and so on *ad infinitum*. But I fear you would be as tired of listening as I should be of repeating were I go to on.

And now, my friends, let us thank God that we are not Hindoos, but that we were born in dear old England, where I hope we may all meet some day soon, and where, if we do, I shall be delighted to give you another lecture; and I cannot conclude this better than in the words of the Vedas, "May you live till you get it."

ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Delivered on Tuesday, June 23rd, 1863. BY MAJOR MEDLEY, R.E.

THE Literature of a nation is so closely connected with its political, social and moral state, that even to the practical man it must always be an interesting subject of enquiry. To the scholar it is of course doubly interesting, while to all educated persons, the mere pursuit of it for its own sake is a never failing source of delight in all ages and for all time.

In fact, the man who cannot appreciate noble, pathetic, or humorous, ideas, adequately expressed in words, may be said to have his intellect but half-developed, and thus we find that in every age and under every climate, Poetry, Oratory and the Drama (the three highest forms of Literature) have exercised an extraordinary influence on mankind, and that their authors have been regarded with the highest love and veneration.

To an educated audience, it can hardly be necessary for me to dilate on the charms of literature. I would only remind those who sometimes fancy, I think, that there is a sort of effeminacy attached to literary pursuits, that great nations have alone produced great literatures, and that our master pieces of poetry and prose were the productions of

the races who were then ruling the world. I am not aware of a single great work produced by a nation in a state of political decay. So true is it, as I said before that the literary and political life of a nation are intimately connected.

Books are indeed to be numbered among our best friends. They bring us into the society of the illustrious dead, and render us almost independent of any other; they comfort us in trouble, amuse us in sickness, divert our minds from our daily toils, and if a taste for reading is acquired when we are young, it generally outlasts to the latest period of our lives.

The importance then of literature can scarcely be over-rated, but as in every other case, the faculties that enable us thoroughly to appreciate it, require to be carefully cultivated. Though the *greatest* works of genius would seem to have power over the simplest and most untutored minds, yet much that is inferior *only* to those works is dull and unmeaning to the uncultivated taste; just as a savage will hold a picture upside down, or as a New Zealand chief who visited London some years ago, thought the tuning of the instruments at a concert, finer than any piece of music in the programme.

The only way to cultivate the taste properly is undoubtedly to render ourselves conversant with the best productions of the art, and fortunately for us, there is no language that is so rich in its own native Literature as the English. Although the great languages of antiquity have one or two master pieces, that by the common consent of mankind still stand at the head of the list; though the poem of the Iliad is still after a lapse of 3000 years the admiration and despair of every succeeding poet, as the orations of Demosthenes are of the orator, yet this remark applies but to

them and possibly one or two others. Great as were the Dramas of the early Greek stage, we have had a Dramatist who has surpassed them all, and if in the single department of History, perhaps we can barely hold our own, in the multitude and variety of all other branches of Literature, we have quite driven our rivals off the field.

I propose then this evening, to pass in review some of those English writers who have successively contributed to the mass of literature that is now open to us in the 19th century. The field is so large that it is impossible I can in a single lecture, do more than glance at even the greatest names, but if I can induce some of you to open books which you have not hitherto opened, and recall to most of you perhaps even for a few minutes well remembered names and well-thumbed leaves, I shall feel that my lecture has not been thrown away.

We begin with Poetry, for in the early days of every nation, ideas seem more naturally to express themselves in verse, or at least are more easily remembered. To us who live in a highly civilized age and are apt to look upon poetry as far more artificial than prose, this seems curious, but all history proves that as civilization advances poetry deteriorates, and a late famous writer has declared that nothing is so difficult and so rare as the production of a first class poem, amongst a highly educated community.

I shall pass over the old Saxon writers and the early rhyming chroniclers whose productions would hardly interest you and come at once to Chaucer, by common consent the father of English poetry, who wrote about the middle of the 14th century. His best known work "The Canterbury Tales" is a series of stories supposed to be told by a company of pilgrims, who meet at an Inn on their way to the shrine of St Thomas à Becket. The 'Tales' are not

much read by the general public of the present day, as their, peculiar spelling and the many now obsolete words introduced, make them often difficult to be understood, but to those who can master those difficulties. the quaintness, humour and descriptive power of the poet afford a great treat. I will just give you a specimen or two to show you the style and versification. Here is a description of one of the pilgrims :—

A marchant was ther with a forked berd
In mottelec and highe on hors he sat
And on his hed a Flaundrish bever hat
His boots clasped fair and fetisly,
His resons spake he ful solempnely,
Souning alway the encrese of his winning

* * *

This worthy man ful wel his besette
Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette

Here is a picture of the country gentleman of the 14th century :—

A Fraukelein was in this compaignie
White was his berd as is the dayesie,
Of his complexion he was sanguine
Wel loved he in the morn a sop in win.

* * *

Withonten bake meet never was his hous,
Of fish and flesh and that so plenteous,
It snowed in his hous of mete and drinke,
Of alle dainties that men could of thinke.
After the sondry sesons of the year,
So changed he his mete and his soupere,
Ful many a fat partrich had he in mewe,
And many a brewe and many a luce in stewe,
His table dormant in his halle, alway
Stode redy-covered alle the longe day.

I must now read you a short extract from a very pretty little poem written some fifty years later than the above, but

terval the English language had been gradually forming. Still based on the old Anglo Saxon tongue it had been softened by admixture with the Norman French, and had lost much of its harshness without parting with its energy. It was indeed for the first time English, and substantially the same that we use now; the same but purer and better, for though we have gained somewhat in copiousness by large importations from the Latin and Greek, we have certainly lost much in force and terseness.

To use this language, now at last fixed, came a crowd of illustrious writers to surround one of the greatest Sovereigns that ever sat on the English throne, and no age shows the truth of my former remark, that the political and literary strength of a nation are identical, more thoroughly than that of Elizabeth. While Spenser wrote the most gorgeously fanciful poem in the language, and Shakspeare produced the greatest dramas that the world has ever seen, Drake and Raleigh explored unknown oceans in 30 ton yachts, and carried the terror of the English flag into every sea.

To stay for a moment with Spenser. His celebrated poem the "Faerie Queene" is not so much read as it deserves to be. Macaulay justly says—"One unpardonable fault, that of tediousness pervades the whole of the Faerie Queene; we are sick of the society of the cardinal virtues and long for the company of plain men and women." Nevertheless, the beauty of the imagery, the splendour of the fancy, and the music of the words will always repay those who take up the book for a short time. Here is part of the description of the Bower of Bliss:—

• Eftsoons they heard a most melodious sound

• Of all that might delight a dainty ear.

Such as at once might not on living ground,

Save in this Paradise be heard elsewhere.

Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,
 To read what manner music that might be
 For all that pleasing is to living ear,
 Was there consorted in one harmony.
 Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters all agree.

The while some one did chant this lovely lay,
 Ah ! see whose fair thing thou'rt fain to see
 In springing flower the image of the day,
 Ah ! see the virgin rose how sweetly she
 Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty
 That fairer seems the less ye see her may,
 Lo, see soon after how more bold and free
 Her bared bosom she doth broad display
 Lo, see soon after how she fades and falls away.

So passeth in the passing of a day
 Of mortal life, the leaf, the bud, the flower,
 Nor more doth flourish after first decay,
 That erst was sought to deck both bed and bower,
 Of many a lady and many a paramour,
 Gather therefore the rose while yet is prime.
 For soon comes age that will her pride deflower,
 Gather the rose of love while yet is time,
 While loving thou mayst loved be with equal crime.

What can I say of Shakspeare that has not already been said by others ? the greatest name without exception in the whole range of English Literature, the greatest dramatist that the world has ever seen, whose plays are equally the delight of those who see them on the stage, and of those who read them in the study.

All his " beauties " as they are called, are so well known that I dare not quote one, and yet those gems when taken out of their setting lose half their value. For Shakspeare, was essentially a dramatist and only incidentally a poet. And it is in the structure of the story and the delineation of character quite as much, as in the mere beauty of his language, that the great human interest of his plays con-

sists. But the more we read, the more we admire the marvellous fertility of his invention, the extraordinary acquaintance with man and nature displayed in every line, and the richness of fancy and power of language that are employed to illustrate them all.

The four great Tragedies, Hamlet, King Lear, Othello, and Macbeth, stand alone in their vastness like the pyramids of Egypt. No love story was ever written like Romeo and Juliet. No fairy tale is comparable for a moment with the Midsummer Nights' Dream, or the Tempest. No novel as a mere narrative is more interesting than the Winter's Tale, or The Merchant of Venice. No comedy, in the true meaning of the term, ever came up to the First part of King Henry IV, and we may almost finish by saying that no farce has ever been written surpassing the Comedy of Errors.

He is surrounded by the illustrious names of Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ford and Massinger, great dramatists all, who but for their close proximity to the sun would shine out more than they do as stars of the first magnitude. Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," and Massinger's "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," are the two best known plays of the above, the character of Sir Giles Overreach in the latter having always been a favorite one with our greatest actors.

But it is time that I should say something of our Prose writers, and already I have passed over Sir John Mandeville a writer of the 14th century, who is usually held as the first English prose author, Sir Thomas More, the author of "Utopia," and Fischer, Bishop of Rochester. Indeed, I ought not to have passed over the old Saxon Chroniclers without a word, seeing that king Alfred was amongst them, and the venerable Bede as he is called, a monk of the 8th century,

whose ecclesiastical history of the Anglo-Saxons is valuable to the antiquary. But I can find nothing quotable for you until we come to old Hugh Latimer, one of the Bishops who was burnt by that extremely zealous woman, Queen Mary, and you may like to have a specimen of a sermon in Henry VIII's time, delivered by the aforesaid Hugh.

"I pray you to whom was the nativity of Christ first opened? To the Bishops or great lords which were at that time at Bethlehem? Or to those jolly damsels with their fardingales, with their round abouts, or with there bracelets? No, no, they had too many lets to trim and dress themselves, so that they could have no time to hear of the nativity of Christ: their minds were so occupied otherwise that they were not allowed to hear of him. But his nativity was revealed first to the shepherds, and it was revealed unto them in the night-time when every body was at rest; for these shepherds were keeping their sheep in the night-season from the wolf and other beasts, and from the fox. And here note the diligence of those shepherds, ; for whether the sheep were their own or whether they were servants, I cannot tell, for it is not expressed in the book; but it is most like, they were servants, and their masters had put them in trust to keep their sheep. Now if these shepherds had been deceitful fellows, and had been drinking in the ale-house all night, as some of our servants do now-a-days, surely the angel had not appeared unto them to have told them this great joy and good tidings."

I am afraid I can find nothing for you from Hooker's celebrated treatise on Ecclesiastical Polity and must take you on to Bacon, the great Father of Modern Philosophy, with which, however, this evening we have nothing to do, but also a writer of great brilliancy and force from whose very poetical prose you will I am sure enjoy an extract or two. They are from his well-known Essays, but I need not fear repeating them.

"The virtue of Prosperity is temperance; the virtue of Adversity is fortitude. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; Adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction and the clearer revelation of God's favor. Yet even in the Old Testament

if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes, and Adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground. than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground. Judge therefore of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly, virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed: for Prosperity doth discover vice, but Adversity doth best discover virtue."

"Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Reading maketh a full man, talking a ready man, and writing an exact man; and therefore if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not."

Camden the Historian and Antiquarian we must pass over, and Hobbes the philosopher, and Lord Herbert of Chesbury, for whom I cannot find room. And I fear my audience would hardly appreciate "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy" with its Latin quotations, a book of extraordinary erudition, but hardly fit for continuous perusal.

No review of English prose would be complete without some notice of the translation of the Bible which was undertaken about this time and is the version now in use. It was completed in 1611 after four years' labour by forty-seven of the greatest scholars of the age. They worked separately and then revised together, translating the Old Testament, I need hardly tell most of you, from the original Hebrew and not from the Septuagint Version. Looking at the result of their labours simply from a literary

point of view, it is undoubtedly, as a whole, the finest specimen of pure English to be found in the language. Coleridge truly said that "study of the Bible will keep any writer from being vulgar in point of style."

We have a right I think as Christians to regard it as a special providence that the work was undertaken at that particular time. The English Protestant church had just been thoroughly established, and the struggles between Churchmen and Puritans which would have prevented the possibility of their working together as they did, broke out immediately afterwards. The English language was only just fixed and had become the medium of the great thoughts of England's greatest writers. Of the earlier translation (executed in the time of Edward VI) many of the words had become obsolete, while had the new work been delayed but a few years longer, it would have been defaced by the many words borrowed from the Greek and Latin, which served but to swell periods, without having the force of the nervous Anglo-Saxon, the language of the common people. There is no more sublime piece of writing in the language than the opening verses of *Genesis*, and you will observe how thoroughly simple are the words used.

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

And God said, let there be light, and there was light.

And God saw the light that it was good, and God divided the light from the darkness.

And God called the light Day and the darkness He called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

As Coleridge used to remark "If men would only say what they have to say in plain terms, how much more eloquent they would be!"

How touchingly pathetic and beautiful is the whole history of Joseph ! How terribly dramatic is the narrative of the scenes preceding and accompanying the Exodus from Egypt ! How full of interest the wanderings of that great camp in the wilderness !

The romantic friendship of David and Jonathan, the history of Job giving us a glimpse of the life led by men when states were not and the arts of building were unknown, the greatness and wisdom of Solomon still preserved in every eastern tradition, the sad narrative of the captivity and the subsequent return to Jerusalem, half joyous half mournful ; all form episodes in the sacred narrative which alike interest the old and young, the wise and the simple.

I have no time to dwell on the devotional fire and the poetic beauty of the Psalms and the prophecies, of which the very obscurity of many of the passages, adds perhaps to the interest. Nor is it for me in a popular lecture to do more than mention with love and veneration the simplicity and beauty of the Gospel narrative, and the eloquence which drew even from His enemies the unwilling confession. " Never man spake like this man." I will only conclude this part of my subject with a passing tribute to those wonderful Epistles of the great Gentile Apostle, which for vehement exhortation, for subtle argument and for fiery eloquence have never yet been equalled by man.

Our next writer is the quaint and learned Sir Thomas Browne author of the celebrated " Religio Medici " and the " Treatise on Vulgar Errors ;" both very philosophical works, but from which I will only quote the list of errors which he proposed to confute, and which will show you the queer ideas about things in general that were entertained by our worthy ancestors of the 17th century. They were as follows :—

That crystal is nothing else but ice strongly congealed. That a diamond is softened or broken by the blood of a goat. That a pot full of ashes will contain as much water as it would without them. That bays preserve from the mischief of lightning and thunder. That an elephant hath no joints. That a wolf first seeing a man begets a numbness in him. That the flesh of peacocks corrupteth not. That storks will only live in republics and free states. That men weigh heavier dead than alive and before meat than after. That Jews stink. That the forbidden fruit was an apple. That John the apostle should not die.

The most brilliant Divine that the English church can boast—Bishop-Jeremy-Taylor—also belongs to this age. Here is a fine passage from one of his sermons, which is a good specimen of his style:—

"A man may read a sermon, the best and most passionate that man ever preached, if he should but enter into the sepulchres of kings. In the same Escorial where the Spanish Princes live in greatness and power and decree war or peace, they have wisely placed a cemetery; and where their ashes and their glory shall sleep till time shall be no more. And where *our* kings have been crowned, *their* ancestors lie interred, and they must walk over their grandsire's head to take his crown.

"*There* is an acre sown with royal seed, the copy of the greatest change, from rich to naked, from ceiled roofs to arched coffins, from living like gods to dying like men. There is enough to cool the flames of lust, to abate the heights of pride, to appease the itch of covetous desires, to rully and dash out the dissembling colours of a voluptuous artificial and imaginary beauty.

"*There* the warlike and the peaceful, the fortunate and the miserable, the beloved and the despised princes mingle their dust, and pay down their symbol of mortality, and tell all the world, that when we die, our ashes shall be equal to kings', and our accounts easier and our pains for our crowns less."

Knox is more famous as a reformer than a writer, and George Buchanan, as a Latin than an English Scholar.

We pass on now to the period that produced our greatest Epic poet, John Milton, in his own time (strange to say) quite as much celebrated for his prose as his poetry. Every one knows that he was a staunch roundhead, that he entered

Keenly into all the political disputes of that time and was Latin Secretary to Cromwell.

The English language was still looked upon as a barbarous tongue all over the continent, and Latin was then and for some time after, the common medium of intercourse between the politicians as well as the learned of different countries. The very men whose writings we now admire so much, were strangely insensible to the beauties of that language which they themselves had helped to fix and illustrate, and 80 years after Shakspeare wrote, no person of fashion would have owned to reading his plays, while the fine ladies and gentlemen of St. James's interlarded their conversation with scraps of bad French, much as the Aristocracy of England are now supposed to do by third rate novelists.

The licentious state of society during the reign of Charles II. produced the disgraced plays of Congreve and Wycherley, and a crowd of feeble poets, amongst whom the names of Milton and Dryden form almost the only exceptions. Cowley, however, deserves honorable mention, though his prose is better than his poetry; and Butler the author of Hudibras, a satirical poem which, written to ridicule the puritanical absurdities of the age, has yet lived down to our own time, and is perhaps the best burlesque in the language.

To return to Milton. If the grandeur of the subject treated of, prevents his two great poems from being so much read as they deserve, yet those who do read them are amply rewarded for their trouble. I am not sure that the taste for these greater works of his is not an acquired taste, perhaps on account of the subject, so high removed above all ordinary human feelings and interests. Certainly I know no poem that bears so often reading as the Paradise

Lost, and though there are but two human beings on the scene, yet what noble types of humanity has Milton made them, and with what a thoroughly human interest has he not invested their every word and action!

The attempt to represent eternity and the scenes of another world in the language and by figures drawn from this life, would of course to any but a poet of the first order have been a lamentable failure. It is true that his great powers of description relate only to Hell and to the earthly Paradise. Heaven was too high above even *his* reach, and this affords a striking instance how "it hath not entered into the heart of man" to describe the scenes of that other and higher life.

But the success of Milton has nevertheless been extraordinary in his noble attempt. Take for instance the description of Satan in the first book. He is described as cast down from heaven and lying in the burning pool:—

Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blaz'd; his other parts besides
Prone on the flood extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or earth born, that warr'd on Jove.

* * *

Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
Driv'n backward slope their pointing spires, and roll'd
In billows, leave i' the midst a horrid vale.

* * *

His pond'rous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views

At evening from the top of Fesolè,
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
 Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.
 His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
 Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
 Of some great admiral, were but a wand,
 He walk'd with to support uneasy steps
 Over the burning marly.

As a contrast take the description of Eden ;—

Thus was this place
 A happy rural seat of various view ;
 Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
 Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind
 Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
 If true here only, and of delicious taste :
 Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
 Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
 On palmy hillock ; or the flow'ry lap
 Of some irriguous valley spread her store.
 Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose :
 Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
 Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine,
 Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
 Luxuriant ; meanwhile murmur'ing waters fall
 Down the sloped hills, dispers'd, or in a lake,
 That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd,
 Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
 The birds their choir apply ; airs, vernal airs,
 Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
 The trembling leaves, while universal Pan
 Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance
 Led on th' eternal spring.

Of his minor poems, *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* are the most popular, though neither of them are I think equal to *Gemus*. But the two former are perhaps more quotable—here are the beautiful lines to the nightingale from the *Penseroso* :—

Was chemist, fiddler, statesman and buffoon.

* * *

Blest madman ! who could every hour employ,
 With something new to wish or to enjoy :
 Railing and praising were his usual themes,
 And both to show his judgments in extremes ;
 So over violent or over civil,
 That every man with him was God or devil.
 Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late,
 He had his jest and they had his estate.

Dryden also wrote plays much admired in his own time, and Otway his contemporary wrote Venice Preserved, a fine drama which even now keeps the stage, and which the sagacious critics of that age lauded far above Shakspeare's.

~~Isaak-Wiltor~~ must not be forgotten, the charming author of the Complete Angler, which has made more men turn fishermen than all the regular books on the gentle art put together, It is certainly one of the cabinet pictures of our literature, like the Vicar of Wakefield and one or two more books unique of their kind. It is hardly fair to quote from this work, but I recommend any one who has not read it to do so. I will, however, give you one bit of his moral reflections, and another of his technical instructions in fishing. The contrast between the two is decidedly amusing :—

No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the life of an angler. For when the lawyer is swallowed up with business and the statesmen is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and enjoy ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries "doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did." And so if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm quiet innocent recreation than angling.

* * *

How to bait with a frog. And thus use your frog, that he may continue long alive. Put your hook into his mouth, which you may easily do from April till August, and then the frog's mouth grows up and he continues so for at least six months without eating, but is sustained, none but He whose name is Wonderful knows how. I say, put your hook, I mean the arming wire, through his month and out at his gills, and with a fine needle and silk, sew the upper part of his leg, with only one stitch to the arming wire of your hook, and in so doing use him *as though you loved him*, that is harm him as little as you may possible, that he may live the longer.

Evelyn's Diary belongs also to this period, though it was not published until 1818. It is very agreeably written, and gives us far more insight into the real state of those times than the graver histories. Here is a well written passage descriptive of the Great Fire of London of which the writer was an eye-witness :—

Oh! the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen the like since the foundation of it, nor will be outdone, till the universal conflagration. All the sky was of a fiery aspect like the top of a burning oven, the light seen above 40 miles round about for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, now seeing above 10,000 houses all in one flame; the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses and churches, was like an hideous storm! and the air all about so hot and inflamed, that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds of smoke were dismal and reached upon computation near 50 miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day. London was, but is no more!

Pepys's Diary is another of the same class of books, and it also was not published until quite lately. Pepys was Secretary to the Admiralty in the time of Charles II. and gossips most delightfully about politics, court-intrigues, the latest fashions, his wife's milliner's bills, and last, not least, his own flirtations.

Then comes a long list of famous divines—Cudworth, Barrow, Tillotson, Stillingsfleet, Sherlock and South. I can only find room for two passages from Tillotson and Sherlock, not wishing to weary you :—

FROM TILLOTSON.

Truth and reality have all the advantages of appearance and many more. If the show of anything be at all good, I am sure sincerity is better. For why does any man dissemble or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to, for to counterfeit and dissemble is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way in the world for a man to seem to be anything, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it. And if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labor to seem to have it, are lost. There is something unnatural in painting which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

FROM SHERLOCK.

God expects our youthful service and obedience though we were to live on till old age. That we may die young, is not the proper, much less the only reason why "we should remember our Creator in the days of our youth," but because God has a right to our youthful strength and vigour. And if this will not oblige us to an early piety, we must not expect that God will set death in our view, to fright and terrify us, as if the only design He had in requiring our obedience was not that we might live like reasonable creatures to the glory of our Maker and Redeemer, but that we might repent of our sins time enough to escape hell. God is so merciful as to accept of returning prodigals, but does not think fit to encourage us in sin, by giving us notice when we shall die, and when it is time to think of repentance.

Bishop Burnet was more celebrated as an historian than a divine, and his history of *My Own Times*, is a very valuable work. His *History of the Reformation and Exposition of the 39 Articles*, are still standard works in the English Church. He was a keen politician, and a staunch friend of William III., but somewhat too bellicose in his nature for a Christian Bishop.

Baxter the eminent Puritan must be named, his two famous works. *The Saint's Everlasting Rest*, and *the Call to the Unconverted*, have still a very wide circulation. He was a very honest and liberal minded man, and both refused promotion and suffered imprisonment rather than abandon his opinions.

But of all the religious writers of that time the greatest without doubt was John Bunyan. By trade a tinker, and with the scantiest knowledge of any book save the Bible, his genius has produced the most powerful allegory that exists in our own or any other tongue. Except the Bible and perhaps Shakspeare's plays, the *Pilgrim's Progress* has, I believe, been more extensively read than any book in the language, and its circulation at the present day is wider than ever. Written in the homely forcible English which was then going out of fashion, but which Bunyan learned from the one great work with which he was acquainted, every word is intelligible to the meanest capacity, while the extraordinary force of his imagination, which makes abstract virtues and vices into living men and women, in whose fate we are as much interested as if they were real characters, charms alike the learned and the simple, the deeply religious and those who differ most widely from his theological opinions. Had he lived in other times and under other circumstances, he would probably have been a great poet; more fortunately for literature, he was almost an uneducated man, free to follow the bent of his own genius, untrammelled by any models, and the result has been what is undoubtedly the most extraordinary book in the language. Instead of quoting what is in the hands of every one, I will read you part of Lord Macaulay's admirable criticism, he says:—

This is the highest miracle of genius, that things which are not should

be as though they were, that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another. And this miracle the tinker has wrought. Every reader knows the straight and narrow path as well as he knows a road in which he has gone backwards and forwards a hundred times. There is no ascent, no declivity, no resting place, no turnstile, with which we are not perfectly acquainted. All the stages of the journey, all the forms which cross or overtake the pilgrims, giants and hobgoblins, ill favoured ones and shining ones, the comely Madam Bubble, Mr. Worldy Wiseman, and my Lord Hategood, Mr. Talkative and Mr. Timorous, all are actually existing beings to us, and we follow the travellers through their allegorical progress with interest not inferior to that with which we follow Elizabeth from Siberia to Moscow, or Jeanie Deans from Edinburgh to London.

The very dignified historian Clarendon, comes next, his *History of the Great Rebellion*, being one of those books that every one tells everybody else he ought to read, but never reads himself. Indeed the cumbrous structure of the sentences is most tedious and wearisome, and I honestly confess I cannot get through three pages without yawning. A greater contrast to our last name can hardly be imagined. Clarendon the peer the learned statesman, and friend of the king; Bunyan the illiterate tinker and despised round-head. Yet such is the force of genius that the earl will be forgotten long before the tinker. His descriptive portraits, however, of the leaders of the two great parties into which the nation was then divided are very forcible and discriminating, and his work is certainly the first of the great English histories. Before this time we have little in this branch except stray annals of various reigns, and one or two such books as Baker's *Chronicle*, long the standard history of the country gentlemen. We have to wait for another century before Gibbon, Hume, and Robertson appear on the stage.

Sir William Temple may be called the Addison of that age. Both were statesmen, moderate in their opinions and

ambitions, highly educated men and of the same sweet, elegant, but somewhat cold manner, both in their personal character and published writings. You must be content with a specimen of the greater of the two when we come to him.

Then came two illustrious names. Locke the Philosopher of Mind, and Newton the Philosopher of Matter, but I shall make them both over to the department of Science, and not trouble you with them here.

Before quitting this period I will read you a short scene from one of the few comedies of the day that will bear quotation. It is from Vanburgh's Provoked Wife, and describes the life of a woman of fashion at that time :—

Justice. Pray, madam, what may be your ladyship's common method of life, if I may presume so far ?

Lady. Why, sir, that of a woman of quality.

Justice. Pray how may you generally pass your time ? Your morning for example ?

Lady. Sir, like a woman of quality. I wake about two o'clock in the afternoon. I stretch and make a sign for my chocolate. When I have drank three cups, I slide down again upon my back, with my arms over my head, while my two maids put on my stockings. Then, hanging upon their shoulders, I am trailed to my great chair, where I sit and yawn for my breakfast. If it don't come presently, I lie down upon my couch to say my prayers, while my maid reads me the play bills.

Justice. Very well, madam.

Lady. When the tea is brought in, I drink twelve regular dishes, and eight slices of bread and butter ; and an hour after, send to the cook to know when dinner will be ready.

Justice. So, madam.

Lady. By that time that my head is half dressed, I hear my husband swearing himself into a state of perdition that the meat's all cold upon the table. To amend which I come down in an hour more and have it sent back to the kitchen.

Justice. Poor man !

Lady. When I have dined and my idle servants are presumptuously set down at their ease to do so too, I call for my coach, to go and visit fifty dear friends of whom I hope I never shall find one at home.

Justice. So ! there's the morning and afternoon pretty well disposed of. Pray how, Madam, do you pass your evenings ?

Lady. Like a woman of spirit, sir, a great spirit. Give me a box and dice—seven's the main ! 'oons, sir, I set you £100 ! Why, do you think women are married now a-days to sit at home and mend napkins ! O, the Lord help your head !

Justice. Mercy on us, what will this age come to ! (*aside*) Such women as these ought to be set in the stocks.

We now come to the age of Anne, with whose writers I must conclude my lecture to-night. When I first began I had hoped to carry you further, but found it impossible to do so in the short space of a single lecture. I may perhaps, another evening bring the writers of the 18th and 19th centuries to your notice in a second lecture.

The period now under review does not abound in great names although then and for sometime afterwards, it was lauded to the skies as the Augustan era of English Literature. The verdict of modern times has dissented from this opinion, and has wisely preferred originally of thought and language, to correctness of style and phraseology ;—the fire of genius, to the cold flame of intellect.

Amongst the minor celebrities of this period (whom we will dispose of first) may be reckoned Prior, not a great poet, but whose miscellaneous pieces are pleasing and readable.

Gay whose fables are still delightful, but who was best known in his own time by the production of the Beggar's Opera.

Allan Ramsey, author of the Gentle Shepherd, the sweetest pastoral in the language.

Steel, the friend of Addison, and originator of the Spectator ; and finally De Foe, who is worthy of more than a passing mention as the author of a fiction unique in its own line, at once powerful and original. I need hardly say I refer to

Robinson Crusoe, the delight of every schoolboy and of many grown up men into the bargain, the great charm of the work being the excessive *reality* with which every detail is invested which gives the strongest air of truth to the whole narrative.

But the three great names of this period we must not dismiss so summarily, for they have written what will hardly perish as long as the English language is spoken. They are Pope, Swift, and Addison.

The first of the three may emphatically be called the poet of the Intellect. The wonderful ease of versification and the terseness and compactness of expression which are so characteristic of Pope's verse, for a wonder never seem to touch or stir the heart. The understanding is charmed, but one reads on and on without an extra pulsation, until the cold glitter of the poetry and smoothness of rhythm become monotonous, from this condemnation, however, the translation of the Iliad is to be excepted, but then the fire is Homer's while the words are Pope's. Hence he never has been popular with the mass, and the extraordinary reverence with which he was regarded down even to our own times by many very clever men is rapidly being lessened.

One quotation from the Rape of the Lock will give you a fair specimen of his excellence and will afford my lady hearers a little insight into their great grandmother's toilet arrangements :—

And now unveiled the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid,
First robed in white the nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eye she rears ;
The inferior priestess at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.

Unnumbered treasures open at once, and here,
 The various offerings of the world appear ;
 From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
 And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
 This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
 And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
 The tortoise here and elephant unite,
 Transformed to combs, the speckled and the white.
 Here files of pins extend their showing rows,
 Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux ;
 Now awful beauty puts on all its arms,
 The fair each moment rises in her charms.

* * *

The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
 These set the head and those divide the hair ;
 Some fold the sleeve while others plait the gown,
 And Betty's praised for labours not her own.

I can only find time for a famous passage from his translation of the *Iliad*, which, fine as it is, gives very little of the force of the original Greek :—

The troops exulting sat in order round,
 And beaming fires illumined all the ground.
 As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
 O'er heavens clear azure spreads her sacred light ;
 When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
 And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene,
 Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
 And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole ;
 O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
 And tip with silver every mountain's head.
 Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise.
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies,
 The conscious swains rejoicing in the sight,
 Eye the blue vault and bless the useful light.

Dean Swift known in his own time as much for his vehement party writings as for his more literary talents, has come down to us first as the author of *Gulliver's Travels*, and next as the hero of the most pathetic and melancholy

of literary episodes ; I mean his connexion with poor Stella and Vanessa. The fame of his celebrated Tale of a Tub has died away. It is the price an author generally pays for political celebrity, that his cleverest writings are forgotten as the events which produced them lose their interest.

Gulliver's Travels owes much of its charm to the same cause that has made Robinson Crusoe so delightful to read, the wonderful air of veracity that is so successfully given to every detail. When a man tells you of his adventures amongst people 6 inches or 60 feet in height, the only way he can get you to listen is to go into every detail with such minuteness and consistency that at last you are staggered, and though you may not believe the narration, yet the same interest is created as in an ordinary work of fiction ; though the events you know never did happen, you feel as if they *might* have happened. Take for instance the adventures amongst the Brobdingnagians, who are 60 feet high, and everything in the place is in proportion to the height of the men. Gulliver says in one place :—

A more dangerous accident happened to me in the garden where my little nurse (she was 40 feet high) had one day left me. while she was absent and out of hearing, a small white spaniel belonging to one of the gardeners, happened to range near the place where I lay on the grass—and taking me in his mouth ran straight to his master, wagging his tail and set me gently on the ground. By good fortune he had been so well taught that I was carried between his teeth without the least hurt. But the poor gardener was in a great fright and ran with me to my little nurse, who having wiped me was in an agony of terror.

He says—The thrushes and sparrows never minded him in the least, and used often to snatch his bread out of his hand, but one day he threw his stick at a linnet which annoyed him, and seizing the bird, carried it off in triumph though not without receiving many severe buffets from its wings, as it was as big as an-English swan.

The voyage to Lilliput is certainly the best of the four, though all the first three are amusing; but the fourth, the voyage to the Houyhnhnms, where horses take the place of men, and brutalized men, whom he calls Yahoos, are the servants of the horses, could only have been written by a man of partially diseased mind. The satire in the others, severe as it is, is in general wholesome, exhibiting in a ridiculous light the trifles and petty ambitions which we so often mistake for the great ends of life, but the whole picture of the Yahoos is a revolting caricature on humanity that could only have sprung from the melancholy madness which undoubtedly existed in Swift's mind, and which distorted every noble thought and turned it into grinning mockery.

It is a relief to emerge from such unwholesome atmosphere, and to come to the last name on the list with which I shall trouble you this evening, that of Addison.

Much of his poetry is very sweet and his tragedy of Cato had a great run when first produced, but to us he lives only in the Spectator. The idea of bringing out a periodical series of essays upon miscellaneous subjects was Steele's, and many of his own papers have great merit, but the most numerous and certainly the best in the collection are Addison's. The sweetness and purity of the style, the beauty of the diction, the elegance of thought and easy flow of words will always commend them to every lover of English Literature. The character of Sir Roger de Coverley was first sketched by Steele in one of the early papers, but it was Addison who filled in the outlines and worked them up into one of the most delightful word portraits that we have in the language, and I cannot resist the temptation of a longer quotation than usual. It is from the paper describing Sir Roger's visit to Westminster Abbey:—

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me the other night that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster Abbey, "in which," says he, "there are a great many ingenious fancies." He told me, at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. Accordingly I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the Abbey.

I found the knight under the butler's hands, who always slaves him. He was no sooner dressed than he called for a glass of the widow Truby's water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended to me a dram of it at the same time, with so much heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the knight, observing that I made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the gout.

I could have wished, indeed, that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good will. Of a sudden turning short to one of his servants who stood behind him, he bade him call a hackney coach, and take care that it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. Truby's water, telling me that the widow Truby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the country; that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her, and that she distributed her medicine gratis among all sorts of people.

His discourse was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axle-tree was good. Upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir Roger, popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and upon presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked? As I was considering what this would end in, he bade him stop by the way at any good tobaccoists, and take in a roll of the best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey, till we were set down at the west end of the Abbey.

As we went up the body of the Church, the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out, "A brave man, I warrant him!" Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudesley Shovel, he flung his head that way, and cried, "Sir Cloudesley Shovel! a very

gallant man ! ” As we stood before Bushy’s tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner, Dr. Bushy ! A great man ! he whipped my grandfather ; a very great man ! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead ; a very great man ! ”

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger planting himself at our historian’s elbow, was very attentive to everything he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the king of Morocco’s head. Among several other figures he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees ; and concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter’s telling us she was a maid of honor to Queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family ; and after having regarded her figure for some-time, “ I wonder,” says he, “ that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his Chronicle. ”

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob’s pillar, sat himself down in the chnir ; and looking like the figure of an old Gothic King, asked our interpreter “ what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland ? ” The fellow instead of returning him an answer, told him “ that he hoped his honour would pay his forfeit. ” I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned ; but our guide not insisting upon his demand, the Knight soon recovered his good humour, and whispered in my ear, that “ if Will Wimble were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco stopper out of one or t’other of them. ”

Sir Roger in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward III’s sword, and leaning upon the pommel of it gave us the whole history of the Black Prince ; concluding, that in Sir Richard Baker’s opinion, Edward III. was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shown Edward the Confessor’s tomb : upon which Sir Roger acquainted us, “ that he was the first who touched for evil,” and afterwards Henry IV’s upon which he shook his head, and told us “ there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign. ”

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our English kings without a head ; and upon giving us to know that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since : “ Some Whig, I will warrant you ” says Sir Roger ;

you ought to lock up your kings better ; they will carry off the body too, if you do not take care.

I must not omit that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man ; for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk Buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure.'

Both the description and the character described you will I think acknowledge to be admirable. Equally beautiful are those lines of his Ode which doubtless you all know so well :—

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repents the story of her birth.
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn ;
Confess the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

I cannot conclude my lecture better, than by leaving you with the sound of Addison's words still lingering in your ears.

I have finished my lecture and if I could hope you have had half the pleasure in listening to it, that I have had in preparing it, I should feel that I had not lectured in vain.

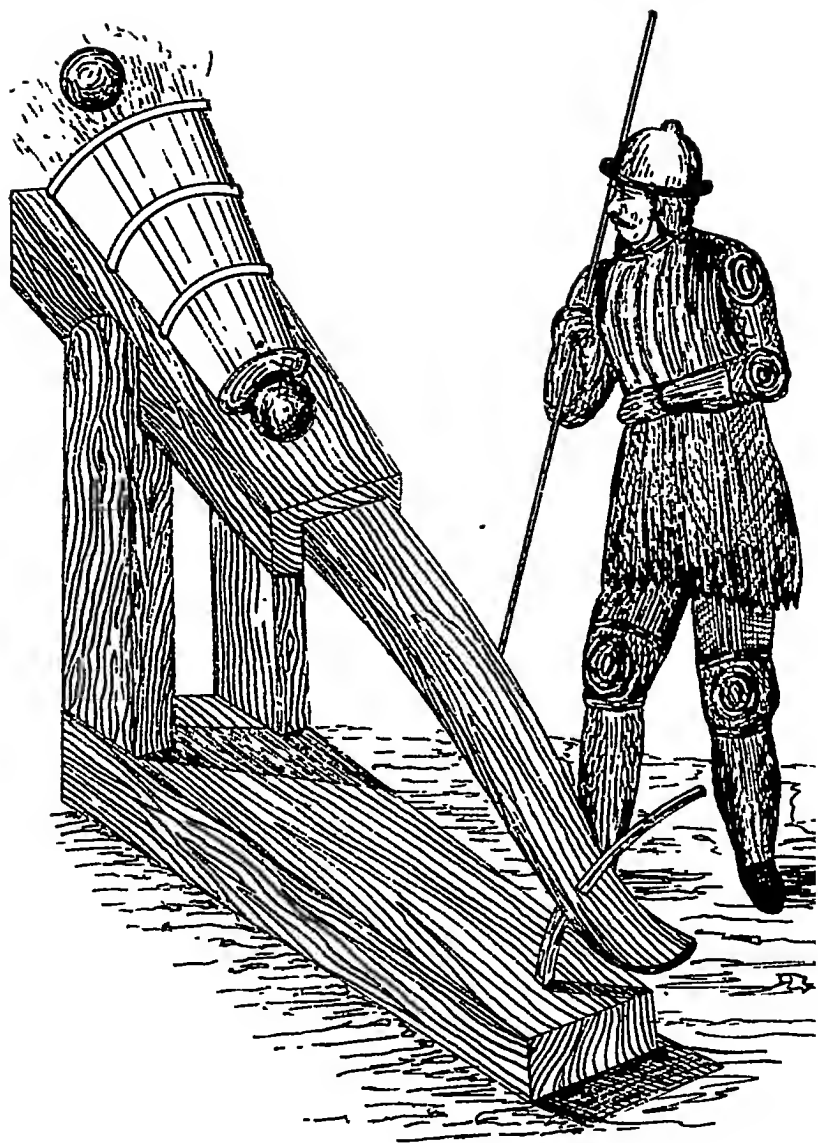
THE SOLDIERS AND ARMIES OF MODERN TIMES.

Delivered on Tuesday, June 14th, 1864. BY MAJOR MEDLEY, R.E.

IN a lecture which I had the honor of delivering last year, I endeavoured to give my audience some account of the Soldiers and Armies of *Ancient* Times, more especially of that famous Roman Army, whose constitution and tactics have ever been the admiration of the student of Military History. I traced the progress of the Military Art from the period of the bow and arrow, the war chariot, and the phalanx, up to the time that the invention of gunpowder effected such a total change in the Science of War, and concluded with some account of that famous battle of Agincourt, which formed the culminating glory of the renowned English Archers.

I have now to ask your attention while I go on to describe the Soldiers and Armies of *Modern* Times, until I bring you down to the days of the Enfield rifle and the Armstrong gun, which may very likely in their turn be superseded by weapons still more destructive and efficient.

I shall, as in the former lecture, endeavour, first, to give some account of the Weapons used at various periods by the individual soldier, and then proceed to describe briefly



CANNON,
15TH CENTURY.

some of the most famous Armies and celebrated Battles of modern times, dwelling more especially upon such as are likely to interest you most.

Though Cannon were, it is said, used, as early as the battle of Cressy in 1316, they were at first so cumbrous as to play little real part in war, and it was sometime before gun-powder was made effective in the use of fire-arms. Down even to the 17th century, pikes (the old Roman weapons), were extensively used all through Europe, and the heavy armour which defended the body against spears and swords, but was of no use against bullets and cannon balls, was very gradually laid aside.

The first cannon used consisted of bars or pieces of iron fitted together lengthways, and hooped with iron rings. Annexed is a picture of one of these. Fusible metal was soon however introduced, and cannon for sometime were cast hollow of iron or bronze. Perhaps the largest of these is one now existing at Bejapore, in this country, cast in 1695, its length being 14 feet, and the diameter 2 feet 4 inches. A solid iron ball of this diameter would weigh 1,600 lbs., but shot were often cast hollow, and sometimes round stones were employed.

In the 18th century, cannon were cast solid, as at present, the bore being hollowed out by steel drills worked by machinery, by which greater strength in the metal, and greater accuracy of bore are gained. Until lately, as you know, cannon were loaded at the muzzle, but very recently breech-loaders have been introduced in the case of the Armstrong gun, though the principle seems of doubtful advantage in the case of heavy ordnance. All the old cannon were smooth bored, and for five centuries the only improvements were directed to securing greater strength in the metal, greater accuracy in the bore, and less windage for the

shot. With the introduction of rifled ordnance a new era has set in, and a length of range and degree of accuracy in Artillery practice secured, which would have astonished our good ancestors.

I have not time to say much about Mortars, Howitzers, and Carronades, which are all, except perhaps the latter, still in use. I may just notice the varieties of small ordnance called Wall-pieces, most of which have now quite gone out of use, and which were anciently employed to defend the walls of a besieged town, before fortifications were altered so as to suit Modern Engineering and Artillery. The Falcon was a 2-pounder; the Mynim threw a shot of $3\frac{1}{2}$ -inch bore, and 4 lbs. weight; the Culverin and Demi-Culverin in size, at least, nearly answered to our 18 and 9-pounders.

We may now go to Small-Arms. The plate shows the earliest known representation (extracted from a French work) of fire-arms in use 400 years ago. The weapon is a *Hand-Gun*, which was cast in brass, and fired through a priming pan. The next improvement on this was the *Arquebus*, in which a trigger was used to convey the burning match into the pan. This was the first *Matchlock*, which as you know perhaps, is still used in the East.

The *Musquet* is generally supposed to have been a Spanish invention, and the battle of Pavia, fought in Italy in 1525, is the first great battle known to have been decided by its help. The first musquets were very long and heavy, and were fired by means of a *rest*, which was a staff the height of a man's shoulder, with a fork of iron at top, and a pin at bottom.

In the time of Queen Elizabeth, and long after, the English musqueteer was a most encumbered soldier. He had besides his unwieldy weapon itself, his coarse powder for loading in a flask, his fine powder for priming in a touch



HAND-GUN,
15TH CENTURY

box, and his bullets in a leather bag, the strings of which he had to draw to get at them, while in his hand was his burning match and musquet rest, and when he had discharged his piece he had to draw his sword to defend himself.

The next improvement was the *Wheel-lock*, introduced in Henry VIII.'s time, which was a small furrowed wheel of steel made to revolve by the trigger, and which by its friction against a piece of iron pyrites emitted sparks, and so fired the powder in the pan.

The *Firelock* was an improvement on the *wheel-lock*. It was introduced in the 17th century, and with slight modifications, lasted down to the present system of percussion fire-arms. It is not so old that I need describe the arrangement of flint and steel, by which the pan was thrown open at the same instant that the sparks were ignited to fire the priming.

Pistols were introduced in the 16th, and the use of *cartridges* in the 17th century. *Bayonets*, so called from the town of Bayonne, in France, where it is said they were first made, were also introduced in the 17th century. Until then, a certain number of pikemen were always mixed up with the musketeers, to protect them from cavalry, and in case (as often happened), of the enemy's coming to close quarters before the musketeers could re-load. The first bayonets were made to fit inside the muzzle, so that they could not be used until the gun had been fired. It was in consequence of this that the battle of Killiecrankie was lost; the Highlanders received one volley from the English infantry, and then charged upon them, claymore in hand, before the latter could get their bayonets fixed.

There were many other weapons which I cannot stay to describe now, such as the *Caliver*, the *Fusil* (hence our word fusiliers) the *Musketoen*, *Blunderbus*, and *Fowling-*

piece, also *Musket Arrows*, which were wrapped in tow, set on fire, and discharged against shipping, &c.

Grenades (whence our term *grenadiers*) were small shells, which being lighted, were thrown by the hand amongst the enemy at close quarters; those of you who have read Scott's novel of *Rob Roy*, will remember the fight with the Highlanders in the mountain pass, where Capt. Thornton gives the words of command then used,—“*Grenadiers to the front—open your pouches—handle your grenades—blow your matches—fall on.*”

Rifles were not introduced into the English Army until the American Revolutionary War, but the French had their *carabines rayées* for cavalry as early as the 17th century. But though the superiority of accuracy and range produced by rifling was undeniable, the opinion was held that such weapons were too delicate for the mass of troops, and all through the wars of the French Revolution, smooth bore muskets were generally employed, picked regiments alone having rifles given to them. With the Minie rifle, so called from its inventor, Captain Minié of the French Army, began a new era in musketry. It is, I believe, still used in the French Army, and is indeed much the same as our Enfield. So many are the improvements now being introduced into the manufacture of cannon and fire-arms, that it is quite possible that the weapons now in use may be altogether superseded in another few years. Mean time, it is enough that we have the best which science and skill have as yet invented, and we are not likely to fall behind other nations in this respect.

Let us now take a look at the soldier's Dress, Accoutrements, and Tactics, which, like the weapons, were to a great extent common to most European nations, and we may therefore take our own soldiers as fair types of

the rest in these matters, though differing then as much as they do now in national character. The following are pictures of him at four different epochs; the Archer of the 15th century, as he was at Agincourt; the Man-at-Arms of the 16th century, with his long two handed sword, still in armour you see, though fire-arms had been partially introduced for some years; the Musketeer or Arquebusier of the 17th century, as he appeared when a regular Army was first raised after the Restoration; and finally the soldier of the 18th century, as he was before the Peninsula War, from which period his appearance differed little from that of the present day. Of course there were many intermediate changes—thus, there are no pictures here of Cromwell's ironsides, or Marlborough's veterans, but those given will serve to show the soldier at well marked periods.

The color of the uniform used to be green, or grey, or white, until Queen Anne's time, when red was adopted. Henry VIII. first put his soldiers into uniform, and very queer they must have looked, to judge from an old document, which prescribes, "every man to provide a payr of hose for every one of his men, the right hose to be all red, and the left to be blue, with oone stripe of three fingers brode of red upon the outside of his leg, from the stroke downwards."

As long as armour lasted, that is, until fire-arms really became effective, the Knights, who were almost the only cavalry, seemed to have played a more conspicuous part in battle than the infantry, partly no doubt on account of their higher rank, but chiefly also because they were really more formidable to the archers and men-at-arms than the latter were to them, but as fire-arms became efficient, and armour was laid aside, the infantry took their proper place as the main strength of the army. In the 17th century, a batta-

lion of infantry generally consisted of two-thirds musketeers, and one-third pikemen—the pikes in the centre, and the muskets on the flanks. The musketeers were formed three deep, and each rank gave its fire in succession, and then fell back to the rear to re-load, while the pikes stood ready to repel or to lead, a hand to hand charge.

In Charles II.'s time, the regulations for the Militia prescribed, that every horseman who came to muster should be supplied with a breast and back plate, a pot or iron skull-cap, a sword, and a case of pistols, whereof the barrels were not to be under 14 inches long. The musketeers wielded a musket 8 feet long, and of a bore to carry bullets 12 to the pound. The pikemen carried an ashen pike 16 feet long, with a back, breast, and head piece, and as well as the musketeers, carried swords. As a proof that they were ready for active service, the musketeers had to produce half a pound of powder, half a pound of bullets, and three yards of match, while the horseman produced half that amount.

The Artillery were not raised as a distinct body until the time of George II.; the Engineers not until the wars of the French Revolution, but in this respect we were far behind the Continental Armies for a long time. The last of the pictures shows the uniform of George III.'s reign. If the man was to turn round you would see stiff curls on each of his temples, and a long powdered pigtail behind. He cannot afford pomatum for his hair, so he uses a tallow candle. At Gibraltar, when a field-day was ordered, as there were very few barbers, the subaltern officers had to have their heads dressed the night before, and for fear of disarranging them had the pleasure of sleeping on their faces. Thank goodness we live in a much more rational age as regards dress; look at the chimney-pot hat, and the crinoline, how useful and elegant they both are!



ENGLISH ARCHER,
16TH CENTURY

Now let us say something of the principal European Armies.

While our attention in my former lecture was almost entirely directed to the soldiers of Eastern Europe or of Asia, it is to Western Europe we must now turn for the most famous Modern armies.

By the end of the 15th century, the Moors were expelled from Spain by the Christian Chivalry under Ferdinand and Isabella, and though the Turks had conquered Constantinople and founded the present Turkish Empire, and continued to threaten Europe for the next two centuries, yet the rest of the once formidable Asiatic hordes which had overrun the Roman Empire, had sunk into weakness and decay. Greece had become Mahomedan. Rome had set up a spiritual instead of a temporal Empire. The Russians had not yet emerged from barbarism, and when daring to cross their borders were defeated and driven back by the Poles. The English army temporarily enrolled for the conquest of France had ceased to exist when that conquest was abandoned. They turned their arms against each other in civil wars or in wars with Scotland and Ireland, but for very many years after, were only a Militia.

In Western Europe, however, three great armies divided amongst them pretty evenly the results of glory and conquest—the Spaniards, the Germans, and the French.

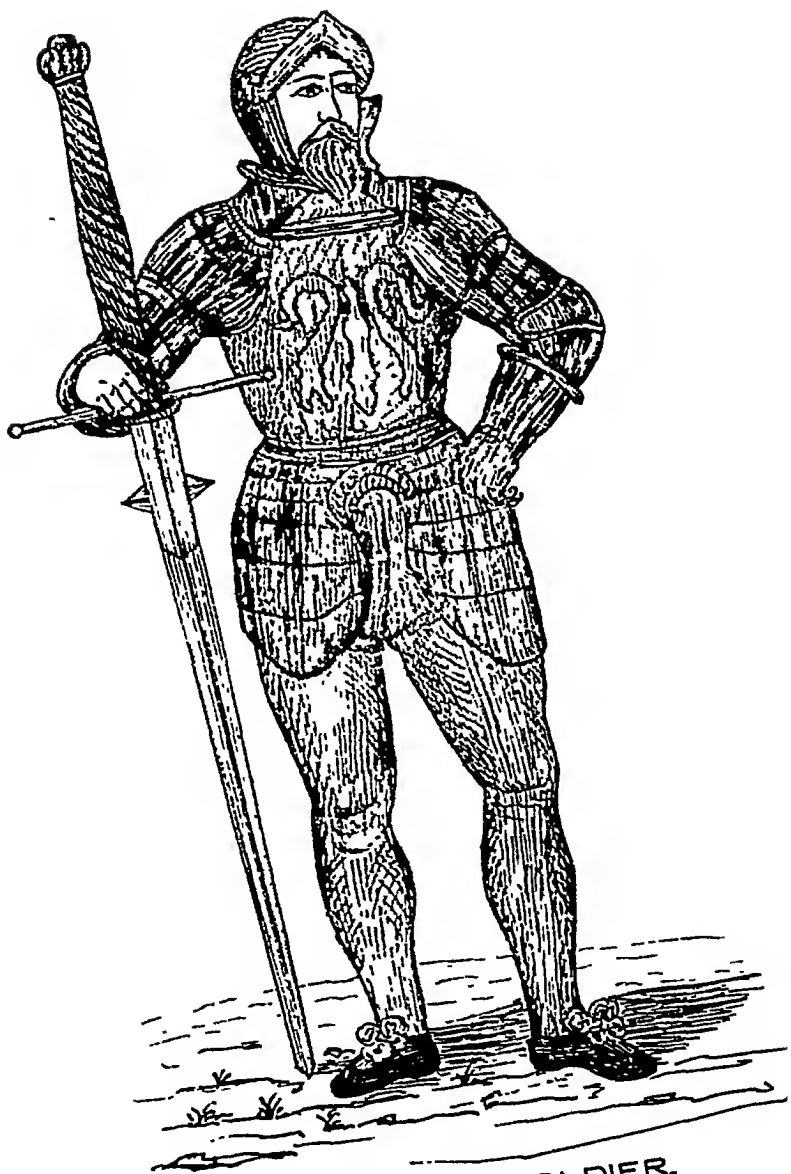
We, who live in the 19th century, and see how small a part Spain now plays in the politics of the world, and who rescued her only 50 years ago from her condition as a province of France, can scarcely realize the fact that 300 years ago, the Spanish Empire was the greatest in the world, the Spanish infantry the most famous in Europe, and that English nurses frightened children with the name of Spaniard, as they did half a century ago with the name of Bonaparte.

Charles V. was Emperor of Germany and King of Spain, ruled over the Netherlands and had Viceroy's over the great Provinces of Mexico and Peru. Under the great Captain, as he was called, Gonsalvo de Cordova, the Spanish armies had marched in triumph into nearly every capital in Europe; while the names of Cortes and Pizarro will ever go down in history side by side with that of our own Clive.

Under Philip II. was fitted out that formidable Armada destined for the conquest of England, which the valor of our forefathers, the skill of our seamen, and the storms of our dangerous seas, scattered and destroyed. From that time the Spanish army and nation sank in estimation so rapidly that in the 17th century, they were of scarcely any account in Europe.

The German Empire, as it was long called, has been famous for its soldiers from the time when the Teutones and Cimbri fought with Rome down to the present day. On the Emperors of Germany the mantle of the Roman Cæsars descended through Charlemagne, and the History of Germany was for a long period the History of Europe.

It is however the history of the French army that (next to our own) will probably most interest you, as being our neighbours, and but lately our allies, but with whom a century ago we should have declared it as impossible for British soldiers to fight side by side as with old Scratch himself. The incessant wars of the two nations in the 14th and 15th centuries left a legacy of animosity which helped to produce the great wars of the 18th and 19th centuries, and as our superiority has always lain in our Navy, and theirs numerically at least in their Army, it is probable that the two nations might go on fighting until, like the famous Kilkenny cats, they ate each other up, without either side giving in. The love of Military glory has for ages



ENGLISH SOLDIER,
16TH CENTURY.

been a passion with the French, and for certainly the last two centuries, the history of France has been the history of her battles and campaigns. The famous wars of Louis XIV., the great Monarch, as the French loved to call him, were succeeded by the still greater campaigns of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Bonaparte possessed in an extraordinary degree the two highest qualities of a general, the power of forming great combinations, and a thorough mastery of detail. His iron will and strong self-reliance were faculties which he shared in common with all men who rise to eminence in any of the active walks of life. His intuitive perception of the enemy's weak point, his rapid concentration of his own force thereon, and the impetuosity with which attack after attack by fresh troops was renewed until the position was forced, and the battle decided, were equalled by the relentless vigour of the pursuit which gave no time to an enemy to rally, and made most of his great battles decisive of a campaign. Thus Marengo decided the Italian campaign; Austerlitz and Wagram, the campaigns of 1806 and 1809 in the Danube; Jena overthrew the Prussian kingdom, and so completely, that for seven years it ceased to struggle. It is a popular idea that he was not so great a general under the most trying circumstances that a general can be placed in, the conduct of a retreat. But the imputation arises from the material of which his army was composed, and not from his own deficiency. By the student of military history, his retreat through France in 1814, in the face of overwhelming numbers, with a dismayed and beaten army, will always be held as the most instructive of all his campaigns, and as that in which his talents as a General were most conspicuous.

He alone in modern times fully carried out the old Roman method of winning campaigns by marching as much as by

fighting, by combinations as well as battles. And no armies but those systematically trained to march long distances and under heavy loads, like the armies of Cæsar and Bonaparte can ever hope to achieve the same results. The series of combinations by which in 1806, General Mack, at Ulm, with 36,000 men suddenly found himself surrounded by 200,000 men, and his whole army made prisoners of war without firing a shot, and without the possibility of extricating himself, is the most striking instance of what I mean, but in fact all his campaigns were alike in this. "The Little Corporal makes us win battles with our legs instead of our arms," said his men. One other point must be noticed in his character before we quit this extraordinary man. He thoroughly understood the French; and Italian as he was himself by blood and character, moved at will an enthusiasm which he never shared. The affection of his soldiers for himself personally bordered on idolatry, and the kind words, the decorations and rewards freely yet judiciously distributed immediately after every battle, made men forget wounds, pain and disfigurement, in their enthusiastic cries of "Vive l'Empereur."

The organization of the French army is certainly a model for imitation by most nations, though doubtless many points in it would not suit us. The material is excellent, yet that of the Germans, Russians, and Spaniards is equally good. But from an inferior organization they have generally come off second best, and are likely to do so until a radical change takes place.

The French Army is chiefly recruited by conscription; that is to say a certain number of men are chosen by lot from the mass of the population, who must serve in the ranks for so many years or find a substitute. The effective force of the French army amounts in round numbers to 580,000



ENGLISH SOLDIER,
17TH CENTURY.

men. This army is thus composed—Imperial Guard, some 35,000 strong, containing its own Cavalry, Infantry, Artillery and Engineers. The Cavalry—12 Regiments of Cuirassiers and Carbineers, 20 Regiments of Dragoons and Lancers, 21 Regiments of Light Cavalry, Chasseurs and Hussars; besides 3 Regiments of Spahis, and 4 of Chasseurs d' Afrique. Infantry—100 Regiments of the Line, each containing 3 battalions, each battalion having 1 company of Grenadiers, 1 of Voltigeurs, and 5 centre companies; 20 battalions of Chasseurs à Pied or Light Infantry, all picked men chiefly from the mountain districts, 9 battalions of Zouaves, 3 battalions of Light African Infantry, and 4 battalions of native Africans. The Artillery—197 batteries, with 60,000 men, 49,000 horses, and 1,200 guns. The Engineers—comprising 50 companies or 7,000 men, and 400 horses for the train.

The entire control of the army is under the Minister of War, who is always a Field Marshal. There is no Board of Ordnance, Treasury or Secretary at War, to interfere with him. At the same time there is a perfect organization through intermediate steps, by which a direct relation is established between this high official and the meanest soldier. Promotion goes partly by seniority, partly by selection, that is every man must serve (at least in time of peace) a certain time in each grade before he can be promoted into the next.

The French infantry, as a general rule, march well and for long distances, and will stand a great amount of fatigue before they are inclined to give in. They are not so tall as Englishmen, nor do they look so well on parade, for the arms and accoutrements are seldom thoroughly cleaned. In the same way the privates cannot stand still for a moment on parade, and much talking goes on; though directly the word

of command is given they are silent and attentive and manœuvre excellently. Another good quality they possess, is moderation in eating and drinking, being perfectly contented on food which would starve most soldiers ; they are capital cooks and first-rate campaigners.

A third excellent quality, is their intelligence and interest in their profession. Every Regiment has its schools which all the men as a rule must attend, and in which not merely reading and writing are taught, but such subjects as military history and topography, and the theory of war. Besides which a thorough system of practical instruction is in force, lasting from 6 to 8 hours daily, and comprehending not only drill and rifle practice, but fencing, running, swimming, and all manner of gymnastic exercises. Like the Roman soldiers they are inured to fatigue and hardened by exercises. Drilled to walk at quick paces, carrying heavy burdens, to climb steep hills, and to manœuvre on the roughest ground, they are early taught that success in war is a more constant attendant on intelligence and audacity combined, than on mere numbers and brute force.

Before passing on to our own, we must say something of three other armies, which belong entirely to Modern times. The Prussians, who at first were a part only of the great German empire ; the Swedes, who for a brief period were the most famous army in Europe ; and the Russians, who scarcely 100 years ago, were looked upon much as the Northern barbarians were regarded by the Romans 2,000 years before.

Prussia first became a separate nation under Frederic I., whose chief amusements consisted in beating his children and collecting giants for his body guard. His son, Frederic the Great, was certainly one of the greatest soldiers that ever lived, and it is to the influence of his character and



ENGLISH SOLDIER,
18TH CENTURY

teaching that the Prussian army owes whatever is peculiar in its nature. Except Cromwell, no such governor had appeared in Europe since the days of the old Plantagenets ; and in the history of the last 200 years, no name stands higher than his but that of the first Napoleon. The kingdom he received from his father, comprised only about 2,000 German square miles, and only took rank as a fifth-rate power in Europe. When he died, he bequeathed it to his successor almost doubled in extent, and ranking in equal terms with the oldest and most powerful of the surrounding monarchies.

Like the Prussians, the Swedes owed their sudden rise to military glory at two different epochs to two of their kings—but with a scanty population and a sterile country, though individually brave and hardy soldiers, they have never since enjoyed influence as a first-class power. Gustavus Adolphus, one of the Champions of the Reformation, was the leader of the Northern armies in the 17th century, until he was slain in battle. A century later, Charles XII. blazed like a comet for a time and astonished all Europe, until his career was terminated by a ball at the siege of Fredericshall. What boy has not read with delight Voltaire's *Life of that Soldier King*, who ate, drank, talked, lived, and dreamed on war and battle, and was fit for nothing else ; how he defeated the Danes, put a king of Poland on the throne and vanquished the Russians, until at the fatal battle of Pultowa, Peter the Great in his turn was victorious, and Europe for the first time heard of the existence of a nation that was thence to take its place as a first-class power.

It was to Peter the Great that the Russians owed their civil and military greatness, and in less than a century from that time, the vastness of territory, the energy of their monarchs, the fanaticism and dogged valour of their

soldiers, had made them the saviours of Europe from the ambition and prowess of Bonaparte. No doubt many of you can tell me more about the Russian soldiers than I can tell you, but I have always heard that they are stubborn fighters with much of our own English obstinacy, but they manœuvre slowly, are deficient in intelligence, and require a good deal of stick discipline to keep them up to the mark.

Let us turn now to our own Army, and trace briefly its progress from the time that an English monarch entered Paris and was crowned king of France, to the time that an English ambassador at the head of a victorious host passed through the streets of Peking. There is no Frenchman in the room I think, so that we can brag without fear of being contradicted.

As I have already said, for a long time the English army was a mere Militia enrolled for national defence, trained for a few days in the year, and then suffered to disperse to the plough or the counter. Our ancestors hated the name of standing army; they had seen it on the Continent raised by despotic kings as a pretext against foreign invaders, and then employed as an instrument to overthrow civil liberty, put down free discussion, and enslave the people. Our kings were as despotic in theory, but our insular situation prevented their having any such pretext for the use of a body of trained soldiers, and without such a force the monarch could not do much harm. He might cut off the heads of a few nobles but could not injure the great body of the people.

At last, under the pressure of a terrible civil war, it was necessary for the people to choose between a despotic king and a regular army of their own. They raised one commanded by a Huntingdon brewer, Oliver Cromwell, un-

der whose leadership that army became such as Macaulay has well described it.

"The army," he says, "which now became supreme in the state was an army very different from any that has since been seen among us. The pay of the private soldier was much above the wages earned by the great body of the people, and if he distinguished himself by intelligence and courage, he might hope to attain high commands. The ranks were accordingly composed of persons superior in station and education to the multitude. These persons, sober, moral, diligent, and accustomed to reflect, had been induced to take up arms, not by the pressure of want, not by the love of novelty and license, not by the arts of recruiting officers, but by religious and political zeal, mingled with the desire of distinction and persecution.

"A force thus composed might without injury to its efficiency be indulged in some liberties which if allowed to any other troops would have proved subversive of all discipline. In general, soldiers who should form themselves into political clubs, elect delegates, and pass resolutions on high questions of state, would soon break loose from all control, and would become the worst and most dangerous of mobs; nor would it be safe in our time to tolerate in any Regiment religious meetings, at which a corporal versed in Scripture should lead the devotions of his less gifted colonel, and admonish a backsliding major. But such was the intelligence, the gravity, and the self command of the warriors whom Cromwell had trained, that in their camp a political organization and a religious organization could exist without destroying military organization. The same men who off duty were noted as demagogues and field preachers, were distinguished by steadiness, by the spirit of order, and by prompt obedience on watch, on drill, and on the field of battle.

: "In war this strange force was irresistible. From the time when the army was formed to the time when it was disbanded, it never found either in the British islands or on the Continent an enemy who could stand its onset. In England, Scotland, Ireland, Flanders, the Puritan warriors often surrounded by difficulties, sometimes contending against threefold odds, not only never failed to conquer, but never failed to destroy and break in pieces whatever force was opposed to them.

"But that which chiefly distinguished the army of Cromwell from other armies, was the austere morality and the fear of God which pervaded all ranks. It is acknowledged by the most zealous Royalists that in that singular camp, no oath was heard, no drunkenness or gambling was

seen, and that the property of the peaceful citizen and the honor of women were held sacred. Cromwell's only difficulty was to restrain his musketeers and dragoons from invading by main force the pulpits of ministers whose discourses, to use the language of that time, were not *savoury*; and too many of our cathedrals still bear the marks of the hatred with which those stern spirits regarded every vestige of Popery."

But the Restoration came and the standing army disappeared. Its very name had become hateful to both gentry and people; to the former, for it had defeated them and destroyed their king; to the latter, for with a sour fanaticism it had shut up the theatres, prohibited bear-baits and cock-fights, and looked upon plum puddings and mince pies as sinful and smacking of Popery.

Gradually however as England became mixed up with the politics of Europe, it was seen that untrained rusties from the plough would have a very poor chance of contending against the veterans of Louis XIV. So an army was gradually raised and slowly increased as our colonial possessions augmented, or other necessities arose. But to this day the old constitutional jealousy of a standing army remains, at least in theory. Leave is given by parliament to the sovereign to embody it only from year to year, by what is called the Mutiny Act, without which if not read and duly passed every year no military law could be enforced, and the army would cease to exist.

About the close of Charles II.'s reign a few regiments were enrolled, and the history of our regular army may be said to commence. Those regiments were the 1st, or Grenadier Guards, and the 2nd, or Coldstream Guards; the first five Regiments of the line; the Life and Horse Guards, and a few Dragoons; the whole force in 1685 amounted to 7,000 Infantry and 1,700 Cavalry. The daily pay of a private in the Dragoons was 18*d.*, and in the line 8*d.*, which if the difference in the value of money be considered, were very

liberal terms. But they were not under martial law and the discipline was very lax, while the morality of the army at this time may be judged of by the following extract from a popular play written a few years later, Farquhar's "Recruiting Officer."

Squire Worthy compliments Sergeant Kite on his talent for recruiting :—

W.—"Why, thou art the most useful fellow in nature to thy Captain."

K.—"Yes, sir, I understand my business. I will say it."

W.—"How came you so qualified?"

K.—"Yon must know, sir, I was born a gipsy; bred among that crew till I was ten years old; there I learnt canting and lying. I was bought from my mother Cleopatra by a certain nobleman for three pistoles, who made me his page; there I learnt impudence and stealing. I was turned off for wearing my lord's linen, and drinking my lady's ratiffa, and turned bailiff's follower; there I learnt bullying and swearing. I at last got into the Army; there I learnt gambling and drinking. So, that if your Worship pleases to cast up the whole sum, viz., canting, lying, impudence, stealing, bullying, swearing, gambling, drinking, and a halberd, you will find the sum total amounting to a Recruiting Sergeant."

In another scene Captain Plume says to the Sergeant :—

Capt. P.—"Kite, you must marry the woman."

K.—"But your honor knows I am married already."

Capt. P.—"To how many?"

K.—"I can't tell readily. I have set them down here upon the back of the muster-roll. Let me see, *in primis*, Mrs. Shely Snickereyes, she sells potatoes upon Ormond Quay in Dublin; Peggy Guzzle, the brandy woman at the Horse Guards, at Whitehall; Dolly Waggon, the carrier's daughter at Hull; Madlle. Von Bottomsat, at the 'Buss;' then Jenny Oakum, the ship-carpenter's widow at Portsmouth, but I don't reckon much upon her, for she was married at the same time to two lieutenants of Marines, and a man-of-war's boatswain."

Judging from Captain Plume's conversation in another scene, the officer was quite as bad as the Sergeant.

Sterne's immortal characters, Corporal Trim and my Uncle Toby, are more favorable specimens of the soldier and officer of Marlborough's wars, and if you haven't read *Tristram Shandy*, you had better do so and make the Captain's and Corporal's acquaintance.

Cromwell's soldiers had shown astonished Europe that England possessed men capable of fighting by land as well as by sea. But it was not until Queen Anne's reign, that under the famous John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, English regiments had a fair chance of showing what they could do in the eyes of all Europe. As in all our Continental campaigns, we were part of an allied Army, but it was well known that the British soldiers bore the brunt of Blenheim, Oudenarde, and Ramillies.

The first of these was the most splendid of all Marlborough's victories, and one of the greatest battles ever fought in Europe. The French, under Marshal Tallard, were 60,000 strong, with 90 guns. Marlborough and Prince Eugene were somewhat weaker in men, especially in artillery. The French position was forced, and the event of the battle decided by a general charge of the whole Allied Cavalry, 8,000 strong, led by Marlborough in person. The French lost 40,000 men, including 13,000 made prisoners, among whom was the Commander-in-Chief, more than half their artillery, 25 standards, and 90 colors. Ramillies and Oudenarde were almost as great victories—the siege of Lille nearly as important. It was said of this great man that he never fought a battle which he did not win, and never besieged a place which he did not take; as a century later, it was said of our other great Duke that he had taken 1,000 guns from the enemy, and never lost one of his own. "Marlborough," said one of his political enemies, "was the perfection of genius, matured by experience." Let us add

to that, that he was beloved by his soldiers, of whose wants and comforts he was ever mindful, so that when the time came for fighting or marching, he could get more out of his men than perhaps any general has ever done before or since. He used to say that it was necessary to feed the English well, half starve the Scotch, and give the Irish plenty of liquor—then they were a match for the world.

On the 1st August, 1759, was fought a battle, in which most of my audience here will take a peculiar interest—the battle of Minden, in Westphalia, in which an Anglo-Hanoverian Army, under Prince Ferdinand, again defeated the French. “Notwithstanding (said the Commander-in-Chief, writing of the British troops engaged), the loss they sustained before they could get up to the enemy; notwithstanding the repeated attacks of the enemy’s cavalry; notwithstanding their being exposed in front and flank to a heavy musketry fire from his infantry, such was the unshaken firmness of these troops, that nothing could stop them, and the whole body of French Cavalry was routed.” The 20th lost 6 officers and 80 men killed; 11 officers and 224 men wounded, but refused to be relieved of its regular tour of duty as the Chief proposed.

Peace was made, and lasted for a few years, until at Dettingen, on the Continent, and at Culloden in the Highlands; English soldiers were again victorious. Dettingen was the last battle at which a king of England, George II., fought in person. Culloden was the last battle fought on British soil, and as with it fell the hopes of the Stuarts, so did the English Army gain in a few years those glorious Scotch Regiments which made that army for the first time truly British.

One more unhappy civil war was to desolate Ireland in 1798, but thenceforth the soldiers of the three nations

were to vie only with each other in valor and discipline, and the national peculiarities of each were to become an incentive to a generous rivalry.

But before that had taken place, the foundations of our Indian Empire had been laid under one of England's greatest soldiers—Olive, and we must say something of those wars before we go further. It is well known that the East India Company was at first a merely trading corporation. They were only allowed to form small settlements at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, and to raise a few soldiers and sepoy to defend them. The English soldiers who were then tempted out to India were not a very reputable set. India was then a land of horrors in many ways. The voyage out was never accomplished in less than six months—often it took nine—sometimes a year. The climate was not worse than it is at present, but the means of living in it were far less understood, and there were no hill stations to flee to. At present we know by experience that men who are temperate in their habits, and have their minds and bodies well occupied, can, and do enjoy nearly as fair health as they would at home. The Government does its best to mitigate the heat of the weather, and the listlessness produced by so many hours having to be spent in doors. Good barracks, well provided with punkabs and tatties, fives' courts, skittle alleys, often swimming-baths and workshops, are provided at most stations, as well as wholesome food and a plentiful supply of good liquor.

A hundred years ago the off-scourings of the jails were shipped into transports, where the men were fed by contract, and died like rotten sheep, while Rs. 8 were deducted from the first issue of pay to provide a coffin for the new recruit! Bad barracks, worse provisions, new rum, and unripe fruit, did the rest. Officers and men drank hard, lived

hard, and we must also acknowledge fought and died hard. A regiment was exterminated in about three years, though some lasted four or five. Through such difficulties as these was this great empire built up by such men as Clive, Lake, Wellesley, and their successors. Listen to Macaulay's account of the battle of Plassey, which really decided our Empire in the East, he says :—

“ The day broke, the day which was to decide the fate of India. At sunrise the army of the Nabob, pouring through many openings of the camp, began to move towards the grove where the English lay. Forty thousand infantry armed with firelocks, pikes, swords, bows and arrows, covered the plain. They were accompanied by fifty pieces of ordnance of the largest size, each tugged by a long team of white oxen, and each pushed on from behind by an elephant. Some smaller guns, under the direction of a few French auxiliaries, were perhaps more formidable. The cavalry were fifteen thousand, drawn, not from the effeminate population of Bengal, but from the bolder race which inhabits the Northern Provinces; and the practised eye of Clive could perceive that both the men and the horses were more powerful than those of the Carnatic. The force which he had to oppose to this great multitude consisted of only three thousand men. But of these nearly a thousand were English, and all were led by English officers, and trained in the English discipline. Conspicuous in the ranks of the little army were the men of the 39th Regt., which still bears on its colors amidst many honorable additions won under Wellington in Spain and Gascony, the name of Plassey, and the proud motto, ‘*Primus in Indis.*’ The battle commenced with a cannonade in which the artillery of the Nabob did scarcely any execution, while the few field pieces of the English produced great effect. Several of the most distinguished officers in Surajah Dowlah's service fell. Disorder began to spread through his ranks. His own terror increased every moment. One of the conspirators urged on him the expediency of retreating; the insidious advice agreeing as it did with what his own terrors suggested, was readily received. He ordered his army to fall back, and this order decided his fall. Clive snatched the moment and ordered his troops to advance. The confused and dispirited multitude gave way before the onset of disciplined valor. No mob attacked by regular soldiers was ever more completely routed. The little band of Frenchmen, who alone ventured to confront the English, were swept down the stream of fugitives. In an hour the

forces of Surajah Dowlah were dispersed, never to re-assemble. Only 500 of the vanquished were slain ; but their camp, their guns, their baggage, innumerable wagons, innumerable cattle remained in the power of the conquerors. With the loss of 22 soldiers killed and 50 wounded, Clive had scattered an army of near 60,000 men, and subdued an empire larger and more populous than Great Britain."

In this country, too, did our great Duke lay the foundations of that fame which eventually rang throughout Europe, and has made his name a household word to us all. The battle of Assaye was an earnest of Salamanca, Vittoria, and Waterloo. From India he went to the disastrous and mis-managed Campaign in Holland and thence to those great Peninsula wars with which his name is indissolubly connected. The story of those wars has been told by Sir William Napier, but until the Duke's own dispatches were published, none did or could do justice to the patience, the foresight, the tact and judgement with which he overcame the extraordinary difficulties in his way—difficulties arising from friends quite as much as from foes. Neither the triumph of victory, nor the depression of defeat shook that iron nerve or that perfectly balanced mind. Nothing was unforeseen, nothing left to chance, and after five years training in the field, he had formed that splendid army which marched almost without a check from the frontiers of Portugal to the interior of France, and with which he often said he would march through Europe.

Had that same army been under his command at Waterloo, the struggle would have been decided before a Prussian was seen on the field, but the veterans of Talavera, Badajoz, and the Pyrenees were perishing in the swamps of New Orleans, while their great commander with a heterogenous force of Hanoverians, Dutchmen, Belgians, and English recruits had to beat the veterans of Jena, Austerlitz, and Wagram, commanded by the greatest conqueror of the age.

One or two extracts I must give you from Napier's great work before we go on to more recent times. No modern battles have ever been sung so heroically, and the writer was an eye-witness of most of the great scenes which he describes, having commanded the 43rd, belonging to the famous Light Division, through a great part of the war. Here is part of his fine description of the storming of Badajoz :—

"All this time the tumult at the breaches was such as if the earth had been rent asunder, and its central fires bursting upwards uncontrolled. The two divisions reached the glacis just as the firing at the castle had commenced, and the flash of a single musket, discharged from the covered way as a signal, showed them the French were ready ; yet no stir followed, and darkness covered the breaches. Some hay-packs were then thrown, some ladders placed, and the forlorn hopes and storming parties of the Light Division, 500 in all, descended into the ditch without opposition : but then a bright flame shooting upwards, displayed all the terrors of the scene. The ramparts crowded with dark figures and glittering arms were on one side ; on the other, the red columns of British deep and broad, coming on like streams of burning lava : it was the touch of the magician's wand, a crash of thunder followed, and the storming parties were dashed to pieces by the explosion of hundreds of shells and powder-barrels.

"For an instant the Light Division soldiers stood on the brink of the ditch, amazed at the terrific sight, but then, with a shout that matched even the sound of the explosion, they flew down the ladders, or disdain-
ing their aid, leaped, reckless of the depth, into the gulph below ; and nearly at the same moment, amidst a blaze of musketry that dazzled the eyes, the Fourth Division came running in to descend with a like fury. Now a multitude bounded up the great breach as if driven by a whirlwind ; but across the top glittered a range of sword-blades, sharp-pointed, keen-edged, immovably fixed in ponderous beams chained together and set deep in the rains, and for ten feet in front the ascent was covered with loose planks studded with iron points, on which the feet of the foremost being set the plank slipped, and the unhappy soldiers falling forward on the spikes, rolled down upon the ranks behind.

"Two hours passed in these vain efforts convinced the soldiers

the Trinidad was impregnable; and gathering in dark groups and leaning on their muskets, they looked up with sullen desperation at the breach, while the enemy stepping out on the ramparts and aiming their shots by the light of the fireballs which they threw over, asked insultingly as their victims fell, 'Why they did not come into Badajoz?'

Here is an account of the magnificent charge of the Fusilier Brigade at Albuera:—

"Such a gallant line issuing from the midst of the smoke, and rapidly separating itself from the confused and broken multitude, startled the enemy's masses, then augmenting and pressing onwards as to an assured victory. They wavered, hesitated, and vomiting forth a storm of fire, hastily endeavoured to enlarge their front, while a fearful discharge of grape from all their artillery whistled through the British ranks. Myers was killed; Cole; the three colonels, Ellis, Blakeney, and Hawkshawe fell wounded; and the Fusilier battalions struck by the iron tempest, reeled and staggered like sinking ships; but suddenly and sternly recovering they closed on their terrible enemies, and then was seen with what a strength and majesty the British soldier can fight. In vain did Soult with voice and gesture animate his Frenchmen; in vain did the hardiest veterans, breaking from the crowded columns, sacrifice their lives to gain time for the mass to open out on such a fair field; in vain did the mass itself bear up, and fiercely striving, fire indiscriminately upon friends and foes, while the horsemen hovering on the flank threatened to charge the advancing line. Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. No sudden burst of undisciplined valor, no nervous enthusiasm weakened the stability of their order; their flashing eyes were bent on the dark columns in their front, their measured tread shook the ground, their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation, their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd, as slowly, and with a horrid carnage it was pushed by the incessant vigour of the attack to the furthest edge of the height. Then the French reserve, mixing with the struggling multitude, endeavoured to restore the fight, but only augmented the irremediable disorder, and the mighty mass giving way like a loosened cliff, went headlong down the steep: the rain flowed after in streams discolored with blood, and 1,800 unwounded men, the remnant of 6,000 unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal hill."

Waterloo gave peace to Europe for 40 years, at least as far as England was concerned. Partial struggles there were, but no general European war. But our armies were not idle elsewhere. It is part of the terms on which we hold many of our colonial possessions, that they can only be maintained by incessant fighting; and at the Cape, in New Zealand, but above all in India, the 40 years which followed Waterloo were distinguished by many hard fought campaigns. The first and second wars with Nepaul, in both of which we had much ado to hold our own against the sturdy Ghoorkhas, were followed by the first Burmese War, and the storming of the great fortress of Bhurtpore, from which a few years previously Lord Lake had retreated baffled.

A splendid force under the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Combermere, again besieged it in 1824. The walls were of mud, which proved more formidable than masonry—the more the artillery battered them the stronger they became, for the cannon balls only stuck fast and did no damage. At length a mine was ran under three of the bastions by the Engineers, and a charge of 10,000 lbs. of powder, one of the largest ever fired in war, exploded with terrible effect. “The earth reeled and shook,” says an eye-witness, “the 59th gave three cheers, the whole column took it up, and amidst the roar of all our batteries, and the triumphant shouts of thousands of gallant men, the troops rushed to the storm.”

Then came a longer interval of peace than India has ever known, and then came the famous Afghan War, and that terrible retreat from Caubul, the first great disaster that our armies had ever known in the East. You must know the story but too well, how the army fell back from Caubul in the depth of winter, how the passes were blocked with snow, how our men were fiercely assailed from the heights,

how the force melted away day after day, until one evening a solitary Englishman mounted on a worn-out poney was described from the battlements of Jellalabad, and announced to the horrified garrison that he was the last survivor of the Caubul Army. That officer who shared the dangers of the siege of Jellalabad, lived to be once more a defender in even more desperate circumstances, for he was in the Lucknow Residency in 1857.

The story of that Afghan campaign has been told by Kaye, almost as well as Napier has told of the Peninsula. One extract I must give, describing the last heroic struggle.

“ The Jugdulluck Pass was before them ; the road ascends between the steep walls of this dark precipitous defile, and our wretched men struggled onward, exposed to the fire of the enemy, till on nearing the summit they came suddenly upon a barricade, and were thrown back in surprise and dismay ; the enemy had blocked up the mouth of the Pass. Barriers made of bushes and the branches of trees, opposed the progress of the column, and threw the whole into inextricable confusion. The camp-followers crowded upon the soldiers, who, in spite of the overwhelming superiority of the enemy, fought with a desperate valor worthy of a better fate. The Afghans had been lying in wait for the miserable remnant of the British Army, and were now busy with their cruel knives and unerring jezails. The massacre was something terrible to contemplate ; officers, soldiers, and camp-followers were stricken down at the foot of the barricade. There had ceased to be a British Army ! A few survivors cleared the barriers, and struggled on towards Gundamuck, and the sun rose upon a party of some 20 officers and 45 English soldiers. But the enemy were mustering around them, every hut had poured forth its inhabitants to murder and to plunder. There were not more than two rounds of ammunition remaining in the pouches of the men. But they had not lost all heart, and were resolute not to lay down their arms while a spark of life remained. The enemy surrounding them called upon them to surrender. The refusal of the brave men, followed by a violent attempt to disarm them, brought on a hand to hand contest. The infuriated mob overwhelmed the little party of Englishmen and cut them up almost to a man. Capt. Souter of the 44th Regt., who had wrapped the Regimental color round his waist and a few privates were taken prisoners. The rest were all massacred.”

Caulbul was avenged, the struggles in Gwalior and Scinde followed, and then came the first Sikh War, in which, indeed, we met with foemen worthy of our steel. Who that was there will ever forget the night of Ferozeshuhur, when the watch-fires of the unconquered Sikhs still lay close before us, when an ominous whisper went round that our Artillery had exhausted all their ammunition, and escorted by the Cavalry had gone off to Ferozepore, and when, as was afterwards known, the Governor-General, who was himself on the field, sent off by his son the portrait of his wife and the most important of the Government papers, resolved not to leave the field alive if the next day's fighting should go against us. Then followed the second Sikh War, and the equally terrible battle of Chillianwalla, where the 24th Regt., which mustered 1,100 strong in the morning, paraded 300 at night and buried 13 of its officers in one grave.

But Goojerat paid for all. "Why, Sahib," as an old Sikh said afterwards, "what could we do? The air was filled with cannon balls, so we laid down, and when they stopped and we got up, two miles of infantry rose out of the ground and ran at us, so we ran away." The Sikhs had fought us like brave enemies, and stuck to us like true friends in that terrible year '57. I remember an old white bearded Sikh in one of our batteries at Delhi, who was one of our best gunners, and told us with much complacency that he had served against us at Ferozeshuhur and Sobraon.

Two more great campaigns followed—one in Europe, and one in India, and many of you who are now here have taken part in both. The history of both is still too recent to be written fairly. Mr. Kingslake's "History of the Crimean War" has caught the spirit and fire of Napier, but it wants the accuracy which a soldier could only supply. When those histories are truly given, it will be seen that in spite

of blunders and failures, the Englishmen who fought at Inkerman and assaulted the Redan ; who defended the Lucknow Residency and stormed Delhi ; have, at least not degenerated since the days of Agincourt, Blenheim, and Waterloo.

MAHOMEDANISM.

Delivered on Tuesday, April 11th, 1865. BY CAPT. GLOVER, R.E.

“AT Mekka, on Monday, the 13th April, A.D. 571; or 13th May, 569; the wife of Abd-Allah of a son;” such would have been the announcement among the “domestic occurrences” in the daily papers of those days, had any existed, which notified to the world the birth of Mahomed, one of the most extraordinary men it has ever seen. Historians all agree as to Monday being the day of his birth, though the year and month are a point of dispute; and, in this respect, they are not unlike Mr. Skimpole, who though always certain as to the pence, could never remember the larger coin in which his debts were expressed. Monday would appear to have been a favorite day with the Prophet as he is said not only to have been born, but the following principal events of his life also occurred on that day, viz., the restoration by him of the black stone to its place in the Kaaba; his assumption of the prophetic office; his flight from Mekka to Medina; his arrival at Medina; and his death.

Probably before commencing the life of Mahomed it would be as well to give a slight description of the land of his birth, its people, and their customs.

The Arabs carry back the traditions of their country to

the highest antiquity ; it was peopled, they say, soon after the deluge by the progeny of Shem, the son of Noah, who gradually formed themselves into tribes, of which the most noted are the Adites and Thamudites. All those primitive tribes are said to have been either swept from the earth in punishment of their iniquities, or obliterated in subsequent modifications of the races, so that but little remains of them but shadowy traditions and a few papers in the Koran. The permanent population is ascribed by some authorities to Joctan, a descendant in the fourth generation from Shem, whose posterity spread over the southern part of the peninsula and along the Red Sea. Yara, one of his sons, founded the kingdom of Yemen, the territory of Araba being called after him : whence the Arabs derive the name of themselves and their country ; Jurham, another son, founded the kingdom of Hedjas, over which his descendants bore sway for many generations. Among these people Hagar and her son Ismael were kindly received when exiled from their home by the patriarch Abraham ; in process of time Ismael married a daughter of Modâd, a reigning prince of the line of Jurham, and thus a stranger and a Hebrew became grafted on the original stock. Ismael's wife bore him twelve sons who acquired dominion, and dividing into twelve tribes expelled the primitive stock of Joctan. The kingdom of Yemen has been successively subdued by the Abyssians, the Persians, the Sultans of Egypt and the Turks ; and Mekka and Medina have often been the prey of the Sythian, but the country at large has never been conquered, its peninsular situation, and the want of water in the interior, rendering it a difficult matter.

The form of government among the Arabs was and still is purely patriarchal, one family of a tribe exercising the

office of sovereignty : of all these tribes the Korcish is held to be the most distinguished in rank ; they claim descent from Ismael, but confess that the earlier part of their genealogy is involved in fable ; however, from Adam to Mahomed, the pedigree is preserved with the greatest care. To this tribe had been confided the honorable office of guarding the Kaaba or square temple at Mekka, and their supremaey in religious affairs was accompanied by submission or respect to their temporal sway. Haschem, the reigning pontiff and prince at the commencement of the 6th century raised the city to a state of opulence, by the establishment of two caravans for commercial purposes, one proceeding to Syria, and the other to southern Arabia. His son Abdool-Muttallib delivered his country from the yoke of the Christian princes of Abyssinia, his patriotism being gratified by the political and commercial aggrandisement of Mekka, and his domestic life cheered by the Asiatic felicity and honor of a family of six daughters and ten sons. Of this numerous progeny Abd-Allah was the youngest and beloved, and his marriage with Aminna, the fairest ornament of the noble tribe of the Zarites, gave birth to the victorious enthusiast whose life and actions we are now considering. So remarkable was Abd-Allah for personal beauty, and so great a favorite among the other sex, that it is said, on the day of his marriage with Amina, two hundred young ladies of the tribe of Koreish died of broken hearts.

I would now bring to your notice some of the legends connected with the ancestry of Mahomed, and also the history of the Kaaba and the well Zemzem, to which frequent reference will be made hereafter.

When Adam was created, the soul of Mahomed was transferred into him, and though it was latent, a luminous

ray shone from his forehead ; this also shone from Eve's brow, but on the birth of her infant, Seth, it was transferred to him ; in like manner it descended through the ancestors of the prophets until it assumed the fleshly form in Mahomed, the son of Abd-Allah. Adam had a vision in the neighbourhood of Mekka in which God showed him all human beings, who were to be called to life until the day of resurrection, and who were produced from Adam's back. They all passed in review before him, and he took a covenant from them, saying, "am I not your Lord?" To which they all replied, "we bear witness that thou art our Lord;" those who do not believe in Mahomed cannot therefore say on the day of judgment, "we did not know better." God then separated the good from the wicked, placing the former on his right hand, and saying, "To these belong paradise;" while he placed the wicked on his left, and said, "For these is hell." The first man who came from Adam's back was Mahomed, who said, "I declare there is no God but God, and I am his servant and prophet," having said which, he went to the right and took his place at the head of the elect. On this occasion God also took a covenant from the prophets to believe in Mahomed and to assist him. On the prophets passing before him, Adam observed one of them to be weeping very bitterly, and on enquiry, God told him it was David, who thus cried because his life had been limited to forty years; on which Adam requested that as 1000 years had been allotted to him as the term of his lifetime, sixty might be transferred to David. On Adam therefore reaching the age of 940 years the angel of death came to demand his soul, and on being reminded of his gift to David he pretended to have no recollection of it, whence he is called the "father of deception." In order to prevent like difficulties from real or pretended defects of memory, God

ordered through Seth that in future dealings, men should make their engagements in writing before witnesses, which is strictly observed among the Arabs to this day, and few nations are more business-like in such matters.

On Adam's expulsion from Paradise, he is said in his going to have exclaimed, "Oh Lord, in that abode of bliss I heard the voice of Angels, and I witnessed, how they went round thy throne singing thy praise;" and, in consequence, God mercifully sent an angel who took him into the sacred territory, and ordered him to build a place of worship, and instructed him in the proper ceremonies, which consisted in walking round the temple in the same manner as angels do round the throne of God. This is the origin of the Kaaba, of which the original is in heaven; in order that its design might be correct, God sent a likeness of it made in sheets of light, according to which it was constructed with materials brought from Mount Sinai, the Mount of Olives, and the hill of Hara near Mekka. This temple was destroyed in the flood, but was rebuilt by Abraham in its original position in the sacred country in which Mekka and Medina are supposed to be situated.

At the time of their expulsion from Paradise, Adam and Eve are supposed to have fallen in different parts of the earth; but on the occasion of the construction of the Kaaba by the former, he is said to have met Eve on a hill in the neighbourhood, which to this day is called "Arafat," or the place of recognition; and which is one of the holy places visited by Mussulmans on their pilgrimage to the holy city. Adam is supposed to have fallen in India, where he generally resided, as the country was so furnished that in it man was independent of the arts of life; he however performed the pilgrimage to Mekka regularly for forty years; Eve is supposed to have fallen in Arabia.

The Kaaba was rebuilt by Abraham when Ismael was about thirty years of age, its materials being taken from various sacred hills; on its completion, the patriarch proclaimed that it was the duty of all nations to perform pilgrimages to it, and he prayed God to send a prophet from among themselves to teach them the Koran; this was the origin of the pilgrimages to Mekka, which were scrupulously observed by the Arabs, and were in vogue at the time of Mahomed's birth. The Kaaba was afterwards destroyed by a local flood, and rebuilt in the time of Mahomed.

It is related that when Abraham expelled Hagar and Ismael he took them on his favorite steed, "Borak," and left them in the valley of Mekka, on the spot where the Kaaba had stood before the deluge, saying, "O Lord, I have caused some of my descendants to settle in an unfruitful valley near thy holy house, that they may be constant in prayer. Grant, therefore, that the hearts of some men may be affected with kindness towards them." Being thirsty, Hagar ran from hill to hill in search of water, but in vain; Ismael however began shuffling his feet in his impatience, when forthwith a copious spring of water gushed out; his mother in order to collect the precious stream, built a small wall of mud and stones, for which she was reproached by an angel with covetousness, and the spring in consequence became less abundant. This is the original well Zemzem, whose waters are held sacred to this day. The present well Zemzem was cleared out by Abdool-Muttalib the grandfather of Mahomed, to whom reference has already been made, and the Mussulmans surround it with curious legends; he is supposed to have had a vision ordering him to dig for the good, when he replied, "what is the good?" The next

night another voice commanded him to dig for the pure, when he replied, "what is the pure?" The third night he was told to dig for the perfume, when he asked, "what is the perfume?" On the fourth night, the voice said, "dig for the murmuring (Zemzem)," and he replied, "what is the Zemzem?" to which the voice replied, "it will not become dry, nor will it ever be despised; it will yield water for the great pilgrimage; it is between the dunghill and the blood near the rest of the raven with red beak and feet; it will be thy watering place and that of thy children." He understood these directions, and next day commenced a well in the slaughtering place, which is the favorite resort of the ravens. On the third day he found the masonry of an old well, whereupon he returned thanks to God, and exclaimed, "this is the well of Ismael;" this discovery led to disputes which were afterwards fostered by finding two golden gazelles and some arms in the old well which had been hidden by the Jorhamites: the matter was however soon settled, and the gazelles being beaten out adorned the door of the Kaaba. A plentiful supply of water was a great triumph to Abdool-Muttalib and led to the abandonment of all other wells in the city, it is now used by the immenso crowds of pilgrims who visit Mekka, though, according to all accounts, its water is brackish and not very pleasant to the taste.

At the time of the birth of Mahomed, Mekka had much declined from its ancient grandeur, and is supposed to have had only about 12,000 inhabitants, of whom some of the families were caravan merchants, while others devoted themselves to trades; it was, however, and had been from time immemorial, the scene of a yearly pilgrimage from all quarters of Arabia; the sacred object

of which, the Kaaba, was in the charge of Mahomed's grandfather, Abdool-Muttalib.

I would now propose to take a rapid review of the life and doings of Mahomed, the exact date of whose birth as has been before said, is a matter of some dispute; it may, however, be roughly fixed at about the year A.D. 570. Not content with a simple narrative of facts, the credulous superstition of the Arabs has thrown a halo of wonder round the infancy of their apostle, his birth being rich in prodigies, accompanied by signs in heaven and miracles on earth.

Agreeably to the custom of his time, he was sent out to nurse among the neighbouring Bedouin tribes, where he remained till about five years old, when he returned to his home; his mother Amina did not however long survive this event, but died on her return from a visit to her husband's relatives at Medina, when the prophet was about six years of age. In after years Mahomed visited his mother's tomb and wept bitterly over it, and on being asked the reason, replied, "This is the tomb of my mother; the Lord hath permitted me to visit it, and I asked leave to implore pardon for her, but it was not permitted; so I called her to remembrance, and the tender recollection of her overcame me, and I wept." This prohibition against praying for his mother is given in several traditions, and is a singular instance of the severity of his dogmas in regard to those who die in ignorance of the faith. On his mother's death he was brought back to Mekka by her slave woman Barakha, and resided with his grandfather; but on her death, at the age of eighty-two, about two years after, he was taken in charge by his uncle Abu Talib, who is said to have taken him to Syria on one of his caravan journeys. Mahomed did not marry till he was past twenty-five years of age, an

uncommon thing in a country where early marriages are the rule; but always excused himself on the score of poverty when pressed by his friends; he appears during these years to have employed himself in tending sheep at pasture, a humiliating calling among the Arabs, but he told his followers in after years that prophets were invariably selected from among shepherds, and instanced David, Moses, and others, as examples. About this time he was selected by a lady of wealth named Kadyjah to proceed to Syria in charge of a caravan she was fitting out, and on his return her susceptible heart being attracted by his youthful charms; she coyly offered her hand, which he readily accepted. There appears, however, to have been some difficulty in obtaining the consent of her papa, though she might have been considered of an age to judge for herself, as she is said to have been forty years old at the time; but this was overcome by the coy fair one, who induced the old gentleman to take a glass too much, and when in this happy state he united the young people; on recovering the next morning he was very angry but the lady soon pacified him. Kadyjah is considered the pattern of a Mussulman woman, and was a widow at the time of her marriage which was a singularly happy one, as she was an affectionate wife and Mahomed was very much attached to her, treating her we are told with the deference due to a mother, a tie that would probably not satisfy young ladies of the present day. During her life Mahomed took no other wife; the result of this marriage was two sons and four daughters, the only children he ever had; he however at different times adopted two other children, one being his little cousin Ali, then about five or six years of age, who afterwards married his youngest daughter Fatima, who is said to have been very beautiful, and was extolled by Mahomed as one of the four

perfect women with whom Allah had deigned to bless the earth. Ali was one of his earliest converts, and afterwards succeeded to the Caliphate; his other adopted son was a slave, by name Zeid, whom he married to his old servant Omm Ayman, an honor he did not greatly covet as she was more than double his age, and it was only on a promise of paradise that he consented.

Up to his fortieth year Mahomed devoutly worshipped the gods of his Fathers; he was of a serious and devout turn of mind, and always spent the month of Ramadhan in a cave near Mekka, where he fasted and spent the night in prayer, and on returning to the city he invariably walked seven times round the the Kaaba before going to his own house. About this time his doubts regarding idolatry appear to have reached their climax; he had for sometime been fully sensible of the grossness and absurdity of the idolatrous superstitions of his countrymen, and pondering over the purer religions of the Jews and Christians, he became imbued with the idea of religious reform; his fixed idea being that the true religion had been revealed to Adam at the creation and followed by him till the time of his fall. This religion which had inculcated the worship of the only one and true God had become corrupted, and had necessitated a succession of prophets, of whom the chief were Noah, Abraham, Moses, and our Lord; and he then considered that another was called for. With his habits of reverie working on a mind singularly prone to religious speculation, and with a fervent enthusiastic temperament, the idea took a firm and prominent hold on his mind, and he became subject to dreams and trances, at times loosing all consciousness and lying on the ground in a state of apparent insensibility. At length, however, what had only been shadowed in dreams, assumed a reality in his first

and famous divine revelation in his fortieth year, which took place in the cave on Mount Hara, where he was passing the month of Ramadhan in fasting and prayer; he described to his friends, that when lying in the silent watches of the night he heard a voice calling to him, and on uncovering his face a flood of light of such intolerable splendour shone around that he swooned; on recovering his senses he beheld an angel displaying a silken cloth covered with written characters, who commanded him to read; and on declaring his inability to do so, the angel replied, "Read in the name of the Lord, who has created all things, who created man from a clot of blood—Read in the name of the Most High, who taught man the use of the pen, who sheds on his soul the ray of knowledge and teaches him what before he knew not." Upon this his understanding was illumined with celestial light, and he read what was written on the cloth, which contained the decrees of God as afterwards promulgated in the Koran. After the perusal, the heavenly messenger announced "Oh, Mahomed, of a verity thou art the prophet of God, and I am his angel Gabriel." This night is called by the Arabs "Al Kader," or the "Divine Dream," and it was during it that the Koran, as related in itself, was brought down to the lowest heaven, whence it was communicated afterwards piecemeal to Mahomed; it is also on this night, that peace and holy quiet are said to reign over all nature till the rising of the moon.

In the morning Mahomed told Kadyjah all that had occurred, and she, consulting others of his friends and admirers, declared him to be a prophet. During the first three years of his ministry, he preached in secret to his followers in the ravines surrounding Mekka, being subject to interruption and insult from the rabble; on one

occasion they broke into the cavern where they were assembled and a scuffle ensuing, one of the assailants was wounded by Saad, an armourer, who was thenceforth renowned as the first who had shed blood in the cause of Islam. Besides his own family, his principal followers was a wealthy merchant of Mekka, named Abu Bekar, who enjoyed the highest confidence of his townsmen, and whose personal character is said to have increased the number of disciples, and to have thrown a mantle of protection round them. At first the Mekkans do not appear to have offered any active resistance, and to have used no other weapons than ridicule; his principal and bitterest opponent being his own uncle, Abu Talib, whose son had married Mahomed's daughter, and who on one occasion, when the prophet had had a revelation to preach openly, and had called his immediate tribe together, took up a stone to throw at him, when Mahomed cursed the hand raised in menance against him and doomed him to Jehanum, adding that his wife should bear the faggots to kindle the fire with.

At last, however, the animosity of the Koreish became so great that he was personally assaulted in the Kaaba; and finding the persecution did not decrease, after a time he commanded his followers to take refuge in Abyssinia, which they accordingly did under the leadership of his son-in-law, Othman, the numbers of the fugitives being eleven men and four women, who were subsequently increased to eighty-three men and eighteen women. This event happened in the fifth year of Mahomed's mission, and is called the first Hegira or flight, to distinguish it from the greater subsequent one, when the prophet himself fled from Mekka to Medina. Various proselytes were received from time to time, among the most notorious of whom were the pro-

phet's uncle, Hamza, and another relative, Omar, a man of prodigious strength and courage, whose influence was so great that from his accession is dated the open and fearless profession of Islam in Mekka. The Koreishites, however, became so alarmed at the growing influence of the new religion that they united in a solemn league not to intermarry with the Hashemites, and committing their resolution to writing deposited it in the Kaaba; whereupon the Hashemites retired to a quarter of the city called the "Sheb," or ravine of Abu Talib, which formed a natural fortification, where they resided in a state of blockade for about three years, at times being nearly starved for want of ordinary food. At length the sympathies of a large section of the Koreishites being excited, and some of Mahomed's friends having discovered that the parchment in the Kaaba was destroyed by white ants, his uncle Abu Talib, being then upwards of eighty years of age, issued forth and addressing the chief men, proposed that the agreement should be examined, and that if it were destroyed, the persecution should cease, but if it were intact he agreed to deliver up Mahomed to them, to do with as they pleased. This being agreed to, the parchment was produced, and being found eaten as was supposed, Mahomed was allowed to return to Mekka. This was about the tenth year of his mission, and in a few months afterwards he was overwhelmed by domestic affliction; first, in the death of his wife Kadyjah, in her sixty-fifth year; and secondly, in the loss of his uncle and faithful protector, Abu Talib. Although Mahomed was exceedingly attached to Kadyjah, and remained faithful to her during her life, he shortly after her death availed himself of the law which permitted a plurality of wives and married two at nearly the same time, one being Ayesha, about six or seven years old,

the daughter of his friend Abu Beker, and the other being Sawdah, an elderly widow, who had been nurse to his daughter Fatima. Ayesha is said to have been very beautiful, and exceedingly clever and cheerful, and she subsequently became his favorite, and exercised great influence over him in after life ; after his death, as she grew older, she became one of the most artful, intriguing, and cruel of women that ever disgraced her sex, and even during his life her conduct was not always the most discreet. The loss of his uncle was however his severest trial, as he had used his influence for the protection of the prophet, and though on his death-bed he succeeded in interesting some of his remaining relatives in his favor, persecution soon broke out a fresh, and being alarmed for his life, Mahomed, accompanied by his freedman, Zeid, fled to Tayef, a small town about seventy miles off, where he hoped to obtain proselytes and a safe asylum. He remained here about a month, but the people offering him personal violence, he was again obliged to take refuge in flight. Shortly after his return to Mekka occurred his wonderful revelation, called his night journey to Jerusalem, and thence to the seventh heaven ; it has remained a theme of comment and conjecture among devout Mahomedans to this day, and though it is not given in his exact words, but merely rests on tradition, it is supported by various texts scattered through the Koran.

The annual pilgrimage to Mekka, occurring about this time, Mahomed, who never missed the opportunity, preached his doctrines to the great crowds who flocked to the holy city ; and attracting the notice of certain inhabitants of Medina, they declared their belief in his prophetic mission, and on their return home he sent one of his most learned and influential disciples with them to sow the seeds

of Islamism in that city. At first the spread was not rapid, but it gradually gained ground till it forced its way into every household. On the next annual pilgrimage large numbers of his proselytes from Medina visited Mekka, when at a midnight meeting he claimed their protection which was freely accorded; this secret confederacy being discovered by the Koreish, their persecution reached its highest pitch. The prophet now promulgated the law which henceforth became the watchword of his religion, saying, "make war against unbelievers; strike off their heads and strike off the ends of their fingers. This shall they suffer because they have resisted God and his apostle." His followers, who at this time underwent imprisonment and torture, took the earliest opportunity to escape to Medina, but Mahomed, Ali, and Abu Beker, remained three months longer in Mekka. At length the Koreish assembled at the town-hall, and came to the determination of murdering him, and selecting a man from each tribe, they directed them to fall on him simultaneously, and each to thrust his sword well home, so that by dividing the crime among them, they would oblige his relations to forego their blood revenge. Hearing of this, he attempted to escape but such a sharp look out was kept, that he was foiled; at length however, learning that night was the time fixed for the deed, he managed to escape to Abu Beker's house, leaving Ali behind, who lay down on his bed at the usual hour of retiring and thus deceived the spies. Mahomed and Abu Beker quietly made their way out of the town and took refuge in a cave in a hill side about five miles off, where they remained three days and nights, until the first burst of the pursuit was over; it is related that while in the cave Abu Beker became alarmed, and remarked that they were but two while their pursuers were numerous; to which Mahomed calmly

replied, "Nay, there is a third, God is with us." At the end of three days finding the pursuit somewhat relaxed, they started on two camels and proceeded as expeditiously as possible, reaching Medina on 24th September, A. D. 622. Ali remained behind at Mekka for three days, meeting with no molestation, and ultimately took his departure for Medina. Such is the story of the memorable Hegira, or Flight of the prophet, the era of the Arabian Calendar, from which time is calculated by all true Moslems.

On arrival at Medina, Mahomed was escorted into the city by 500 of its richest inhabitants, seated on a camel, a parasol of palm leaves being held over his head, and an unfolded turban being displayed as a standard; cheered by their plaudits, his entry proved the sincerity and devotion of his friends and disciples. He was shortly afterwards joined by Ali, and within a few days arrived Ayesha and the rest of his family.

One of his first acts on arrival at Medina was to erect a mosque in which the faithful might assemble for the worship of God; originally it was a very unpretending edifice with earthen walls, the roof being composed of leaves supported by the stems of palm trees, but it has from time to time been enlarged and beautified, though it is still called the (Musjid-al-Nebi), or Mosque of the prophet. Here he preached to his followers during his life-time, and here he was buried when he died, and it is to his tomb here that his followers of the present day make pilgrimage. At first his doctrines breathed charity and good will towards all men, but as his power consolidated, his tune changed, and the mild voice of persuasion gave place to that of bigotry and fanaticism. "The sword," he exclaimed, "is the key of heaven and hell; a drop of blood shed in the cause of God, a night spent under arms, is of more avail than two

months of fasting and prayer; whosoever falls in battle his sins are forgiven, at the day of judgment his wounds shall be resplendent as vermillion, and as odoriferous as musk, and the loss of his limbs shall be replaced by the wings of Angels and Cherubims."

The 8th and 9th Chapter of the Koran, breathing the strongest spirit of pride and intolerance, were also preached at this time; everything in fact was done to inflame the passions and excite the cupidity of his followers, and impelled by these motives they became invincible. The caravans which the Koreish transported from Syria to Mekka were waylaid and plundered, until the indignation of his former persecutors was raised to the highest pitch, and supported by their allies, they directed their forces against him; but the battles of Beder, Ohud, and "the Nations," proved that the enthusiasm of his followers was capable of triumphing over any disparity of numbers. After residing some years in Medina, feeling a longing to revisit his native home, and aware of the importance of linking the sacred city with his religion, and the month of the annual pilgrimage being at hand, he received a timely revelation that he and his followers might safely avail themselves of the protection of the venerable custom to visit the holy shrine at Mekka. Laying aside their weapons, he started with a large concourse of followers, but the Koreish were suspicious of his motives; perceiving however the impolicy of warring against a man of such widely increasing influence, they entered into an agreement for ten years, allowing him and his followers free access to Mekka as pilgrims, with permission to reside there for periods not exceeding three days at a time; after the ratification of this treaty, he returned without visiting the holy places, much to the discontent of his followers.

Besides these expeditions, Mahomed led various others against the Jews, of which I would only propose to mention that against the fortress of Khaibar, as after its capture, he was very nearly falling a victim to poison, administered in his food by one of the captives, from the effects of which he suffered at times during the remainder of his life. At length, after observing the treaty with the Koreish as long as it was convenient to do so, he determined to take Mekka by surprise and prepared a secret expedition for the purpose, which was entirely successful; entering the city in the garb and with the humility of a pilgrim he proceeded at once to the sacred edifice which he purified of all symbols of idolatry, destroying no less than three hundred and sixty idols, and substituting in their stead the forms of his own faith. Besides this he undertook various other expeditions; among others, one of the conquest of Syria which he was obliged to abandon; and at length, about ten years after his flight, he expired at Medina at the age of sixty-three, after an illness of fourteen days. Finding his end drawing near, he proceeded to the mosque where seated on the pulpit, he exclaimed, "Is there any one among you whom I have stricken; here is my back, let him strike me in return. Is there any one whose character I have aspersed, let him cast reproach upon me. Is there any one from whom I have taken aught unjustly, let him now come forward and be indemnified." Upon which a man from the crowd reminded him of a debt of three dinars of silver, which was immediately repaid; the prophet observing, "much easier is it to bear punishment in this world, than throughout eternity." On returning to his house his malady increased, and on the following Friday, being too ill to perform the usual services in the mosque, he delegated Abu Beker for the purpose; but his absence

giving rise to a rumour of his death, he exerted himself and made his appearance, when he exhorted his followers, concluding in the words, "I do but go before you ; you will follow me. Death awaits us all ; let no one then seek to turn it aside from me, my life has been for your good, so will be my death."

These were the last words he spoke in public. On the next day his pains increased in violence, and after lying silent for sometime from exhaustion, he exclaimed, "Oh, Allah ! be it so, among the glorious associates in Paradise," and immediately expired in the arms of his favorite wife Ayesha. A few words, describing Mahomed's personal appearance and habits may not prove uninteresting here.

He was of middle height and of broad frame, fleshy but not stout. His head was of unusual size, but was concealed by long flowing locks. His complexion was fair for an Arab ; his forehead was broad ; his nose was prominent and slightly hooked ; his mouth being large, but filled with a good set of teeth ; his eyes were bloodshot, and between them there was a conspicuous vein which throbbed when he was angry ; he clipped his moustache, but wore a long beard, which hung down to his collar bone. His gait was awkward and his movement stiff ; he is said to have stooped, and to have been slightly humpbacked, having a fleshy tumour on his shoulder the size of a pigeon's egg, which his followers accepted as the seat of his prophetic mission.

He was careful of his personal appearance, and is said to have dyed his beard to conceal the grey hairs which were remarkably few, in deference to the wishes of his wives, many of whom were young and giddy ; he is said to have been partial to perfumes, and to have forbidden any one who had been eating garlic or onions from coming into his place of worship. When ill he was nervous and sobbed

like a woman in hysteria; his good wife Ayesha politely said he roared like a camel.

He was plain in his dress; and his food was of the simplest, though he is said to have had a partiality for knuckle or shoulder of mutton, and one dish consisting of bread soaked in gravy, was such a favorite with him, that he compared it to his beloved wife Ayesha.

He was superstitious and believed in Jinns and chances of all kinds, though with regard to omens he was more sensible, admitting the lucky, but forbidding belief in the unlucky, ones. He rose daily with the sun, retiring early in the evening, but passing a great part of the night in prayer. He was very careful in all religious observances; repeating his prayers at the stated times, and invariably repeating grace before and after meals. He was kind to women and is said never to have beaten one; to his followers he was affable, shaking hands at meeting, and forbidding them to rise at his approach; the mildness of his countenance is said to have inspired universal confidence; his conversation was easy and pleasant as long as secular subjects were under discussion; but on religion being introduced he became grave and solemn. I could go on for an hour if I repeated the many little trivialities treasured up by his followers; but the above will suffice to enable us to picture to ourselves this prophet of the Arab, who according to his own frequent admission, was a man of like passions with ourselves, showing the amiable foibles and selfish virtues of mankind.

I would now propose to notice the Koran as far as my limited time will allow me.

The word Koran is derived from the Arabic word "Karaa," and properly signifies "the reading," or rather "that which ought to be read;" it is used by Mahomedans

to mean either the whole book or any particular chapter of it. It embodies, as we all know, the revelations and commands which Mahomed professed to have received through the angel Gabriel as direct messages from God, and is received by his followers as containing every information in the shape of precept and instruction for the spiritual welfare of mankind. At the time of the inspirations, or shortly after, each passage was dictated by Mahomed, and written down by such one of his disciples as happened to be present.

These divine messages continued throughout his prophetic life of twenty-three years, the last portion only appearing in the very year of his death; they were originally written on such substances as first came to hand, such as palm leaves, leather, stones, and even on shoulder blades of mutton; at the time of writing they were given over to Hapsha, from whom they were received by his favorite wife Ayesha, who kept them in a box. During his lifetime no written collection of them was made, but they were preserved in the memory of his followers, many of whom are said to have been able to repeat the entire revelation with the greatest accuracy.

About two years after Mahomed's death, his successor, the Caliph Abu Beker, noticing the number of deaths in battle of the most renowned reciters, collected and published the various chapters in a written form, which were again revised by the Caliph Othman, in the thirteenth year of the Hegira, on account of the great discrepancies he observed in the existing copies.

This sacred book, is held in the greatest veneration by Mahomedans, who attribute to it many cabalistic virtues. They will not allow it to be read by persons of a different religion; they peruse it with the greatest respect, never

hold it below their girdles, and before reading it always perform the legal ablutions. They swear by it, consult it on all important occasions, carry it into battle, inscribe its verses on their banners, coins, and in conspicuous places in their mosques to remind them of their duties. They call it "the true book," "the word of God," "the director of men and demons," "the quintessence of all sacred composition," and not only the greatest miracle, but the spiritual treasury of 60,000 miracles. They have also computed the number of verses, words, and letters it contains, and the number of times different letters occur.

The Koran is divided into 114 Chapters, called by the Arabs "Sura," a word only applied to this purpose; these chapters are not distinguished by numbers, but by various titles according to the subject they treat of, such as the Cow, Woman, Jonas, Abraham, the Bee, the Ant, those who give short Measure or Weight, the Slanderer, the Most High, the Sun, the Fig, and so on.

After the title, with one exception, is prefixed to all chapters the Bismillah, "In the name of the most merciful God:" a form of expression used in the beginning of all books or writings generally, its omission being considered an impiety. The language of the Koran is looked upon by the Arabs as the standard of elegance and purity, which the most orthodox considered inimitable and regard as a miracle greater even than raising the dead. Its materials are apparently borrowed from the Jewish and Christian scriptures, the legends of the Talmud, the apocryphal gospels then current in the East, and the traditions of Arabic and Persian mythology, all heaped together without any fixed principle or visible connexion; its great design appears to have been to unite the possessors of the three different religions then followed in Arabia, of whom the greater proportion were

idolaters, and the rest Jews and Christians not remarkable for their orthodoxy. The name given by Mahomed to the religion he preached was "Islam," signifying resignation to the service and commands of God; and he declared the whole substance of his doctrine to be briefly confined to two articles of faith, viz., that there is but one God, and, that he himself was the apostle of God; in consequence of which latter article, all ordinances and institutions established by him are obligatory and must be received as of divine authority.

Mahomedans divide their religion into two parts; 1st, "Iman," meaning faith, which is theoretical; and 2nd, "Deen," meaning religion, which is practical; these are said to rest on five fundamental points, of which one appertains to faith, the other four to practice. The first is a confession of faith, that "there is no God but the true God, and that Mahomed is his apostle;" which is again subdivided into six branches, or belief, in God, in his angels, in his Scripture, in his prophets, in his resurrection and day of judgment, and in God's absolute decree, and predestination both of good and evil.

The four points of practice are—Prayer, with its purifications, Alms, Fasting, and the Pilgrimage to Mekka.

The belief in angels is imperative; and their denial amounts to infidelity; they are supposed to be pure and free from human frailties, and they have various duties assigned to them, such as the adoration of the Almighty, intercession for men, and the recording of their actions. Four of them however are of greater prominence, viz., Gabriel, who is honored with God's confidence and writes his decrees; Michael, the protector of the Jews; Azrael, the angel of death; and Israfael (Raphael), who will sound the last trumpet at the resurrection. Besides these, each man is at-

tended by two guardian angels who record his actions, and are changed daily, and who are therefore called *Al Moak-kibât*, or the angels who continually succeed one another.

The devil, who is called *Eblis*, on account of his despair, was formerly one of the angels nearest God's presence, and called *Azazael*, but fell for refusing to pay homage to Adam at his command.

In addition to angles, the *Koran* inculcates the belief in an intermediate order, called *Jinns* or *Genii*, who are of grosser fabric, requiring food and being subject to death; they are of two kinds, the good and the evil, and as they are liable to future salvations and damnation, Mahomed declared his mission related to them as well as to mortals.

Mahomed also declares that God at divers periods made revelations of his will in writing to various prophets, the number of sacred books being 101; of which ten were given to Adam, fifty to Seth, thirty to Enoch, and ten to Abraham; the other four being the *Pentateuch*, the *Psalms*, the *Gospel*, and the *Koran*, which were given to Moses, David, our Saviour, and Mahomed, respectively; the *Koran* being the last that is to be expected. All the others, except those four last, are said to be lost, and their contents unknown; and of these all are rejected except the *Koran*, as they are said to be so corrupted and altered as to be untrustworthy.

The next article of faith is the resurrection and final judgment, which has been adorned with many legends, the day being ushered in with vast solemnity. When a corpse is laid in the grave it is catechised by two angles of frightful aspect, named *Munkir* and *Nakir*, who direct the dead to sit up and answer as to the soundness of their faith; if the reply is satisfactory, the body is allowed to rest in peace and to be refreshed by the air of Paradise; but if it is

not so, various torments commence, such as being beaten on the temples with iron mallets, or being gnawed by frightful dragons till the day of resurrection. This intermediate state before the judgment is left in obscurity; but certain learned Mussulmans have exercised their ingenuity in describing the various occupations of the soul during its continuance, which they call "Al Barzakh." They divide the souls of the faithful into three classes, the first being those of Prophets which have immediate entrance to Heaven; the second those of martyrs which inhabit the gizzards of green birds, who feed on the fruit and drink of the waters of paradise; but with regard to the third class, considerable differences of opinion exist; some fixing their abodes near their graves, whence the custom of visiting the tombs of relatives; while others say they remain with Adam in the lowest heaven; and some locate them in the trumpet of the Archangel, or in the well Zemzem. Infidels are shut up in a pit in the province of Hadramant, where they suffer torment till the day of judgment.

Mahomed wisely refrained from fixing the date of the resurrection, which he stated was a secret known to the Almighty alone; the angel Gabriel, even when asked, having frankly confessed his ignorance. The awful catastrophe will however be preceded by various phenomena, such as the relapse of the Arabs to their ancient idolatry, the demolition of the Kaaba; the speaking of birds, beasts, and inanimate things; the immediate signal being three blasts of a trumpet. The first, the blast of consternation, will strike terror into the whole creation, and even darken the sun and unsphere the stars; the second, called the blast of extermination, will be the harbinger of death to all living beings, not excepting the angel Azrael; and after a pause of forty years, the third

or blast of resurrection will sound, when all the scattered particles of humanity, even to the very hairs will reunite, and angels, genii, men, and animals, will all be recalled to life ; the first fruits of the grave being Mahomed himself.

After this follows the judgment, when each individual will be required to state minutely all the circumstances of his life, and to confess how he spent his time, accumulated his wealth, or employed his talents. He will be at liberty to make the best story he can, and even to inculcate others as the authors or partakers of his guilt ; even the soul and body will be allowed to dispute their respective shares of criminality ; and the most exact measure of justice will be observed, the good and evil deeds being weighed accurately in a balance, of which one scale will hang over paradise, and the other over hell, and as the beam preponderates so will be the doom. Any person injured by another, will be allowed to claim compensation by taking a certain number of his good deeds to make up his own short-comings.

Another perilous trial which awaits all, without distinction, is the passage of the famous bridge, (Al Sirat,) or the strait, which spans the awful abyss of hell, and is represented to be finer than a hair and sharper than the edge of a sword. This frightful path is rendered more difficult by thorns and briers ; but the faithful will find no impediments, but will cross with ease and safety, Mahomed and his daughter Fatima leading the way, every one being commanded to bow his head during the passage of the lady. To the wicked these obstacles will prove fatal, and missing their footing, they will be plunged into the upper or mildest hell, where their term of expiation will vary from 900 to 7000 years, after which they are supposed to be purged and received into paradise ; the eternity of punishment being reserved for infidels alone.

Certain distinctions are also laid down with regard to paradise; Mahomed being the first to enter, and the poor being admitted 500 years before the rich. The measure of felicity also is nicely proportioned, the most eminent degree being reserved for the prophets, after whom come the doctors and teachers of mosques, then the martyrs, and lastly the common herd of believers. The celestial joys are chiefly addressed to the indulgence of luxury and appetite, such as rivers of water, trees of gold, tents of rubies and emeralds, beds of musk, the richest garments, &c.; hungry saints will be satisfied with loaves as large as the globe, or with livers of fish, of which one lobe would suffice to feed 70,000 men; they will be served on golden dishes by 300 attendants. Wines, forbidden in this life, may be freely partaken, and that, without risk of the consequences. The "Tooba," or tree of happiness, which is so large that the swiftest horse cannot gallop from one end of its shadow to the other in 100 years, and bearing all the most delicious fruits, of wonderful size, and relish, will extend its branches over the couch of each believer and invite him to pluck its vintage; the ear also will be ravished with the melodious songs of angels and houris; and when to this is added that even the humblest of the faithful will have for his portion seventy-two damsels, whose charms eclipse all other glories, with complexions as bright as rubies, and eyes resembling "pearls hidden in their shells," and whose affections will never wander to others than their husbands, we may conceive the delight to which the voluptuous Mussulman looks forward as his chief felicity in the world to come. Women also will share in the joys of paradise, their actions undergoing the same scrutiny and receiving the same reward or punishment as the nobler sex; the belief that Mahome-

dans deny to woman the possession of a soul being a vulgar error.

The sixth great point of faith is predestination, or God's absolute decree of good or evil. The orthodox doctrine is that whatever hath, or shall, come to pass, in this world, whether it be good, or whether it be evil, proceedeth entirely from the divine will, and is irrevocably fixed and recorded from all eternity in the preserved table. This tablet is made of white pearl and extends from east to west, and from earth to heaven, and on it all the decrees of God are recorded, as also all events, past, present and to come, to all eternity; it is kept under the guardianship of angles. Mahomed freely availed himself of this doctrine for the advancement of his designs; encouraging his followers to fight without fear for the propagation of their faith, by representing that all caution could not avert their inevitable destiny, or prolong their life for a moment. This doctrine has formed a subject of considerable dispute among Mahomedan divines and has given rise to various sects.

I will now touch briefly on the practical branch, which comprehends the four fundamental duties—of Prayer, Alms, Fasting, and Pilgrimage to Mekka. Prayer is the most important duty of Mahomedans, and is declared to be "the pillar of religion," and the key of paradise; its use is enjoined five time daily at stated hours, at daybreak, mid-day, after-noon, sun-set, and midnight; at these hours the public criers proclaim from the minarets of mosques, "God is great! God is great! there is but one God! there is but one God! Mahomed is his prophet; Come to prayer;" adding in the morning, "Prayer is better than sleep!" At the time of prayer the devout lay aside all ornament and appear in humble but cleanly apparel, turning their faces towards the Kaaba. Various ceremonies and attitudes are:

prescribed, sitting, standing, kneeling, and with the face to the earth; seventeen prostrations daily are also ordered, two being performed at morning, three at the evening, prayer, and four at each of the other times. Women are not allowed to pray in public, but are obliged to do so at home, or if at the mosque they must do so when men are not present. In imitation of the Christian and Jewish faith, Mahomed set apart one day in seven, choosing Friday for this purpose; many motives are assigned for the selection, but it was most probably an arbitrary choice, the principal reason in its favor being its difference from the two other existing religions; its observance however is not enforced with any particular strictness.

Ablution is an indispensable qualification for prayer, without which it cannot be acceptable; many forms are laid down for it, which time will not allow of my enumerating; it may be performed with water of any kind or form, provided it is pure to taste and smell, and when water is not procurable, sand, dust, or ashes, may be substituted.

Charity or alms-giving is frequently and strongly recommended in the Koran; it is divided under the heads of legal and voluntary; the former is fixed at a certain percentage on capital or estate, and is an indispensable obligation; the latter, as its name implies, is left to each man's conscience. Fasting is also recommended as a means of prevention of offence, but not as a punishment; the month of Ramzan is specially set apart for abstinence, and during its thirty days the faithful are not allowed to taste food or drink, to smell perfumes, to bathe, or even breathe the air too freely, between daybreak and sunset. Besides the above, certain kinds of food, all spirits and gambling are prohibited, as are also usury and the crime of infanticide, which was very common at that time in Arabia.

The Koran also forms the basis of all Mussulman civil and criminal law, but time will only allow of a cursory glance at the chief points. Polygamy, as we all know, is lawful among the faithful, but the number of wives is restricted to four; Mahomed himself only being relieved from this restriction, the revelation of his immunity being announced to his followers in the 33rd chapter of the Koran. Marriage also within certain limits of consanguinity is illegal, so that the disinclination of forming this tie with one's grandmother is not confined to the present generation. Divorce also is allowable by Mussulman law, and great liberty is given to the true believer of ridding himself of any tie that may be irksome; women thus divorced are permitted to re-marry under certain restrictions. Laws relating to infancy, succession, and dowry are laid down in the 4th chapter, and directions for drawing out wills and for the disposal of property are given in the following one; all children whether legitimate or not being allowed to inherit on equal terms. Rules for drawing out contracts, and for regulating the number and description of witnesses are clearly defined. For the discouragement of murder, theft, and various other crimes against the person different punishments are laid down, which though well worthy of examination, must be passed over from want of time.

The injunction of warring against infidels is repeatedly referred to, and declared to be of high merit in the sight of God. Those who are slain fighting in defence of the faith receive the crown of martyrdom, and immediate admittance to paradise; this was not however promulgated by Mahomed till he was sufficiently established to put it in practice; it has, however, as it was intended, stood him and his successors in good stead. Laws for the division of booty, indispensable in a religion which promulga-

ted its doctrines at the point of the sword, are also clearly defined.

The Koran was admirably suited for a rude people, but as the power and importance of the religious movement became more extended, it became necessary to supplement the laws it laid down; which was done, by selecting a number of the prophet's traditional sayings, preserved by his wives and immediate companions, which were collected and called the "Sonna," which means "custom." After the death of Mahomed schisms arose leading to the formation of various sects, of which the Soonces and Sheeahs are the principal; the former call themselves orthodox and believe in the Sonnas or traditions, and consequently acknowledge the authority of the first four Caliphs, from whom these traditions were derived; they were however unable to agree among themselves, and appealed to the decision of four eminent doctors of the law, who lived in the first and second centuries of the Hegira, and whom they called their four Imams, or high priests. These as might be supposed, differed in various points, and gave rise to as many sects, which honor, tolerate, and respect each other.

The Soonces also all agree that there must always be a visible Imam, or spiritual and temporal chief of Islamism; for some time it was held that he must be descended from the Koreish tribe, but for the last three centuries the dignity has been held by the Sultan of Constantinople.

The Sheeahs uphold the high doctrine of indefeasible and hereditary right, and contend that Ali, the fourth Caliph, the cousin and son-in-law of Mahomed, ought to have been his immediate successor; and they consequently repudiate as usurpers his three predecessors, Abu Beker, Omar, and Othman. They call Ali "the vicar of god," and estimate

his authority as almost equal to that of Mahomed himself. They have also certain traditions, but reject those of the Soonees, and only admit those that are verified by any one of their twelve Imams, who consist of Ali, with his two sons, Hassan and Hosein, with their nine following immediate descendants, the last of whom the Imam Mehnd, is supposed by the Sheeahs to be still living though invisible; it having been predicted that he will return to rule and judge the world, punishing sinners and backsliders, and restoring and confirming the precious truth of religion with piety, justice, and every other virtue. They contend that the title of Imam can be given to no other person than the twelve they acknowledge.

Although the sword of the Mahomedan has for ages ceased to alarm the world, the number of followers of its religion has suffered no diminution; it is not possible to estimate them with any degree of accuracy, but considering the subject of religion geographically, we may remember that as Christianity has unlimited influence in Europe, so Islamism is the dominant religion of Asia; and that as the Christian faith has considerable weight in America, Mahomedanism has its proportionate sway in Africa.

In Tartary a great portion of the population are followers of Mahomed: in the Crimea the people are all Mussulmans: in independent Tartary, over the immense tract extending from the Caspian sea to about 870 miles eastward, with a breadth of about 1,500 miles, the Mahomedan religion is universally followed; it is also tolerated in China.

In Persia the established religion is Islamism of the sect of Ali or Sheeah as it is called; the original fire-worshippers or followers of Zoroaster having been entirely expelled. On its first introduction into the country the Soonee and

Sheeah sects fluctuated, but in the year 1499, the reigning king proclaimed the Sheeah faith to be the national religion, which it has remained ever since.

In Algiers, Tunis and Tripoli, Mahomedanism is the prevailing religion; from Arabia and Egypt it has spread to the eastern and southern parts of Africa, and was communicated to Madagascar; it is the established religion of the Empire of Morocco, and of western Barbary, as also in several kingdoms in the interior of Africa; it also prevails in Egypt, Syria, and every part of the Turkish Empire.

In the early age of the Caliphate, the Saracenic conquerors of Persia passed into Hindostan, but it was not till the time of Mahomed of Ghuznee that Mahomedanism was well established; it has, however, spread since then to the Malayan peninsula, to Sumatra, Java, Borneo, and the Manillas; the little Isle of Goram, one of the Molucca Isles, being apparently the eastern boundary of the Mahomedan world. In speaking at large of the Moslems of India, it may be remarked that the princes as well as most of the chiefs are Soonees, while the great body are Sheeahs, being descendants of the Persians, who were the original conquerors of the country. It is not possible to estimate with accuracy the number of its followers, scattered as they are over the country, but they may be calculated at from ten to fifteen millions, the majority of whom trace a foreign ancestry, though the converts from Hindooism are very numerous. The faithful in India are not only more lax in the performance of their religious duties than their brethren in Persia, Arabia, and Turkey, but they have greatly corrupted the purity of their faith by adopting some of the ancient customs of the Hindoos by whom they are surrounded.

Having now arrived in India, I would propose to notice some of the principal customs as followed by the Mussulmans there, as they are those with whom we are brought mostly into contact. They divide themselves into four great classes, calling themselves Syud, Sheikh, Mogul, and Pathan, sometimes called Afghans. Originally they are all said to have been Sheikhs, but the divisions of classes have gradually sprung up, and are thus traditionally accounted for.

On a certain day Mahomed was sitting with Ali, his son-in-law, and daughter, "Fatima," together with their two children, Hassan and Hosein, when the angel Gabriel descended from heaven, and holding a sheet over them, declared that those then present and their descendants should be "Syuds," or lords, princes, or nobles.

The "Sheikhs," which signifies "Chief," divide themselves into the three branches; the Koreishee, of which are Mahomed and his descendants; the Sideekce, or descendants of Abu Beker; the Forooke, or descendants of the Caliph Omar.

The Moguls thus claim their origin. When the prophet Isaac was blessing Esau, he declared that his race should be monarchs and would form a society or *gol* among themselves, paying no respect or honor to any one, whence they are called the people of the *gol*, which has become corrupted into Mogul, the term now in use; they divide themselves into two, the Irani, or Persians, who are Sheeahs; and the Toorani, or Turkish, who are Soonees.

The Pathans claim descent from Jacob, their origin is thus related. On the occasion of one of his numerous battles, the prophet selected ten champions of rank to take the field, but these being killed, he directed the people to choose their own leader from among themselves, and on

his being victorious, the prophet honored him with the title of Futt'han (meaning conqueror), which in course of time has been corrupted to Pathan. They sub-divided themselves into numerous tribes according to their descent, such as Yasoofydee, from Joseph, Lodeo from Lot, and so on.

Various rites and ceremonies are performed for every Mussulman from the moment of his birth, some even preceding that event; it will neither be profitable nor does time admit of our enquiring into all, but I would notice the chief, which is that of naming the child, and which is generally performed on the day of its birth. If its father be a Syud, it has the title Syud or Meer prefixed to its name, as Syud Ali, or Meer Ahmed; but as it grows up the honorary titles are usually dropped. If the child be a Sheikh, the following additions are made, before or after its name, Khoaja, Gholam, Mahmoud, Deen, Buksh, Aleo, Sheikh, Abd, or Oolla. If it be the son of a Mogul, he is distinguished by the affixes of Mirza, Beg, and Aga; and the Pathans invariably add the word Khan after their names, in remembrance of that honorary title given by the prophet to their founder. In the same way certain affixes are made to the names of female children.

There are various ways of selecting the names of their children; for instance, sometimes the name of a celebrated ancestor, or of the family tutelary saint is chosen; sometimes certain learned men assemble at an auspicious hour, and opening the Koran at random, select the first letter of the page which first presents itself, choosing the name beginning with this letter that appears most appropriate; again a number of names are written on slips of paper, and put into a handkerchief, when the one drawn at random is adopted. Sometimes the initial or terminal letter of the planet in whose hour the child is born, is taken as the com-

mencement of its name; and tables are drawn out for this purpose, showing the planetary influence of each hour of every day of the week.

Besides that of selecting a name, various ceremonies are observed on the third, sixth, or ninth day following the child's birth; and again on the fortieth day, when sacrifice is performed, and the child has its head shaved and is installed in due state in its cradle. Other ceremonies also take place at the age of four and seven months, and also on the occasion of cutting its first tooth, and when it first begins to crawl. At the age of four years, four months, and four days, the ceremony of Bismillah, or pronouncing the name of God is performed; and between the ages of seven and fourteen years, the child receives the outward and visible sign of Mahomedanism. I cannot, however, enumerate all the many occasions, the character of which differ but slightly, and consist principally of reading the Koran, dancing, and feasting.

Marriage is generally solemnized when the youth is about eighteen and the lady thirteen or fourteen years of age, but many are married at an earlier period, even as young as six or seven years old, but in this case it becomes but little better than a betrothal; the ceremonies of marriage are very tedious, and I shall pass them over without further notice. There are also various religious feasts and fasts, of which I will give a brief outline of the most familiar to us.

The first is the Mohurram-kee-Eed or Feast, which was in existence before Mahomed's time, and which he adopted with ten additional customs, such as bathing, wearing fine linen, fasting, prayers, alms, &c. On the tenth day of this feast various events are said to have happened, such as the descent of Adam and Eve on earth, and the creation

of the different hells and heavens of the prophet, which add greatly to the sanctity of this month. The festival commences on the first appearance of the new moon and lasts for twelve days; and it is now held in commemoration of the martyrdom of Hassan and Hosein, the sons of Ali, who were murdered; the latter on the tenth day of the month, the former being poisoned some time before. The principal ceremony is the procession of the bier, (Taboot or Tazeeh,) which is made of a bamboo framework covered with colored paper and tinsel, and is supposed to represent the mausoleum erected over Hosein's remains; this is carried in solemn procession through the principal roads or streets of the neighbourhood, and finally being divested of its finery, is thrown into the nearest pond or river; there are many other ceremonies, but this is the principal visible one.

The first thirteen days, called the Tayra Tayzeo, of the second month, are considered unlucky, on account of the prophet having been indisposed at this period on one occasion; certain rites are celebrated not worth notice, but the time is considered so inauspicious that should a marriage take place during its continuance, the bride and bridegroom, are not allowed to see one another.

The next observance is the Bara Wafat—from bara, twelve, and wafat, death—which occurs in the third month, and is held in commemoration of the death of the prophet, which took place on the twelfth day of this month; it is the duty of the faithful to celebrate the event with great solemnity, and its virtues are said to surpass that of all other festivals; its ceremonies consist of prayer, processions, and offerings.

The anniversary of the celebrated Miraj, or journey of the prophet to heaven, is also commemorated; it is ob-

served by reading the most famous description of the event, and by fasting, but is not of common observance, being confined principally to the learned and devout.

In the eighth month the Shub-e-Barat is observed, in honor of the Book of Record, in which is registered annually all the actions of men which they are to perform during the ensuing year; it is said that the record is made by God on the thirteenth night of this month, whence its name, which means "the night of the record."

The Ramzan-ka-Rosa or Fast, is observed during the ninth month, which is supposed to be sacred on account of the descent from heaven during it of the Koran; from the first appearance of the new moon till that of its successor, it is unlawful to break one's fast between day-break and sunset; certain exceptions are however made in favor of sick or old people, and also of travellers, but its observance is strongly inculcated and numerous blessings promised to those who keep it strictly. The twenty-seventh night of this month, called the Lylut-ool-kudur, or night of honor, is especially revered by sitting up all night, repeating prayers and praises of God, and burning incense. On those who remain awake all night, the angels from heaven continue showering down every hour the peace and blessings of God until sunrise. The excellencies of this night are innumerable.

On the first day of the tenth month is celebrated the Ramzan-ka-Eed, which is the feast terminating the fast just described; it is observed by attendance at prayer at the Eedgah, and afterwards by firing off guns and other enjoyments.

On the ninth day of the twelfth month is observed the Bukr-eed, also called Koorbanee or sacrifice, in commemoration of Abraham's sacrifice of his son Ismael, who is

substituted by Mussulmans for Isaac. On this occasion, sheep, oxen, or camels are sacrificed by those that can afford it, and in some cases if too poor they club together; it is supposed that those who observe the sacrifice will be carried by the animals they offer over the famous bridge which leads to paradise.

Besides these there are various saint's days, which vary with different parts of the country, and may be passed over without remark. I would, however, propose to notice some of the superstitions which are common to the Mussulmans of India; and which are curious as exhibiting a gross state of ignorance.

For instance, if a person be measured for a new suit of clothes on a

Sunday, he will be sorrowful and crying.

Monday, he will have ample food and provisions.

Tuesday, his clothes will be burnt.

Wednesday, he will enjoy happiness and tranquillity.

Thursday, it will be good and propitious.

Friday, it will be well.

Saturday, he will experience numerous troubles and misfortunes. In the same way, if he first put on his new clothes on any of these days, he will experience good or bad fortune of similar kinds; and probably, one would prefer adopting Wednesday for this purpose, when he is promised readily to obtain a new suit, to Monday, when his clothes are sure to tear. Similarly, if new clothes are put on in the morning, the wearer will become wealthy and fortunate; if at noon, the appearance will be elegant; if at sunset, the owner will become wretched; and if in the evening, he will continue so.

There are also certain rules laid down regulating the cut of clothes; the length of the beard is also regulated, and

should never be less than the length of a fist, the moustache being either clipped or clean shaven. It is stated (in the huddees) that should a person not preserve his beard, he will rise on the day of judgment with a black face like that of a hog, and if he kept his moustache of such length that in drinking he wets them, the water of the fountain of paradise will be denied him, and the hair will on the last day become like so many spits, so that should he attempt to make obeisance (*sijdah*) they will prevent his forehead reaching the ground.

Again, certain penalties or rewards are promised to bathers on certain days of the month; the observance on a Sunday bringing affliction with it, while on a Friday it offers forgiveness of sins. For shaving also, four days of the week, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, are preferable, the other three being evil and inauspicious.

In addition to these, certain restrictions are put on food, very similar to those of the old Levitical law; they are founded on the distinction of cloven feet, chewing the cud, and animals of prey; the sheep, goat, deer, rabbit and cow, being lawful, while the donkey is forbidden; those with canine teeth, such as the hog, wolf, jackal, tiger, hyena, &c., are also unlawful; while among birds those which seize their prey with their claws and wound with the beak, are forbidden, such as the hawk, kite, crow, bat, owl, &c.; the duck, partridge, quail, pigeon, &c., being legal; locusts are also allowed to be eaten, but reptiles are to be avoided. Fish also are in like manner distinguished, the alligator, turtle, frog, &c., being declared unfit for food.

Wine, opium, and fermented liquors are also forbidden; and in drinking water it is directed that it shall be performed in a standing position, except in three cases, which are of a religious character.

Finally, my friends, the Mussulman dies and even then he is not freed from forms and ceremonies, which follow him even to the tomb; having, however, brought him to this point we will be more Christian, and leave him there: and I hope that in having thus traced him from the cradle to the grave, we have not passed an altogether unpleasant or unprofitable hour.

THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY OF 1857.

Delivered on Tuesday, June 6th, 1865. BY MAJOR MEDLEY, R.E.

I AM going this evening to try to tell you the story of the Great Indian Mutiny; to describe as well as I can the events of the most memorable year in Anglo-Indian history, and one of the most memorable years in the history of England herself. There are not I think many people in the room to-night who were actually engaged in the events of that year, and it is probable therefore that the greater number of you have not been sufficiently interested to extract for yourselves a connected account of them from the columns of old newspapers, or the swarm of books which those events called forth. For, indeed, no connected history has yet been written, one volume only of Mr. Kaye's great work having as yet appeared. So that beyond a general idea that the sepoy's mutinied and that they got a good licking, it is probable that few of you know much either of the causes of that struggle or of the series of events by which God in his goodness gave us the victory. Yet the annals of that year may well make us proud of the name of Englishmen, for I believe, with Mr. Kaye, that if it was because we were English that we got into the mess, it was because we were English that we got out of it. I, like

a few others now in this room, had the good fortune to take a very humble part in two of the greatest of those events, and if I lay an undue stress on the scenes with which I was more immediately concerned, it will be only because I can naturally describe best what I have actually seen. To read a tiger story in a book of Indian travels may be interesting, but it is perhaps more interesting to hear it from one who was near enough to get scratched, and who tells you that he was in a horrible fright at the time.

The beginning of the year 1857 saw India at peace. The Persian war had just been concluded by the treaty of Bushire, and the troops were returning to Bombay. The Punjab, Oudh, and Pegu, our three frontier provinces, were as quiet as possible, and though India had been engaged in a series of campaigns for 20 years, it was difficult to imagine where we could find another enemy. Officers and soldiers seemed generally to think that their occupation was gone, and many wished they were with the force that was being sent to China to avenge our disasters on the Peiho. No doubt to some few wise men, there were not wanting signs and omens of the coming storm, but Englishmen are fond of grumbling, and there are always some cronkers who make themselves delightfully miserable. To the great mass of us, whether soldiers, officers, or civilians, there was nothing to look forward to on the 9th May, 1857, but the usual tedium of an Indian hot weather, with tatties and punkahs, and ice for those who were lucky, or a pleasant trip to the Hills for those who were luckier still. Then suddenly on the 10th May, the storm burst upon us in all its fury, and men braced themselves up to meet it as Englishmen alone can do.

But we must first go back a little and take a brief survey of what caused the storm. The Sepoy army, when first

raised in India, had been looked upon as a mere auxiliary force to the European troops, but English soldiers were dear and recruiting was often difficult; sepoy were cheap and easily levied. So with every fresh extension of the empire came an additional increase to the Native army, but with little or no increase to the white regiments, until in 1857 there were not less than 250,000 native troops, out-numbering ten times the weak English force, and including some 300 Regiments of Cavalry and Infantry, or Batteries of Artillery, distributed throughout the three Presidencies. The service was very popular and honorable; the recruits were drawn from the most respectable families of the country, and from the finest classes of men, and it is impossible to deny that in a long series of years they had amply justified the confidence of Government. Those who would decry the services of that army, and say, as I have heard some say, that they were worthless, simply show their own ignorance of history, and are not very complimentary either to the Officers who trained and led them, or to the English Army, which finally vanquished them. They fought badly during the mutiny campaigns because they distrusted each other, they had no confidence in their cause, and finally they had lost their English leaders. I think it is an Asiatic proverb which says, "that a herd of sheep led by a lion, will beat a herd of lions led by a sheep," and which at any rate expresses what all Asiatics know well that they require leading by men of a superior race. No, let not the siege of Arcot be forgotten, when Clive's little garrison was almost starved, and his Sepoys came to beg that their share of rice might be given to the white soldiers who required it, while they would be content with the water in which the rice had been boiled; nor Sir David Ochterlony's famous black brigade in the Nepaul war,

which was the only one that could at all make head against the sturdy little Goorkhas; nor the 35th Native Infantry, which, with the 18th Foot, formed the Illustrious Garrison at Jellalabad under Sir Robert Sale, and between which two corps the strongest feelings of respect and attachment lasted for many years; nor the 30th and 56th Native Infantry, which joined the 24th Foot in that terrible charge at Chillianwalla, and came out of it with losses as heavy as those of their English comrades. Many, many other instances might be cited, but it is not necessary—the Sepoys were, I repeat, brave in battle—well behaved in quarters—soldierlike in their habits, and for more than a century faithful to the Government whose salt they ate. Nevertheless, we had no right to place the boundless confidence we did in a formidable army of mercenaries, who were aliens to us in color, race and religion; and European foreigners who came to see the wonderful empire we had raised in the East, were not slow in expressing their amazement at our infatuation in leaving all our magazines, forts, and arsenals, in the custody of Native troops, often with no European regiment within many miles to look after them.

Strong as was the attachment of the Native soldier to the service which paid him well, pensioned him liberally, and treated him honorably, there was in his breast one feeling still stronger, and that was attachment to his religion and caste. It was on this point only that there had ever been any disputes between himself and the Government, and those disputes had been very serious and alarming. I cannot now stay to describe the mutinies at Vellore, Barrackpore, and other places, which had only been put down at the expense of much bloodshed. But in later years difficulties had arisen on other grounds which had nothing to do with religion, on questions of field and

marching allowances, which should have been promptly quelled and severely punished. It must be confessed they were smoothed over rather than settled; that the Sepoys felt their strength and had very little doubt that Government was afraid of them; and they had some reason for thinking so when they felt how far they out-numbered their white masters.

All this time other political and social causes had been at work, which I have not time now to enter upon, but which had done much to alienate us from large classes of the population, and had stirred up the hopes of ambitious men, ready to take advantage of the first opportunity to strike a blow at our power. I do not believe, nor I think does any one now believe, that there was any regular conspiracy for our destruction. I think that if a determined man had been at hand to trample out the fire of the first outbreak, even as General Gillespie crushed that of Vellore, that no general explosion would have come: but a combination of various circumstances had made a large part of India ripe for rebellion, just as the old Bengal Sepoy army were ready for mutiny, and all that was wanted was a match to fire the mine.

That match was the story of the greased cartridges. Enfield rifles were being introduced into the Native army, the new ammunition was greased, and some clever rascals circulated the report that the grease was made of pigs' fat and cows' fat mixed, so that Mussalman and Hindoo would alike be contaminated and lose their caste, when they bit off the tops of the cartridges. It was to no purpose that proclamation after proclamation denied the charge *in toto*, and that it was asked what possible advantage such a step could be to Government? It was as easy to reason with madmen, for indeed they were mad, mad with suspicion—with fanati-

cism—with heaven knows what. The match was kindled—the train was lighted, and soon came the explosion.

In February the first actual disturbance broke out at Berhampore, where the 19th Native Infantry on being directed to parade, refused to obey, and during the following night turned out with a great noise of drumming and shouting, broke open the bells of arms and committed other acts of upon mutiny. The Regiment was disarmed, marched down to Barrackpore, and there disbanded. But a few days later, mutiny broke out in the 34th Native Infantry, then at Barrackpore, when the Adjutant was shot on parade by a frenzied sepoy, and the Native guard standing by, refused to arrest the murderer. The man was however seized, tried, and hanged and this Regiment also disbanded, but with mistaken leniency no further punishments were inflicted. Then came a lull, and the storm seemed to have blown over, when the 3rd Bengal Cavalry at Meerut positively refused to use the cartridges, though they were not even greased at all. Eighty men were therefore confined, tried by Court Martial, and condemned to hard labor for some years, being lodged in the Meerut Jail. This was on Saturday the 9th May. On Sunday the 10th, while the residents of the Station were preparing for the evening service, the Cavalry troopers broke out into open mutiny, and rushing to the Jail released their comrades, with some hundreds of felons who were there imprisoned. The 11th Native Infantry, which was nearest to the scene of action fell in at the order of their officers, but as Colonel Finnis, a fine old officer who commanded, was addressing his men, he was shot down by one of the troopers and the whole regiment broke out and joined the mutineers. From that moment it is difficult to say exactly what occurred. The Sepoys rushed about firing at every

European, and chasing them from compound to compound, and being joined by the blackguards of the bazar and city, frightful scenes of murder took place. Meanwhile the 60th Rifles were hurried down from their lines, which were some distance off; and the 6th Carabineers and Artillery also fell in, but it must be confessed that there was a great want of prompt action. Unfortunately too the Carbineers were a newly arrived corps, containing a large number of recruits who could not ride, and the whole event was so paralyzing in its nature that by the time the Europeans got down to the native lines the mutineers were off, and it was not thought advisable to pursue them, lest the whole Cantonments should be burnt and plundered. This mistake was fatal, for the rebels had taken the road to Delhi.

Here in the Fort dwelt the lineal descendant of the once famous Great Moguls and Emperors of India, who now under the title of King of Delhi, lived on a pension granted by Government, but without any vestige of power. But in Delhi, inside the city, was also a great arsenal, containing 200 cannon and immense stores of small arms, cartridges, and caps, and there was not a single European detachment there, or in the Cantonments, a mile distant.

So the rebels marched all night, crossed the bridge of boats over the Jumna in the morning, and riding into the city and fort exhorted the troops to rise, for the English rule was at an end, and the King of Delhi was again to be Emperor of India. The English Officers on the Main Guard called out their men to act, but in vain; they were fired at and had to run, and then the city blackguards rising and joining the troops, every white face that was seen was hunted down and massacred, and the rebels marched on the Magazine. Lieut. Willoughby, the officer in charge, saw defence was hopeless, for his guard had joined the enemy,

and though aided by Lieut. Forrest, Conductor Buckley and others, he had closed the gate and placed a gun loaded with grape to command it, ladders had been brought and the walls were being scaled. Seeing all hope was gone, he fired a train already prepared, and six millions of ball cartridges were blown into the air, with many of the foremost rebels. Willoughby and his brave companions escaping.

But there were other Native troops in the Cantonments, both infantry and artillery, and until the evening these men remained on parade in a state of uncertainty waiting for the results of the pursuit which they made sure would come from Meerut. Alas! no pursuit came, and the Sepoys at last walked off, doing their officers no harm, but convinced that the English rule was indeed over. Officers and ladies escaped—some to Meerut, others to Umballa—the Cantonments were plundered and burnt, and the King of Delhi issued a proclamation to all India announcing that the English rule had ended, and calling upon all to render him allegiance.

Meanwhile the telegraph wires had flashed the terrible news of revolt and massacre to the Commander-in-Chief at Simla and to the Lient-Governor of the Punjab. Before, however, the news could reach the Governor General at Calcutta, the wire had been cut, and for some days vague rumours only reached the Supreme Government. The last message sent from Meerut to Agra was a private one from a lady to a relative in the Fort, telling her not to start for Meerut as there had been disturbances, and till the post arrived some days later all was conjecture. But the Commander-in-Chief recognised the urgency of the crisis, and at once gave orders for the assemblage of a force at Umballa to march on Delhi and wrest it from the hands of the mutineers. The 75th Foot, and 9th Lancers. sta-

tioned at the former place, with some Artillery, were joined by the 1st and 2nd Bengal Fusiliers from the Hill Stations of Dugshaie and Subathoo, and the Chief himself took the command. But Umballa was 110 miles from Dehli, there was little or no carriage available, and the season was the very hottest time of year, so that in spite of all exertions it was not till the 25th May that the force was assembled at Kurnaul 40 miles on the road to Delhi. But the first troops that took the field on our behalf were the Native troops of the Rajah of Jheend, a Sikh chief of noble family, who had long enjoyed our protection, and who on being applied to by the Commissioner, promptly sent forward a force to occupy Kurnaul, and who from first to last behaved with unswerving fidelity. In the same way, it was a Native Regiment, the gallant 1st Goorkhas, that was the first to fire a shot on behalf of the Government, as it was one of the last to be withdrawn from actual fighting.

The delay in the advance on Delhi, necessary though it was, gave a fearful blow to our prestige. It was at once seen how weak we really were, and soon all over Northern India the spirit of mutiny ran riot through the regular Native army, and each regiment only waited its opportunity to rise. It was in the Punjab, however, that the full peril of the situation was seen—if the Sikh regiments should join the others, and if the population were hostile to our rule, of what avail would a few English troops be against such overwhelming numbers? North and West lay a long line of frontier, whose mountain fastnesses held thousands of war-like Mahomedans, hostile to us and ready to pour down on the plains and proclaim a religious crusade, and all that frontier except at one single station was defended by Native troops. But John Lawrence was Lieut.-Governor of the Punjab, and the men trained under him and his great brother,

both Civil and Military, proved themselves equal to the occasion. The Meerut and Delhi news reached Lahore on the 11th of May. Three Native regular regiments were quartered at Mean Meer who were known to be disaffected, and prompt action was determined on, which should serve as a hint to other stations, and show that Government was not dismayed. Sir John Lawrence himself was not at Lahore, but Mr. Montgomery was on the spot as chief Civil authority, and the Brigadier, Stuart Corbett, backed by him, resolved on disarming the whole force. At a brigade parade next morning, the significant order to "pile arms" showed the Sepoys what was coming, and for a moment they hesitated, but twelve Horse Artillery guns loaded with grape, and the order to H. M.'s 81st to load with ball cartridge, made them change their minds, and sullenly they flung down their arms. From that moment the Punjab was saved—the Sikhs and Punjabees saw that we could help ourselves and resolved like one man to stand by their former conquerors. A proclamation followed forming a moveable column at Rawul Pindee, to put down mutiny by force wherever it existed, and an officer was placed in command of it, at whose name traitors' hearts died within them, for they had heard John Nicholson talked of, as one whose sternness was like the decree of fate.

At Peshawur the five Native Regiments were disarmed, but not without an effort at resistance, when 40 Sepoys were tried by drum-head Court Martial and blown away from guns on the spot. The 55th Native Infantry openly mutinied at Alee Murdan and seized their officers, but terrified by Nicholson's approach fled, were pursued, and almost exterminated. At Jhelum a desperate conflict took place, which cost the lives of many men of the 24th Foot, ere the Sepoys were overpowered.

Meanwhile the forts of Philour and Govindghur had been promptly secured, the Native guards being turned out and relieved by Europeans, and the great arsenal of Ferozepoor was saved, but only just in time. At Jullundur the Sepoys broke out and ran riot through cantonments, burning and plundering and shooting at their officers, but the Europeans were not taken by surprise as at Meerut, and in the morning the rebels were pursued, though they escaped safely across the Sutlej and went off to Delhi. A few days previous to this there had been a more disastrous outbreak at Sealkote, where the English residents had been lulled into false security, and where many were shot and cut down ere the survivors could take refuge in the old Native fort. The Sepoys went off in a body to Delhi, but Nicholson intercepted them, and while trying to cross the Ravi, he fell upon them at Trimmoo Ghât, and the rebels were destroyed almost to a man.

All this time the great frontier line across the Indus, where I was then serving, was held by the Punjab Irregular Force, consisting entirely of Native troops, but who cast in their lot with us and fought well for us to the last. Commanded by picked officers, they were recruited from the fierce Mussulmans of the north, the warlike Sikhs, our ancient foes, and the sturdy Punjabees of the plains. Hating the Sepoys of the regular army, who were men of a different race, language, and religion, they joined eagerly in their pursuit under Nicholson, and regiment after regiment volunteered for service at Delhi.

The great Fort and Cantonment of Moulton, with its large Arsenal had only 60 English soldiers, and the Sepoy regiments were daily expected to rise. No help could be looked for from Lahore, 200 miles off, and in despair the military authorities sent across the border to us, to bring

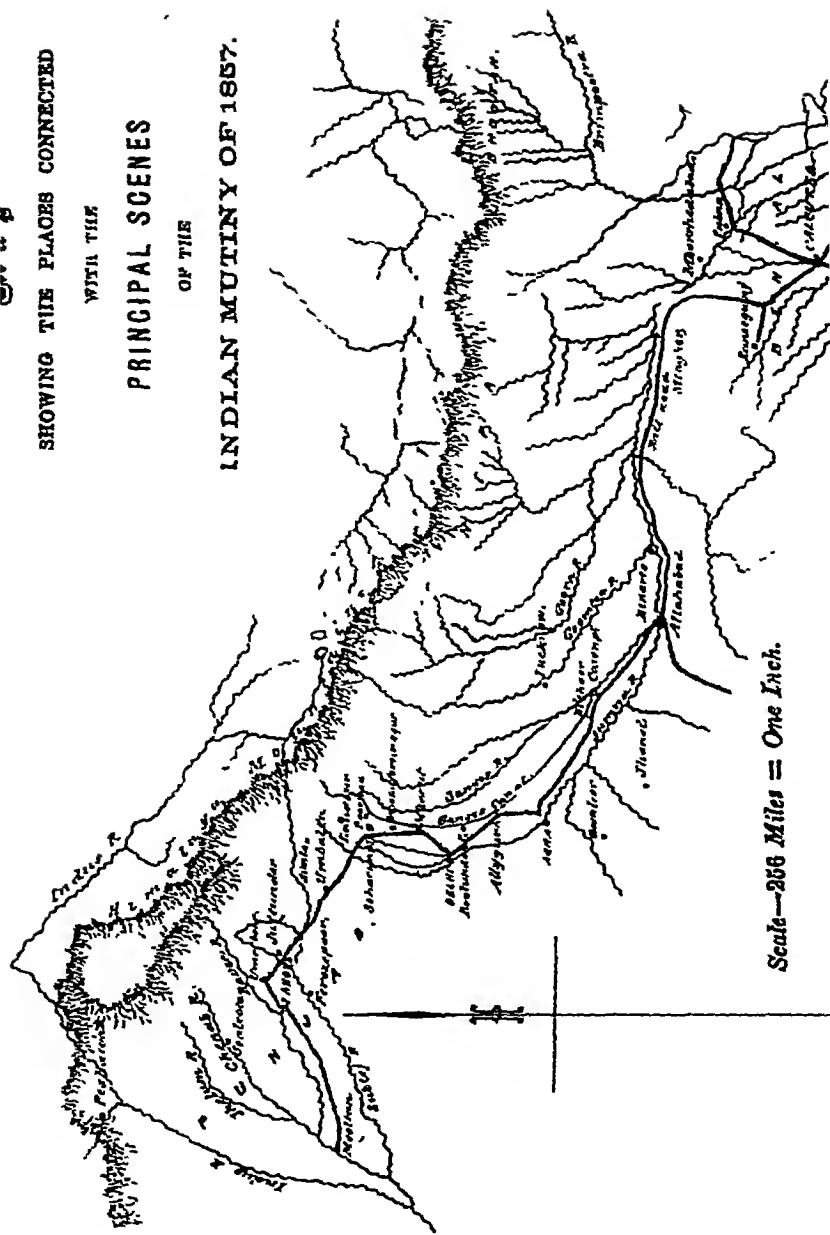
SHOWING THE PLACES CONNECTED

WITH THE

PRINCIPAL SCENES

OF THE

INDIAN MUTINY OF 1857.



Scale—256 Miles = One Inch.

over some of the frontier brigade. It was a bold measure, to coerce Sepoy regiments by other black troops, for it was not then known how far they might not be all in league together, but the attempt was perfectly successful. The two Native regiments were disarmed by a Native troop of Horse Artillery, a Native Cavalry, and an Infantry Regiment, and the fierce Pathans with true savage instinct, were with difficulty restrained from massacring the disarmed men in cold blood.

So the Punjab was held with a firm grip by John Lawrence's iron hand. To replace the rebellious Regiments, native levies were raised through the Province, equipped from the great magazines, and the best Frontier regiments as they could be set free were hurried downwards to join the Delhi army. Full confidence was expressed that they would justify the trust reposed in them, and that confidence was nobly redeemed.

But though the Punjab was safe, the North Western Provinces and Oudh were by this time completely in the hand of the rebels. At Agra, the seat of Government, the Sepoys rose, and after fighting a losing battle, our men and officers with all the English Residents had to take refuge in the Fort. Thither fled the refugees from Allygurh, from Gwalior, from Mhow, from Nussseerabad, and from the neighbouring Civil Stations. The Sepoys rose in place after place, sometimes with fury, killing and slaying, sometimes treating their officers well and even parting from them with tears. At Cawnpore, the station was lost and the residents with three companies of Europeans, were shut up in that fatal intrenchment, presently to be described. At Allahabad, the staunchness of Brazier's Sikhs alone prevented the great Arsenal from falling into the rebel's hands, but the Cantonment was plundered and half destroyed. Benares was only

saved by the timely arrival of the Madras Fusiliers. At Roorkee, where there were no European troops, my predecessor, Captain Maclagan, formed a small volunteer force, turned the workshops into a fortification where all the Europeans slept at night, and gallantly sallying out into the district, maintained order, punished rioters, and upheld the authority of Government.

The great province of Oudh, which had only lately been annexed, and from which three-fourths of the rebel Sepoys were recruited, was preserved for some weeks from open rebellion by the strong personal influence of Sir Henry Lawrence. But it could only be for a time. In the whole province there was but one European Regiment, the 82nd Foot, and that was quartered at Lucknow. So, in station after station the Sepoys rose, and the English residents who escaped, fled to the capital. Here authority was maintained for nearly two months, until the disastrous issue of the fight at Chinhut, when all were driven into the fortifications providently prepared around the Lucknow Residency. In a word, Oudh and the North Western Provinces were gone from our rule; the telegraph wires were cut, the daks were stopped, and no white face could show itself out of the few fortified posts still held. Cantonments, Jails, Court-houses, Police posts were burnt, authority was at an end, and every petty chief who could collect a ragged retinue, plundered, fought, and burnt with impunity. The King of Delhi's authority was however nominally acknowledged by Mussulman and Hindoo, and the rebel Sepoys, native officers, and men, repaired to that city to proffer their allegiance and swell the force already assembled.

Meanwhile small bands of wretched English fugitives, men, women, and children, were fleeing from the stations to

the nearest place of safety, or hiding in deadly jungles and foul villages. You who know what the heat of an Indian sun is in the months of May, June, and July, even to a strong man in good health, can understand something of what was endured in those fearful times, by delicate women, tender children, and wounded men fleeing for their lives, through a hostile country, in such a time of year and in such a climate. How nobly those sufferings were borne, how their courage rose higher as the demand for its exercise was the greater and the emergency more trying, there have been many books written to tell.

What the great bulk of the people thought of all this, it is difficult exactly to say, so little can we know of their real sentiments and feelings. For us to have expected them to rise *en masse* and take up arms in our favor and against their own countrymen, or indeed to lend us any active support, showed ignorance of human nature and of the teachings of history. There were plenty of loafers and blackguards, especially in the great cities, who were ready enough to profit by the license of the times, and to kill and loot if they did not fight, and there were numerous numbers and hangers on of old families whose influence had been destroyed by our rule, who rejoiced sincerely at our discomfiture and hoped to benefit by a change of Government. But the great mass of the agricultural population cared little about the struggle one way or the other, and indeed, on the whole behaved very well. In numerous districts the Civil officers, alone and unaided by any armed force, except their own native police, preserved the British authority, until armed bodies of rebel Sepoys arrived and bore down all resistance. Most of them escaped in safety aided by the people, and many of the fugitives, including ladies and children were secreted, and protected by the villagers. Let

us not therefore be so foolish and wicked as to include the whole of the native population in our hatred, for the treachery and cruelty of a few; and even when we think with indignation of the crimes and outrages committed, let us not forget that such excesses have invariably accompanied all such wars, and that they were equalled if not exceeded in the French Revolution of 1789, in the Irish Rebellion of 1798, and even at the present day in the United States of America. By bad management and overweening confidence in mere mercenaries, we spoilt our old Native army which had done us right good service, but the Native regiments of the Punjab Irregular Force, and others who remained faithful to us, fought side by side of our own British troops through all those memorable campaigns, and from the day that they cast in their lot with us, no suspicion of their loyalty ever clouded our minds.

To return to the narrative. The Governor General, Lord Canning, had on sooner comprehended the full extent of the peril than every effort was made to meet it. Fortunately the troops were returning from the Persian war, and the 64th, 78th, and 84th Regiments, were at once sent round to Calcutta. More fortunately still, or rather let us say, providentially, the troops for the China expedition were on their way out, and fleet steamers were at once despatched to meet them, and to urge that the wants of India might be first attended to. The Home Government was of course pressed to send out more troops, and all officers on leave were hurried out. As the news arrived in England, more and more gloomy by every succeeding mail, of men massacred, of women outraged, of the mutiny of Regiment after Regiment, and the loss of District after District, the cry of vengeance and wrath went up from the people of England, and gold and men were freely poured forth to save

what had long been declared to be "the brightest jewel in the English crown." But great as were the efforts made, events hurried on apace, and it was clear that unless the neck of the rebellion could be broken before the English succours arrived, that the whole country would be lost; and the point to which all eyes were turned in India, in England, and throughout the civilized world, was the city of Delhi.

Our small force had been assembled at Kurnaul, as I have said, and carriage being at length obtained we were able to move on; but cholera broke out, and the Commander-in-Chief, General Anson, worn out by incessant labor and anxiety was one of the first victims. His authority descended to the senior officer on the spot, Sir Henry Barnard, a fine officer who had been chief of the Staff in the Crimea, but who had lately arrived in the country, knew nothing of the language, the people, or the Native troops, and thus found himself suddenly overwhelmed with a fearful responsibility. So the army moved on towards Delhi and prepared to form a junction with the force which had already left Meerut. This latter force, comprising the 60th Rifles, some Squadrons of the Carbineers, two troops of Horse Artillery, and three Companies of Native Sappers, left Meerut on the 30th May, and on the same day fought the first battle of the campaign, at Ghazee-ooddeen-nugger, where the Railway Station now is, the rebels having sallied out to oppose their advance over the Hindun bridge. The struggle was sharp but short; the Rifles dashed over the bridge and went at the enemy with a will, while the Horse Artillery crossed the stream at full gallop, and unlimbering, drove the enemy from their cover with showers of grape. On the following day they ventured to renew the contest, but were again driven off and pursued down the road, leaving four heavy guns

in our hands. Long pursuit, however, was impossible in consequence of the terrific heat.

The little English force then left the high road and made a flank march to join the Umballa force at Alipore, and the united troops marched on Delhi. On the 8th June they arrived at Badlee-ka-Serai, six miles only from the city, and found the rebels strongly posted and ready to dispute our further advance. The position was to have been turned on one flank before the front was attacked, but the troops lost their way in the dark, and tired of waiting, the advance to the front was ordered. The fighting fell on the 75th and the 1st Fusiliers, who suffered severely from the heavy guns in position, but who advanced as steadily as on parade, and captured guns and position at the point of the bayonet; the rebels fled to Delhi and were followed up into the old Cantonments and across the ridge within less than a mile of the city; and it was afterwards said (as it had been of Sevastopol after the Alma) that had we then pushed on, the city would have been in our power, so panic stricken were the enemy. But the heat was fearful, the men were completely exhausted with fighting and marching, and numbers fell, struck down by heat-apoplexy. So they halted in the Cantonments, now dismantled by the rebels, and the tents were pitched by the ridge, not to move as it turned out for more than three months afterwards. Finding themselves unpursued, the enemy sallied out and attacked the camp the next day, and being themselves constantly recruited by numerous arrivals of rebel regiments, they hardly let a day go by without fresh attacks on our front, on our right flank, and even more than once on our rear. We lost more men than we could spare, cholera still hung about the camp, and one of the first victims was the General Commanding, Sir Henry Barnard. General Reid,

who succeeded him as senior officer, had to go away sick, and the command then devolved on Brigadier Archdale Wilson of the Artillery, who had brought the force from Meerut, and who held the command until the end of the siege.

Meanwhile Sir John Lawrence was doing his best to send down re-inforcements to the Delhi force. The splendid Guide Corps, perhaps the finest Native corps on the frontier, marched down from Peshawar at the rate of 25 miles a day, and so hard pushed were we for men that on the very day of their arrival after a long march, they had to go out and fight in the afternoon, losing two officers and many men. They were followed by the 8th Foot, a wing of the 61st, and Coke's famous Punjab Rifle Regiment, with a small siege train from Philour. The 1st Goorkhas had already joined, as well as some Punjab Cavalry and several hundred Sikh pioneers, but these re-inforcements came in very gradually, and barely supplied the drain caused by casualties.

If you will look at the map you will see what our position was like. Our left was safe from attack, being on the river, though even that was not free from annoyance by the enemy's batteries on the other side. The strength of our position was in the Ridge, which looked down upon the low ground between it and the city, and on which were established our batteries and pickets. But the right rested on the suburbs of Kissengungo and Pahari-poor, which were occupied by the enemy for some time, and by which our whole position could be turned. These suburbs and the houses, gardens and jungle between us and the city were the scene of incessant fighting; the enemy issuing out in swarms to attack our pickets and being constantly driven back and chased inside the walls, though not without heavy loss on our side. Gradually we cleared away the cover and established works at our weak points, and

finally seized the suburbs on the right, and put a strong picket there; but we made no advance towards the capture of the city, our nearest battery being 1,200 yards off. The public were as impatient as they had been before in the case of Sevastopol; but in fact we were barely strong enough to hold our own ground, and until further re-inforcements could reach us we could do no more.

The enemy were incessantly recruited by fresh arrivals, whole regiments which had mutinied marching across the bridge of boats into Delhi with bands playing and colors flying. The great arsenal inside held 200 guns and an inexhaustible supply of ammunition, and the rebels had men enough to hold us in check and detach expeditions to cut off our only line of communication with the Punjab, if they had been sharp enough. They sent urgent threats and promises to the Puttiala and Jheend Rajahs, to induce them to turn against us and prevent supplies passing down the Grand Trunk Road, and had they done so we must have raised the siege and retreated. But to their honor be it said, those chiefs stood firm and instead of molesting, sent their own troops to escort our convoys down.

So week after week went on and Delhi was not taken, while terrible events were occurring in other parts of the country.

The native troops had mutinied at Cawnpore, and Sir Hugh Wheeler, who commanded, had shut up his handful of Europeans, some 400 men and nearly 600 women and children in a slight entrenchment thrown round two barracks, and in a position that was utterly untenable. He expected to be relieved at once, and put faith in the friendly promises of the Naua Sahib, a rich Mahratta of high family, who was a pensioner of the British Government, and had always been on good terms with the officers of the Cantonment. This man, whose name will be execrable to English ears

415



and then



until English ceases to be spoken, saw our helpless position, declared himself ruler in the name of the King of Delhi, and with his own retainers and the mutinous Sepoys attacked our position. The garrison was out-numbered by a hundred to one, and they fought as Englishmen fight when brought to bay and with no hope of succour.

"The annals of warfare contain no episode so painful, as the story of this melancholy conflict. The sun never before looked on such a sight as a crowd of women and children cooped within a small space, and exposed during twenty days and nights to the concentrated fire of thousands of muskets and a score of cannon. At first every projectile which struck the barracks was the signal for heart-rending shrieks and low wailing more heart-rending yet; but ere long, time and habit taught them to suffer and to fear in silence. Before the third evening every window and door had been beaten in," while the walls themselves were shattered through and through. Some ladies were slain outright by grape or round shot. Others were struck down by bullets. Many were crushed by falling brickwork or mutilated by the splinters which flew from shattered sash and panel."* At length the thatched roofs of one of the two barracks caught fire, and for the rest of the siege 200 women and children, from lack of room, had not even a roof to cover them from the burning sun, while perpetually exposed to shot, shell, and bullet. Provisions too were scanty, and the water from one well paid for at the rate of a man's life for almost every bucketful. Some went mad—the most fortunate were slain by the enemy—others died of fever, apoplexy, cholera, or neglected wounds. The dead bodies were thrown at night down a dry well hard by, not to be confounded with another well, yet more terri-

* Trevelyan.

ble still. At length when one-third of the whole force had been destroyed—when there was scarcely any food left and but little ammunition—worn out and utterly despairing of succour—the little garrison in an evil hour surrendered themselves prisoners, on the sworn promise of the Nana to provide them with boats and send them down the river to Allahabad. The boats were provided, the garrison was marched down to the ghât; and then, when crowded on board and resistance was impossible, the mask was thrown off. From every direction a storm of musket bullets fell on the unhappy fugitives and a frightful massacre ensued, but more than 100 of the women and children were taken prisoners, and brought back to Cawnpore to be kept as hostages for the Nana's own safety. Of the fugitives in the boats, two officers and two privates alone escaped by swimming, and one of the latter subsequently perished.

Meanwhile, the helpless condition of the Cawnpore garrison was known at Calcutta, and great efforts had been made to save them. The 64th, 78th, and 84th Regiments, had arrived from Persia, and to these were attached some Artillery, a few Cavalry Volunteers, and some Native levies. General Havelock received the command, and he hastened up to join the 1st Madras Fusiliers and Brazier's Sikhs, who, under Col. Neill were already at Allahabad. But the railway in those days extended little over 100 miles from Calcutta, there were no means of pushing on the troops save by marching or in small detachments by bullock train, and the rains had set in. Progress therefore was necessarily slow, and it was not till the 13th July that Havelock and Neill reached Futtehpoore, half way between Allahabad and Cawnpore. Here they found the way barred by the rebels; but the British troops were not to be denied, and after a short struggle the enemy were defeated and driven

down the road, and the force resumed its march to Cawnpore. Already they had heard the fearful tidings of Sir Hugh Wheeler's surrender, and of the massacre in the boats but it was known that many women and children were kept prisoners and Havelock hurried on to save them. At the Pandoo Nuddee, and again outside Cawnpore, the enemy attempted opposition and were again defeated, and the troops pushed on hoping they were in time. Suddenly a horrible rumour ran through the force. Scouts and spies had brought word that all their labor had been in vain, and that filled with rage and terror, the Nana had massacred his helpless victims. A deathlike stillness brooded over the Cantonments as the force marched in—the enemy had fled, but no exulting shouts welcomed the conquerors. In the garden of a wretched little house where the unhappy captives had been confined was a Well, and that well was piled deep and high with the bloody corpses of the victims. In the house itself the blood lay thick on the floor, while tresses of hair, fragments of women's apparel, and children's shoes and toys, lay strewed about in terrible confusion. The plaster was scored with sword cuts, not high up as where men have fought, but low down and about the corners as if a creature had crouched to avoid the blow. War worn soldiers and grey-haired veterans sobbed like children as they surveyed the mournful relics, and vowed deep oaths of vengeance against the bloody perpetrators of this tragedy. The flying enemy was pursued to Bithoor, where the Nana's palace was sacked and burnt, but the traitor himself escaped, and was reported to have died some months afterwards in the jungles, through which he was hunted like a hare. The terrible Well was covered in, and is now surrounded by a beautiful screen standing in a garden, and on which an inscription tells how a great company

of Christain men and women were murdered and cast into this well, the dying with the dead, by the rebel Nana of Bithoor on the 15th July, 1857. Over the other well in the entrenchment, is a marble cross, on which is inscribed the appropriate text from the Psalms, "Our bones lie scattered at the grave's mouth, like as when one cutteth and cleaveth wood upon the earth, but our eyes are unto thee, O God the Lord."

Equally terrible was the fate of Futtehghur, though fortunately there were fewer victims. The Sepoys had risen, and their officers with a few other English residents, had betaken themselves to the fort. But the fighting men were scarcely 30 in number; the fort was attacked, the walls were breached by cannon and by mining, and nearly all fell in defending them against overwhelming odds. It was told afterwards by native witnesses, how one officer had stood shooting down man after man, his wife by his side bravely loading for him, and how when all resistance was in vain, he had kissed her 'ere he shot her dead with his own hand, and then turned his last barrel against himself. A few of the defenders escaped by boat to Cawnpore, only to perish with the rest in that fearful massacre. The massacre at Jhansio was only less dreadful than that of Cawnpore.

But enough of these horrors. That time, the middle of July, the English fortunes were at their gloomiest. Though often beaten in the field the rebel cause was unchecked. Central India was now lost to our rule and the great province of Hyderabad, with its fierce Mussulman population was only restrained by the tact of the Resident, and the wisdom and firmness of the minister, Salar Jung. We had but two forces in the field and they could barely hold their own, while at every station through

the country, men lived daily in fear and distrust of every black face they saw, and yet knowing that all depended on a proud and confident bearing. Hundreds of women and children found refuge in the Hill stations, guarded by a handful of invalid or wounded soldiers, and the hearts of men were paralysed in battle from fear, not of the enemy, but of the danger that was hourly surrounding those who were dearest to them on earth, and who were many, many miles away. Had there been any leaders of ability amongst the rebels, had they had any unanimity amongst themselves, or any confidence in their own cause, nothing humanly speaking could have prevented our utter ruin. It was God alone that preserved us, and gave us the victory.

But though the Cawnpore garrison could not be saved, that at Lucknow was in the utmost danger, and to its rescue Havelock and his soldiers now turned their attention. I have already told you how, after the action of Chinbut, outside the city, the English at Lucknow had to betake themselves to their defences. In the buildings and grounds round the Residency, the foresight of Sir Henry Lawrence had provided a strong defensive position, capable of being held by a few determined men against a host, and stored with provisions in readiness for a siege. Thither betook themselves the whole British residents of Lucknow,—men, women, and children,—with numerous fugitives who had escaped from the out-stations. The soldiers of the 32nd Foot formed the bulk of the garrison, under their Colonel, John Inglis, and there was a handful of Sepoys, chiefly Sikhs, who had remained faithful and fought bravely to the last. Every man and boy was armed and enrolled as a volunteer, earthworks were thrown up, guns mounted and the attack of the rebels calmly awaited. Then commenced a siege which will stand side by side in Indian history with

the defence of Arcot by Olive, and the defence of Jellabad by Sir Robert Sale, while in the intense interest it excited everywhere, it will ever stand alone. Lucknow swarmed with thousands of rebel sepoys and with hundreds of thousands of desperate fanatics, the scum and rabble of the worst of Indian cities. Fortunately for us their guns were badly served and they had few shells. But all day and all night they kept up a shower of bullets, and as often as they could screw up their courage they attacked the entrenchments in formidable bodies and tried to force an entrance or scale the walls; and when that failed they betook themselves to mining, which often breaks down the courage of the boldest soldier. And the siege had lasted but a few days when Sir Henry Lawrence lay dying, struck by a cannon shot in his own house. The brave and good man whose life had been devoted to his country, who was beloved by all who knew him, and whose name will ever go down to posterity as the Soldier's friend, encouraged the garrison with his last breath, and begged that some day a stone might cover his mortal remains with the simple inscription, "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty."

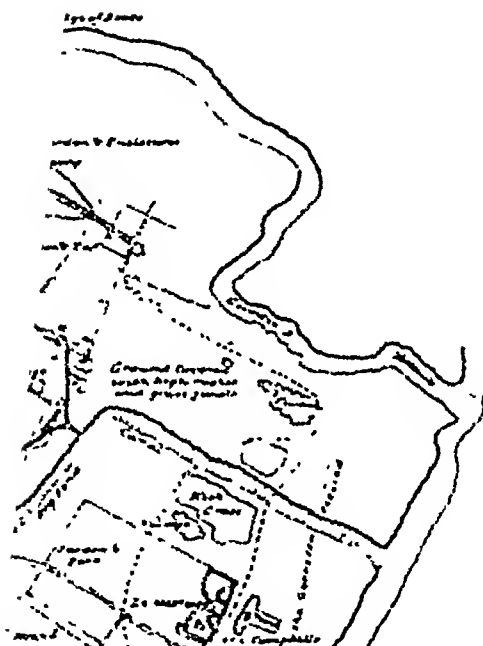
But the garrison never lost heart. Wearied and harrassed by incessant attacks and alarms, exhausted by the continual exposure at the worst season of the year, and short of many of those comforts which cheer men up and stimulate mind and body, they scorned the idea of surrender—they repulsed every assault—and patiently waited for the day that was to bring the succour.

Meanwhile Havelock had crossed the Ganges and made the first of the five marches which lay between him and Lucknow. But he was attacked at Oonao, and again at Busserutgunge, the country was under water, and cholera broke out among his men. He felt it would be madness to

General Plan

OF THE
OPERATIONS AT LUCKNOW,
IN 1857.

Scale 3400 feet to one inch



risk his small force against such overwhelming odds, and very reluctantly fell back on Cawnpore to wait for re-inforcements. Not till September was he strong enough to advance with a hope of success; then pushing the rebels before him along the road, he at length reached the Alumbagh, three miles from Lucknow, and leaving his heavy baggage in a walled garden there, he turned to his right and skirting the city sought his way through the suburbs towards the Residency. Spies had already told our men of his approach, and his guns announced that he was close at hand, —then the garrison sallied forth and welcomed their deliverers, and Sir James Outram, who had joined Havelock, and generously waived his superior rank until the rescue had been achieved, assumed command of the whole force. But so weak was still the united force, so numerous the non-combatants whom it had to protect, and so strong the position and numbers of the enemy, that it was found impracticable to withdraw the garrison as had been intended. Outram and Havelock found themselves virtually shut up with the rest of the garrison, until a stronger force could be sent to withdraw them all.

But while Havelock was still meditating his last advance to Lucknow, the crisis of the struggle had passed, and the neck of the rebellion had been broken, by the capture of Delhi.

I joined the camp at Delhi at the beginning of August, and it may interest you to give some account of the appearance of the force as it was at that time. The first thing I remember that struck me was the large number of natives in our lines; there were more native than British soldiers, and counting camp followers there were at least twenty dark faces to one white one. It seemed clear then that we had no quarrel with the people at large, and if we consider how utterly helpless in this country the best English regiment

would be without its native followers, it is evident that if the time ever comes that the whole population is against us, it will be quite unnecessary for them to fight—they will only have to walk off and leave us to cook, wash, and draw water for ourselves, find our own carriage and drive the bullocks, and I believe it is a well authenticated fact that bullocks won't go unless their tails are twisted, and that the tail twisting art can only be acquired by a black man, who has been educated to it from his youth up.

The whole force were in tents, but two or three houses had been saved from the general destruction of the Cantonments, and in these were established the Hospitals. The heat was of course very great, and the flies by day and mosquitoes by night, made it at times almost unbearable. Everybody too was exceedingly hard worked, there being not a full relief in the day for all the pickets, and the Artillery being often twenty-four hours on duty at a time in the batteries; but the good effects of hard work and excitement contributed to diminish the sickness wonderfully, considering it was the most unhealthy time of year at one of the unhealthiest stations in India. Officers and men were well supplied with food and liquor—the country people freely bringing in produce from the neighbourhood, and a large bazar being established in camp. Indeed to their praise be it said, no matter what the difficulties, the Commissariat Officers in India always manage to feed the troops.

Our pickets were established all along the Ridge; and there were two or three in rear of the camp. At first they rarely passed a day without having to turn out and fight, but at this time the position had been strengthened and secured, and the left pickets were generally quiet. The right battery however was constantly exchanging shots with the Morce Bastion, and at the most advanced picket on the

right called the Sammy' house, a continual fire of musketry was going on. The rebels would often come quite close and *chaff* our Sepoys, who were not slow to return it, until some specially aggravating bit of chaff would terminate the war of words by a sharp rattle of musketry, when the English Officers would come up and stop it.

Mere parade discipline was rather lax in some of the regiments, and the European picket at one time often turned out to fight in their shirt sleeves. The dress too of many of the officers especially the Engineers, was a great deal more useful than ornamental, and could only by a strength of imagination be called uniform. It is worth noticing however, that the Regiment in which the discipline on such points was strictest, and where men and officers always turned out to fight as neat as new pins, was by common consent the best regiment in camp; I mean the 60th Rifles. The main picket at Hindoo Rao's house was held during the whole siege by the 1st Goorkha Regiment under Major Reid, who never quitted his post for a single night even to go into camp, for three months. The post was a dangerous one, and the little Goorkhas suffered heavily, for there were no braver men or better soldiers in the force. Coke's Punjab Rifles and the famous Guide Corps were nearly as good, though it was difficult to hold the fierce Afghans when their blood was up, and both regiments suffered severely. The best feeling sprang up between our British soldiers and native troops, and they were often in each others lines holding conversation, which as each was profoundly ignorant of the other's language, were perhaps more curious than intelligible.

I must say a word in praise of our Native Sappers and the Punjab Pioneers, who were devils to fight and loot, but could hardly be looked upon in a very scientific light. But

the unarmed road coolies whom we caught and dubbed Pioneers were really admirable for the way they worked under fire, unless the enemy came very close indeed, when they vanished like a beautiful dream, only however to turn up again when wanted.

At the end of July, Nicholson and his moveable column were spared from the Punjab and sent down to join the Delhi field force. They consisted of the 52nd Foot, the other wing of the 61st, a Battalion of Belooches, and the 2nd Punjab Infantry, with a Battery of Artillery, and arrived at Delhi on the 7th August. Shortly after, the heavy siege train arrived from Philour, the rebels getting a good thrashing from Nicholson at Nujufgurh, in attempting to intercept it, and then Sir John Lawrence telegraphed to General Wilson to go in and win, for on his success depended humanly speaking, the fate of India. For four months the rebellion had continued unchecked, no troops had arrived from England, and even our staunch Punjabee subjects were beginning to think that they might have joined the losing side. And what were our prospects? With a force of 9000 men, of whom, barely one-third were British soldiers, we had to attack a fortified city containing 200 guns and defended by 30,000 men; nor could we employ all our troops, for the camp with its numerous sick and wounded, was singularly open to attack, and must be adequately guarded. But no man's heart quailed, God gave us success and India was saved.

Now, to understand what follows, you must look at the map. You will see there were three Bastions facing our position, each was mounted with many heavy guns and connected by long curtain walls for musketry, and outside the high walls ran a wide and deep ditch. First then we had to crush the fire of the Moree Bastion, the one on the right,

so as to secure our own advance on the left—where the main attack was to be made, because the river secured our flank. When the Moreo Bastion was silenced, breaching batteries were to be established opposite the Cashmere and Water-gate bastions, so as to silence them, and open breaches in the walls by which the storming columns could advance.

So on the night of the 7th September, the Engineers went down at dusk and marked out the right battery, and an hour afterwards a strong working party of Sappers and Infantry were as busy as bees erecting the work. The ground was so rocky that we couldn't have built it with earth like those which I dare say you have seen near the Sapper lines here; and as time was an object, we had prepared and filled thousands of sand or earth bags, keeping them ready for use in an adjoining nullah. By one o'clock in the morning we were ready for the guns, and down came the 24-pounders and 8-inch howitzers, accompanied by the Artillery; but in spite of all exertions, the gray light of morning dawned, we had only one gun ready for work, and we had to send back the working parties to camp or it would have been bad for them as they crossed the open ground. Then, with day-light the enemy saw a formidable battery, where the day before there had been nothing but bare ground, and we caught it pretty sharply; the heavy guns from the Moreo were well served and gave us round shot and grape in quick succession, knocking over man after man. But we worked our one gun until the other platforms were finished and the guns mounted, and then at it both sides went hammer and tongs, until we had dismounted their guns, knocked over their gunners, and in fact shut them up entirely.

So far all was well. The same night a strong party had been sent to the left to occupy the Koodsen Bagh, a large

garden, where we established pickets and prepared more sandbags for other batteries. Engineers at a siege, remember, work at night (like owls and bats) for the two-fold consideration of secrecy and safety, and the following three nights, the 8th, 9th, and 10th, were spent in completing a formidable breaching battery of 18 guns, just in front of the house called Ludlow Castle, which some of you may know, and 500 yards from the Cashmere Bastion; and another on the left at only 160 yards from the Water Bastion, which we made inside a small house that the enemy, had they known their trade, ought not to have left standing. This however was not done without great loss of life, the working party in one night alone losing 39 men. On the morning of the 11th, the breaching batteries opened fire, and in 10 minutes had shut up the rebel guns, and then the Artillery pounded the walls; a fine sight it was to see the huge masses of masonry tumbling into the ditch as the walls were struck by the iron shower. For three days this terrible fire was maintained on the main breach, while two mortar batteries kept up the fire during the night and prevented the enemy from repairing the breaches which soon looked very practicable. The smaller battery on the left was not ready until the 12th, but at such a short distance for breaching as 160 yards, the practice of the guns was terribly efficient. But the enemy did not take all this pounding from 50 heavy guns and mortars without resistance. Though their guns in the bastions were silenced, they worked others from detached towers in the curtain wall, they dug a long trench outside the walls which was lined with skirmishers, who all day and night kept up an unceasing musketry fire; and what was worse than all, they built a battery on our right so cleverly that it enfiladed our main work and none of our guns could reach it. Now to have

18 lb. shot come ripping and tearing through a battery from end to end, while you are serving the guns and looking straight to the front, is very trying. Moreover, so few were our numbers that the Artillery were on duty for twenty-four hours at a stretch, and at last were not relieved at all. The heat was great, the loss of life heavy, and the fatigue so severe that two or three more days would have exhausted our available strength altogether. It was therefore no little relief to everybody when on the 13th, four Engineers, of whom I had the honor to be one, were desired to reconnoitre the breaches and see whether they were not practicable for assault. That night we slipped through the enemy's line of skirmishers! got down into the ditch, and returned with whole skins to report that the breaches *were* practicable, and might be assaulted at once; and an hour afterwards orders for the storming at day-light were issued, the arrangements having been previously drawn out.

Two columns were to assault the two breaches—a third was to force an entrance by the Cashmere Gate—a fourth was to attack on the right to prevent the enemy coming down on our camp, and a fifth was to remain in reserve. At 4 o'clock in the morning when it was still dark, General Nicholson put himself at the head of the first column, and the measured tread of 3000 men announced the assault and storming of Delhi.

I had the honor of guiding the first column to the main breach. It was then broad day-light, for there had been some delay on the road, when the 60th Rifles dashed to the front with a loud cheer, threw themselves into the long grass on the glacis in skirmishing order and opened fire on the defenders of the walls. Then advanced H. M.'s 75th, the 1st Fusiliers, and the 2nd Punjab Infantry, the Engineers leading with the ladder men. Steadily we all ad-

vanced across the glacis, but so terrible a fire was opened on us from the walls that officers and men were struck down in numbers, and the stormers were checked on the edge of the ditch, while the rebels with yells and curses dared us to come on. It was for a moment however, in the next, with loud cheers the British soldiers threw themselves into the ditch, planted the ladders, ascended the opposite side, and then dashed up the breach. As soon as they saw we really meant to close, the enemy fled, and the supports following fast upon the stormers, went down the ramp into the main guard below. Meanwhile the 1st Fusiliers had escalated the face of the bastion, while the 75th were storming the breach, and the second column at the lesser breach had been equally successful.

The third column had advanced on the Cashmere Gate and halted, while the two Engineers and eight Sappers at their head went forward to do a deed which shall live for ever in history—the blowing open of the Cashmere Gate. Lieut. Home as senior went first, and accompanied by four native Sappers, each carrying a bag of 25 lbs. powder, walked coolly across the broken drawbridge over the ditch, laid the bags at the foot of the great double gate, and then jumped into the ditch. So utterly astounded were the rebels at the audacity of the proceeding, that they only fired a few straggling shots at the party, who got down into the ditch unhurt. It was now Lieut. Salkeld's turn; he also advanced with four more bags of powder and a lighted portfire. But the enemy now saw what they were at, and how few they were. A deadly fire was opened on them from the walls and through the gate itself at a few feet distance. The powder was laid, but two out of the four Sappers were shot, and Salkeld while trying to light the charge, fell down shot through arm and leg, calling out to Sergeant Burgess

to take up the port-fire and light the fuse; Burgess was instantly shot dead in the attempt. Sergeant Carmichael then advanced, took up the portfire, and succeeded in the attempt, but fell mortally wounded. Sergeant Smith seeing him fall, ran forwards, but finding the fuse burning, helped Salkeld into the ditch, assisted by Bugler Hawthorne of the 52nd. In another moment a terrific explosion shattered the massive gate. Home saw that the way was open, the Bugler sounded the advance, and the 52nd with a loud cheer, charged through the broken gateway. Salkeld, Home, Hawthorne, Sergeant Smith, received the Victoria Cross, but Salkeld died of his wounds ten days later, and Home perished by an accidental explosion. The Havildar, Mahdeo, received the Order of Merit.

So far all was well; but No 4 column on the right was checked in the suburbs of Kissengungo; the Officer Commanding and the Engineer guiding the column, who now Commands the Sappers here, were both struck down, and the column had finally to retreat with heavy loss covered by the brave little Goorkhas. The troops that had already got inside had not done so without heavy loss, and had to fight their way along streets lined with tall houses, and desperately defended by the enemy. A gun judiciously posted checked the first column, and our men were driven back with heavy loss of life, including alas! the brave General Nicholson. The other columns were also stopped in their onward advance at the Magazine and the Jumma Musjid or great Mosque, and for that day we got no further, for regiments were mixed up together, beer and wine stores were found and broken open, and drunkenness and disorder followed to some extent. The exertions made had been great, and a firm footing in the city secured, so we rested on our arms and counted our losses. Very terrible they were, In

five hours, out of 3,500 men, 64 officers and 1,178 men had fallen, and one-third of the whole force numbering barely 9,000 men were sick or wounded in the hospitals. Out of 17 Engineers on duty that day, 10 had fallen. Jacob, commanding the 1st Fusiliers, Reid, commanding the Goorkhas, and many other valuable officers were struck down, while John Nicholson lay dying, and his younger brother, commanding the 1st Punjab Rifles, with a shattered arm, was lying in the same room. Next day we still rested while the Engineers made arrangements for our further advance and for conducting the street fighting in a safer manner. And mean time dissension and strife were at work in the city, and our success had made the rebels faint-hearted. So on the 16th, the Magazine was breached and carried, on the 17th the Palace was evacuated, and in another two days we were masters of the whole city. The wretched old king attempted to escape, but was captured by Hodgson, and his two sons shot on the spot, for they had connived at the murder of English women.

Thus fell Delhi, one of the greatest deeds of arms that were ever done by the British Army, and with its capture fell all hopes of success on the part of the leaders of the rebellion. Two columns were at once detached from the little Army: one reduced the surrounding districts to obedience, the other, first under Colonel Greathed, and then under the present Sir Hope Grant, marched at once to join the Commander-in-Chief down country: Driving the rebels before them at Bolundshuhur and Allygurh they arrived at Agra just in time to defeat the Gwalior Brigade and then pushing on down the Grand Trunk Road, reached Cawnpore and joined Sir Colin Campbell. He had lately arrived from England, and with the first batch of re-enforcements from home, and the famous Naval Bri-

gade under Captain Peel of the "Shannon," was now advancing to effect the final rescue of Outram and Inglis, beleagured at Lucknow.

The 93rd Highlanders, in kilts and tartans, were also with this force, and wonderful stories were circulated amongst the natives about them and the blue jackets. It was said that the Queen of England to avenge the murder of so many of her female subjects, had raised a regiment of hairy women, who wore petticoats in battle and gave no quarter; while of the sailors it was reported that they were four feet high and four feet broad, and so strong that instead of muskets they went into action with 9-pounder guns on their shoulders. Our Punjab regiments and the Highlanders fraternized with each other immensely and were brigaded together. Adrian Hope being always spoken of by the Sikhs as *Humara Brigadier*, and though he couldn't speak a word of the language, his soldierly appearance and winning manners made him a great favorite with the Punjabees. They were also greatly fascinated by the skirl of the pipes, which it is generally supposed that no man but a Scotchman can listen to without getting a stomach-ache.

The rebels flying from Delhi had swelled the forces in Lucknow, and much fighting had gone on between them and the British garrison. In November, Sir Colin's force reached the Alumbagh, and turning to the right as Havelock had done before, drove the enemy in a series of fierce encounters from the suburbs. The Shah Nujif, a walled enclosure surrounding a mosque, was breached by the 68-pounders of the Naval Brigade, who used [to haul these guns about in action as if they belonged to light field batteries. At the Secundra Bagh, a walled garden with some buildings inside, a large body of the rebels had collected, and their retreat being cut off, they fought desperately.

The 93rd and the 4th Punjabees raced to reach the wall first, and while a stalwart Highlander burst open the door, a Native Officer got on his men's shoulders and climbing to the top of the wall, slipped down sword in hand amongst the rebels. Some hundreds of the enemy had shut themselves into the house, and refusing to surrender, the place was surrounded, and volleys of musketry poured through the windows. When the doors were opened, 1,800 dead bodies were dragged forth and buried in the garden, and four months afterwards when I saw it, some of their bones were strewn over the garden, and even the stench had not ceased. The Cawnpore massacre was at least partially avenged.

As the Commander-in-Chief's guns told of his near approach, Outram's force inside sallied out to meet him, and the junction was effected at the Motee Mahal. That night, the old position so long and gallantly defended, was abandoned, the remnant of the original garrison with many women and children and sick men being withdrawn under strong guards. Outram was left at the Alumbagh with 3000 men to menace the city, until its capture could be effected, and Sir Colin returned with the bulk of his forces in all haste to Cawnpore, where General Windham had been attacked and driven inside his entrenchments by the Gwalior Contingent. Defeating and dispersing them, the Chief moved up the Trunk Road and met the second Delhi, Column under Colonel Seaton, which had chased the rebels across the Ganges into Oudh, in a series of petty fights. Thus after six months fighting the main road was again clear, our communication with Calcutta restored, and the North West Provinces finally torn from the hands of the rebels.

Great events were also occurring elsewhere, but I have only time for a very brief notice of them. Many of the States of

Central India had joined the rebel cause, and the provinces of Rajpootana and Bundelcund had risen on our garrisons, driven them away, and were for the time lost to us.

The Madras and Bombay armies, recruited from different classes of men had with a few exceptions remained faithful, and it was to them the task was entrusted of restoring British authority. A small force under Brigadier Stuart relieved the little garrisons at Mhow and Neemuch, re-conquered Malwa, and in November joined the Central India force at Indore under Sir Hugh Rose. The country was most difficult, the heat frightful, the privations of men and officers great. But the rebels were defeated wherever encountered, Jhansio was stormed and taken after a desperate defence, Gwalior and Calpee captured, and finally the British authority was everywhere restored by the following hot weather.

Meanwhile other re-inforcements had arrived from England, and in March, 1858 the Chief found himself with 20,000 soldiers, mostly English, and more than 100 guns, ready for the capture of Lucknow, the last great stronghold of the rebels. Very busy had they been in constructing three lines of strong earthworks to defend the city, but they were badly off for Artillery, and had lost all heart in their cause. Outram, with 7000 men, crossed the Goomtee, the little river on which the city is built, and took up a position which menaced their defences in flank and rear, while the Chief himself superintended the main attack down the straight and wide street called the Huzrut Gunge, whose tall buildings when once in our power would enable us to clear the rest of the city. Very different was the state of affairs from that before Delhi. The crushing fire of our guns on both sides of the river silenced their artillery and ruined their defences, and on the 9th March the Queen's

palace, the first of the strong positions was stormed by the 93rd Highlanders and 4th Punjab Rifles. A grand sight it was to see the bonnets and tartans charging down the street, to the shrill music of the pipes, the old Chief himself waving them on with his hat; and finer still to see the fierce emulation of the fair Highlanders and swarthy Punjabees as they forced their way into the great house and fell upon the enemy; 700 of whom fell that day. So position after position was carried, and on the 14th the enemy ran so fast that our men refused to be stayed, and chasing them from place to place, we found ourselves in possession of the Kaiser Bagh, and virtually masters of the city. A few more days' desultory fighting cleared the whole town, and leaving a strong force behind, Sir Colin (now Lord Clyde) entered upon the last act of the drama, the re-conquest of Rohilcund, leaving to other generals the task of subduing Oude. Very trying was that campaign, but it was owing to the heat and not to the valor of the enemy. At one place only did we meet with a check, where poor Adrian Hope, the Brigadier, lost his life. Everywhere success was achieved, and by the end of the year the only vestiges of the Great Indian Mutiny were the ruined houses in cantonments, or the blackened walls of police stations and road bungalows, and the occasional tidings of the pursuit and capture of small bodies of hunted rebels in the jungles.

Thus terminated this great struggle. Into the political questions involved and the many points raised for discussion we need not enter here; you all know that the immediate effects were the transfer of the empire of India from the East India Company to the authority of the Queen, and the consequent amalgamation of the two armies. Both those armies brought to the fusion great qualities and high renown, the result of deeds that are matters of history.

Seringapatam, Bhurtpore and Moulton, could stand in the history of sieges by the side of Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz and St. Sebastian ; while Ferozeshuhur may be compared with Albuera ; and Sohraon or Goojerat may be called the Sikh Waterloo. But of no events in the history of either Army may each be prouder, than of the courage, the fortitude, the dogged resolution, and thank God, the moderation in victory, which saved the Indian empire at the time of the Great Indian Mutiny.